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THE DUBLIN DINNER OF THE "FRIENDS OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY" TO LORD MORPETH.

LANGUAGE has no terms of more copious scorn than those which the papist haranguers perpetually cast upon the government, national strength, and individual character of England. The whole rhetorical affluence of sedition is exhausted upon the baseness and meanness, the incorrigible dulness, and bigotted brutality of her people; and every Irish tenant of a hovel (being a papist), is triumphantly exhorted to lift up hand and voice, and bless the Pope and the Virgin for his unquestionable superiority.

But while protestant Ireland shares with protestant England in the general degradation, papist Ireland offers the most captivating contrast. The popish pale is the limit of light and darkness; within it all is vigour, harmony, and patriotism; religion without bigotry, the extinction of all ignorance touching the interests of civilized man; the disruption of those mounds and dykes, which interrupted the generous flowing of Irish affections into the one great stream of Irish privileges; and not a mob can gather together, however vile to the eye, virulent to the ear, and suspicious and revolting to every common conception of decorum, honesty, and allegiance, but instantly becomes a meeting of the "Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty."

The reverse of the medal characterizes protestant England. And yet, in all this hostility, there is a lurking eagerness to canvas English opinion, that is not easily reconcilable with the virtuous abhorrence, and lofty scorn, for ever burning and beaming in the popish bosom. An Englishman's capture in the nets of the Association, is always a triumph. The prize may be of the most worthless nature—some old and decaying tenant of the fat ponds of the English aristocracy, or some spawning of that small fry of which no man here takes account; the difference to the Association is nothing—they, with all hands, hoist him out of his element—exhibit him gasping on shore—and, if they can make nothing else of their prize, make him a show. Lord Morpeth is the last haul; and, though this unfortunate and very boyish young person contributed largely to his own burlesque, yet the Association were not the less cruelly eager in urging him to an exhibition, which will leave its ridi-

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cule upon him as long as his existence adds to the hereditary silliness of the name of Carlisle.

Lord Morpeth is not yet of age—is utterly undistinguished by any evidence of ever being beyond the common and unnoted grade of the crowd, who pass from school to college, and from college to the clubs; is, of course, without any political experience, knowledge or rank; is, in short, neither more nor less than any of the thousand and one boys who ramble through Bond Street all day, are asked out to dance quadrilles in the evening, run down to the country in the Autumn, and run up to town in the Spring. Yet this nobody, is the individual whose arrival at the Irish side of the Channel is enough to put all the dignified energies of papistry in motion, sends cards showering through the country, and gathers from every lurking-place of liberalism, every liberal of every tarnished dye of morals, manners, and loyalty.

In the chair of this banquet of the Friends of *Civil and Religious Liberty*—how those words would sound in the ears of their lord and master, the pope—sat, for a warning to his class, and for his own future sorrow, the Duke of Leinster. By what fatality is it, that the blood of the Fitzgeralds is always to be found in those situations. Wise, or weak, brave or poltroon, the ostentatious scatterers of wealth, or its beggarly and contemptible hoarders, the generations of the Fitzgeralds have always made the same unhappy figure. Among them all, from the days of the first holder of the name, there has not been one less fitted to flourish at the head of anything than its present possessor; not one less calculated by public ability, by public consideration, by the generous employment of wealth in public objects, by individual acquirement, or by popular manliness and manners, to lead a party, much less a people; yet the family destiny is upon him—he must bustle and blunder to the last—display his natural deficiencies in the most glaring point of exposure, and, abandoning the seclusion that is the true place for the scale of his capacities and virtues, force himself into the unnatural publicity which to him, like sun-shine to the mole, is double blindness.

Men like this are not made to be taught by circumstances; but a less ardent volunteer in the cause of “Popish Civil and Religious Liberty,” might have been startled by the sight of its supporters. On this occasion there met—to use the language of the popish journals, “the elite of the aristocratic, &c. rank, worth, and intelligence of Ireland.” This elite consisted of Lord Cloncurry! Lord Rossmore! the Earl of Bective! Lord Howth! with the Marquis of Clanricarde! and the Marquis of Westmeath, as Vice-presidents; every man of whom has figured in the newspapers. But we leave them to enjoy their fame, and come to their performance on this day of triumph.

The Duke of Leinster’s first toast was a plagiarism from the lips of the old Spafields’ Chairmen—“The King, and *may he never forget his own declaration, that he holds his Crown as a trust for the benefit of his People.*” Who can feel a moment’s doubt of the nature of a meeting prefaced by such a toast? The insinuation is plain. But to such toast-masters and the rabble that echo, hate, and laugh at them in the same breath, we reply, that their wish is an insolent superfluity; that the King has never forgotten the objects for which the crown was placed upon the brow of his ancestors; that he will never forget them; and that long after radicalism and liberalism, and the whole paltry affectation of public spirit in the breasts of the miserable hunters of popularity, are

stripped and scourged by public indignation, the King of England will be the King of Church and State, of a church unstained by the contact of idolatry, and a state strong in the affections, the interests, and the strength of the people.

The Duke of Leinster's next political exploit was the next Spaulfields' toast—"The House of Brunswick, and may it *never forget* the principles that placed it on the Throne of England." This is another leaf from the book of the Burdetts, of which even they have been long since ashamed. From what circumstance have its present givers and receivers dared to conjecture the possibility of this sudden oblivion of duty and honour in the King and the Brunswick family? Are we to look on the toast in the light of a pious prayer for the preservation of his Majesty's memory, of a contemptuous hint that it is gone, or of an insolent menace, if it should not be sufficiently pliable? We discharge the chairman of all meaning, good or evil, on the subject. He is an instrument, and merely repeated what was put into his mouth; but we shall tell him that the Brunswick family will "not forget the Principles that placed it on the Throne." It will not forget that a weak monarch, deluded into the attempt to raise popery into a share of the government of England, instantly lost the affections of his subjects, by this greatest of crimes against true Religion and true Liberty; that the pollution was publicly resisted by the whole body of the wise and the manly, the religious and the free; that the miserable dupe of popery was pronounced, by the voice of his whole people, incapable of holding all government; and that to fill the throne of the banished bigot, a stranger was summoned, whose first pledge was the perpetual exclusion of popery from power—not simply from the throne, or from the high executive offices of the state, but from every shape of influence by which protestantism could be placed in the hands of popery. The Brunswick family will not forget that they were called, on their pledge to protestantism, to fill the throne from which the Stuarts had been cast out on their pledge to popery.

The distinctions between the two dynasties are clear to every man of sense, though Dukes of Leinster may confound them; and those are, that the Brunswicks were men of their word, the Stuarts were liars—the Brunswicks were faithful to the constitution of the country, the Stuarts were traitors—the Brunswicks acknowledged no superior but the laws, and the Great giver of all Laws—the Stuarts were born with a tinge of popish blood, which blackened downwards in their descending generation, until the stain of heart broke out upon the countenance, and they stood before mankind, the slaves of the popedom, and the wretched mercenaries of its allies.

The sentence branded on the brow of James was papistry, and with that brand he was driven out, like another Cain, never to return. The Brunswicks have not forgotten the solemn contract under which they entered England. The venerable father of George the Fourth declared that, if such should be the necessity of the time, he would go to the scaffold, but never would he break his oath to the Constitution. The son of that honourable and sincere father, will no more break his oath than that father would have done; and looking, as every man of honesty and understanding must, with scorn at the menaces of a knot of ribald spouters, settling the state over their cups, he will be proud to take the

first occasion of showing, by a decisive declaration, that he is a British King.

Lord Morpeth followed the ducal adviser of his Majesty, and his speech was ridiculously worthy of his personal reputation, and political rank. Nothing could be more in character, or less rational, manly, or appropriate. His Lordship commenced, of course, with the established apologies for commencing at all; his reluctance to take up the invaluable moments of the meeting; his blushing consciousness of the forthcoming absurdity, his inexperience in addressing, his hopelessness of saying anything worth listening to, and the whole preamble that makes the nausea of a maiden speech. After giving them his experienced opinion on the best way of breaking down the perverseness of English opinion, and recommending "unanimity," that word of many meanings, he relieved himself and his audience by sitting down: prophesying with the expiring breath of his speech, that the time would come when England and Ireland would be united as much in amity as they are *now in loyalty!*

So much for the noble young orator's knowledge of circumstances. But let us not defraud him of his honours. As every Irish assembly is supposed, by those who know no more on that subject than on others, to be stark mad for metaphor, this candidate for the falling glories of the Irish rostrum stirred up his energies for metaphor to the following effect:—

"It has been said, that the clouds and showers with which your atmosphere is occasionally charged, have the effect of bringing forth additional verdure, and stimulating the natural fertility of the soil;" thus far the fancy, then comes the fact. "And perhaps we may trace in the ardent feelings and kindheartedness of the inhabitants, the sympathy produced by political wrong;" as brilliant an instance of the legitimate *non sequitur* as the language can supply. What connection showers have with sympathy, or natural fertility of soil with the popular wrongs of its tillers, we presume not to inquire. But it would be unfair to omit the evidence of his Lordship's delicacy in the word *occasional*. It disarmed the visitations of Heaven of that fatal perpetuity which might make Ireland be mistaken for Scotland, and satisfied the most irrigated native that he was not to live hopeless of the sun. Sheridan talks of metaphors, "like heaps of marle on a barren soil, encumbering what nature forbids them to fertilize;" and little as we ever thought of illustrating Sheridan by Lord Morpeth, we must allow that his Lordship has offered the happiest illustration of the dramatist's sneer, within the memory of maiden speeches.

The remainder of the oratory was so much in the usual Association style, that we may refer to any of the speeches spoken before printing, or after printing, or "intended to be spoken," that have flourished in the Irish papers for the last five years. Even the Bishop of Norwich underwent his annual toast: though we can scarcely forgive the grim ridicule of the reverend popish priest who burlesqued the second infancy of Cobbett's old and simple friend.

But as men are not at all times equally silly, even in the popish parliament, it excited some surprise to find the speech, which was to have been spoken at Pennenden Heath, repeated by its writer. Mr. Shiel should know, as well as any man, that the only chance of escape for absurdity in argument, or error in point of fact, is the careful avoidance of all return to the subject. But if one of the advantages of table oratory is the genial state of the audience, one of the disadvantages is the

influence of the time on the discretion of the orator. We are perfectly aware that Mr. Shiel's sagacity, half an hour before, would have suffered him to leap into the Liffey, as soon as plunge into the slough of his Pennenden speech. However, fate is not to be evaded, and in he dashed, to pluck up his drowned honour by the locks. His catastrophe was inevitable, and he since remains at the bottom.

We can scarcely condescend to notice the compound of feeble sophisms, and monstrous mis-statements through which this speaker dabbled on to the conclusion, that popery and freedom were compatible.

“Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain.”

We all know that there have been periods in the history of national evil, when the evil has been too bitter to be borne—when human nature was roused from its habitual submission by the necessity of the effort, and men broke the strongest chains, and burst upwards from the deepest dungeons, without caring whether pope or prince were the tyrant. God has not made man to be for ever crouching under the heel of an oppressor, even though he wear the triple crown.

England, a country whose destination from many an age seems to have been the great office of receiving and holding the principles of Civil Liberty for the future good of mankind, affords the most memorable examples of this noble repulsion of the human heart against the spirit of the popedom; of this native and generous consciousness that her laws and crown were not given to be the toy and the plunder of a foreign pretender to universal power; of this proud and saving development of the vigour that was yet to make her the refuge of true religion and true freedom in the day of the perplexity of nations.

It is undeniable that every advance to liberty was tantamount to a struggle with Rome. It is equally undeniable that the whole foundation of British freedom, which the orator boasts to have been laid under the auspices of popery, was laid before popery was known in England. And it is as clear as either of those principles, that every attempt to erect an additional right on this foundation, was opposed by the direct and furious indignation of Rome.

Alfred is the orator's first example. But what suggestion of Alfred's reform arose from popery? That extraordinary man found his kingdom paralyzed by the corrupt religion inflicted on it by Rome. He found the ancient Saxon vigour decayed, and, probably alike for the punishment of Romish idolatry, and for that renewal of national strength which often arises from national adversity, England in the hands of the northern invaders. After desperate years of battle, he broke the power of the Danes, and knowing that his ancestors had been powerful through free institutions, he re-established the Saxon assemblies of representatives, the laws, courts of justice, and jury. But what lawyer, not a popish delegate, would venture to say that this restoration of the spirit and power of England had any thing to do with the Pope; or that its permission to exist did not result altogether from the remoteness of England from the seat of the papacy, the contempt of Rome for a dependency looked on by the haughty Italians as completely barbarian, and the common papal presumption, that when England should arrive at that degree of importance which made it worth being fleeced or trampled on, a wave of the pontifical hand would scatter its rights and institutions

to the wind. The argument from Alfred goes for nothing, unless it be shown that popery raised the constitution.

The next instance is *Magna Charta*; and there undoubtedly Langton, the Romish bishop, figured at the head of the barons. But what is the history of *Magna Charta*? In the first place, it was extorted from the king in consequence of the irresistible feeling of national contempt for his submission to the papal legate. It was no favour of the Pope. It was the result of the discovery, by the barons, that they might insist, to any extent, on the weakness and baseness of a monarch, who suffered an impudent Italian actually to trample the British crown under his feet. And what must have been the papal respect for the independence of nations, or the freedom of man, when it commanded such an insult? What must have been the political slavery which it imposed on the English throne, as on all thrones, when such an insult could be conceived and offered with impunity? The papal vassalage exceeded all that history has ever known of vassalage beside. But the barons dreamed of nothing beyond increasing their own privileges. The introduction of popular rights into *Magna Charta* was simply to swell their authority over a falling crown. Popery was not in question. Yet what was the papal will on the occasion. The transaction roused all its wrath. Even *Magna Charta* looked too like an approach to liberty, to be suffered by the power whose throne was established on the principle of universal tyranny. By a Romish rescript, the "Great Charter" was declared wholly null and void; King and Barons were devoted to the curses of the "keeper of the keys of Heaven and hell," if they did not instantly abjure it; and the popish bishop, Langton himself, was placed under a suspension. The barons were severally placed under excommunication; their lands were laid under an interdict, and on the city of London was pronounced anathema.

The argument from Edward the First, the famous founder, or rather reformer of parliaments, is equally extravagant. Edward was a habitual warrior; a bold, and sagacious prince, who, like many a man of sense in his own time, and since, saw enough in the popedom to repel and scorn its interference in his own affairs. This he showed in his answer to the papal mandate against his invasion of Scotland:—"Let me hear no more of this," was the reply of the indignant soldier: "or I shall destroy Scotland from sea to sea."

The historic truth is, that at various periods of our government, men of determined characters rose up, who moved straight to their objects of good or evil, without asking themselves what a sovereign a thousand miles off, and still more remote, by the difficulty of communication in those days, thought about their proceedings. Human nature, even under the most abject habits of slavery, will sometimes be stirred up, and take advantage of an opportunity to slip off the chain, when it cuts to the bone. But the papacy still held the chain with a tremendous grasp, never lost sight of the principle of extinguishing all freedom of thought, and looked upon every attempt at self-legislation as an impiety, to be punished alike by the sword here, and the flame in the world to come.

And where has Popery been paramount that it has not trampled out the life of Freedom? We may at this hour pronounce the rank of freedom in any country by its greater or less obedience to popery. France, from its higher civilization, and still more, from the infusion of Protestantism among its people, has been for ages the most reluctant continental subject of popery. France is at this hour the only popish nation that has

the semblance of a constitution. What is the state of Spain, the best beloved of the Church?—abject slavery; what of Portugal?—abject slavery; what of Austria?—abject slavery; what of Italy?—abject slavery. If we sicken at this sluggish degradation of man, let us turn to the Protestant States for our revival. From England, the great head of title, that palladium of her prosperity, of her intellectual eminence, and Protestantism—and long may she retain that most glorious and most saving of her resistless empire—we see every Protestant state free in almost the exact proportion of its purification from popery; in some a complete representative legislature, in some an imperfect one; but in all, liberty on a larger or smaller scale. The seed is there, and the plant flourishes the more, the more it is sheltered from the blighting breath that never blew from Rome but to cover with clouds and death the rising hopes of nations.

This is the true test. The popish advocate shows only a consciousness of chicane, when he leads us back through the wilderness of the centuries before the Reformation. We bid him place himself in the field of the present hour, and where our vision is not to be retarded by the subterfuges which chicane finds in the broken ground and obscure ruins of the past. On this clear field we bid him place his example. To which popish kingdom of the present day—even in this day of clamours for more than liberty, will he point in illustration? Which of those cowed skeletons of power, with the crown trembling on their heads, and the shroud wrapping their limbs, will he summon to give testimony to the freedom of popish vassalage? Or which of them, if it dared to utter a voice, would not tell him that the bondage of superstition has been the true weight which has held them back in the advance of national vigour and virtue; that it has filled their members with disease, and bowed them down to a weakness that not all the old popular homage or popular ignorance can save from ruin on the first shock of nations?

Mr. O'Connell spoke but little at the dinner; but the relaxation of his customary labours on these occasions, may well be forgiven for the activity of his declamation since. Mr. O'Connell may have persuaded himself, as he certainly wishes to persuade others, that he is the depository of the intentions of the Cabinet for the ensuing session. We entirely doubt this initiation into the business of a British Privy Councillor. He ought to be satisfied with his privilege of saving five shillings a day in postage, and thinking himself a member of Parliament.

But if Mr. O'Connell have not the advantage of being the Duke of Wellington's confidential adviser on the occasion, we have the advantage of knowing the decision of Mr. O'Connell's own privy council. At his mock election at Clare, he delivered the following manifesto of the moderate, safe, and constitutional demands, whose concession can alone satisfy popery. The speech begins with patriotic remorse for the little intrigue which he had attempted to carry on in London for the sake of his suffering country, and a silk gown, and of which the *detection* had much hurt his conscience:—

“ Mr. Sheriff:—I admit that I was wrong on the part of the money. I like sentimentality, but I like consistency more. Mr. Gore arraigned me, and he was right, with respect to the forty shilling freeholders. I went to London at the time the Catholic Association was suppressed; and seeing the *fell* disposition of the government, I did *every thing* to conciliate them. I went to London at a great pecuniary

sacrifice, in order, if possible, to carry the measure of emancipation. I did offer to give up the forty shilling freeholders, because I thought they belonged to the landlord; but now that I am *convinced of the contrary*, I would rather die than ever consent to such a measure again!

"Percival it was, who first raised the No-popery cry, and every man who supported the *base, bloody, and unchristianlike* Percival, is as guilty of the deeds he committed, as that *infamous minister himself*!"

"The Marquis of Anglesey came here, and preached toleration. His son, as gallant an officer as ever trod a ship's deck, voted in favour of us. Lord Anglesey tried to satisfy us with sweet words, but did he vote for us?—No? And for that *I denounce him*!"

We are next told, in the most unequivocal form that the English language can give to furious menace, the actual purposes of the papists, should we be blind enough to suffer a footstep of theirs within the legislature. Here is none of the thin hypocrisy which hoodwinks the Wilmot Hortons of this confiding world; the popish proclamation scorns the shallow pretence of seeking only popish freedom, and haughtily flings off the old shifting promises of leaving the Protestant faith in possession of the rights, which it had vainly supposed to be a living part of the constitution.

"If you send me to Parliament," says this organ of popery, "*I will put an end to the horrid tax for building Protestant Churches, and providing sacramental wine!*"

The sentiment was loudly cheered.

"*I'll vote for a diminution of the tithes!*"

The sentiment was doubly cheered.

"*I'll vote for a reform in Parliament!*" And, finally, *I'll vote for a re-consideration of the union!*"

The whole assembly was in an uproar of congratulation.

If the Protestants of the British empire are not to be convinced by this manifesto, of the desperate hostility of popery to all that they have ever honoured and loved, to their religion, their church, and their laws; no voice of ours, not the voice of man, none but the thunder of the moral earthquake that rouses men only in the midst of ruin, can rouse them to a sense of their situation, or a feeling of their duty. We have in this speech the broad avowal of a plan, whose inevitable results would be to fill the empire with convulsion. First, the Established Church is to be the victim. The tenantry of Ireland are to contribute no more to the repair of its places of worship. This contribution being, in fact, not paid by the popish tenantry at all, but being a regular and an extremely small portion of their rent, and so paid by the landlord, who also gets his land the cheaper for the contribution.

Next comes the reduction of the incomes of the clergy, a contribution under exactly the same circumstances; and whose decay must leave the ministers of the Protestant worship without bread to eat, as the former measure left them without walls to worship in. The Protestant church being thus disposed of, popery proceeds to the disposal of the Protestant constitution. "*I will vote for a reform,*" is the comprehensive declaration. We all know what this reform means, and we have seen that the government of the mob is misery and madness.

From England the orator reverts to Ireland, and announces that he will demand "*a re-consideration,*" (in other words, a repeal) "*of the Union.*"

We scarcely know whether this measure, or the Reform, should have taken the precedence in the scale of subversion ; for, if the former would be the endless plague of England, the latter would be the total ruin of Ireland.

But the topic is too wide for our present discussion. At another time we shall show that, however melancholy the loss of a legislature may be to a people, the transfer of the legislature from Ireland, was in the sternest degree essential to the connexion of the countries ; that the creation of the Forty Shilling Freeholders—an act of the most miserable and factious folly—was the true evil which made the Union this matter of absolute necessity : the popish influence, by that frantic measure, having rapidly corrupted the Irish House of Commons, and made it a focus of hostility to the whole system of the British Government. The repeal of the Union now, would be the creation of a declaredly popish parliament.

But we know the tender mercies of the religion of the Inquisition. The proscriptions of James can never be forgotten. The protestants would be forced to stand with arms in their hands against the inveterate bitterness of popery : they must fight or fly ; the British Cabinet must be roused by the cries of the Irish protestant for mercy, and of the English protestant for justice ; however weak, sluggish, or *conciliating*, they would not dare to suffer this scene, if they valued their heads. There must be military interference. Then there must be civil war. And can we suppose that a popish parliament would be looked on with an indifferent eye by the spirit of popery in Europe ; that every agent of superstition would not be busy in such a hope of the reconquest of a nation to the undivided allegiance of Rome ? or that foreign powers would not rejoice in the chance of British dismemberment ; and, with the faithlessness that belongs to their oath-dispensing religion, rouse and sustain the fray, until Ireland was turned from a field of battle into an appanage of France, Spain, or Austria ; or the war burned out in the ashes of the last inhabitants of the undone land ?

We will pronounce to the British Cabinet, with the most solemn conviction of our hearts, founded on the most intimate knowledge of popery, that if they suffer papists to enter the British parliament, all those things will be done. A faction, of which a generation of knotted snakes would be but a tame emblem, will start up before them. Concession after concession will be wrung from them ; till a fraudulent, a timid, or a foolish administration finds itself qualified to barter away the country to the iron-linked faction of popery. The votes of its hundred members will be the purchase ; but the remedy and the atonement will be Revolution.

A DAY AT FONTAINEBLEAU:

THE ROYAL HUNT.

HAVING learned that the King and the Dauphin, with the *Duc de Grammont*, and the rest of the royal suite, were about to proceed to Fontainebleau, in order to enjoy the diversion of hunting, I resolved to be there to meet them, to see with my own eyes a royal personage of whom I had heard so much. Accordingly I ordered post horses, and arrived in the town about six hours after his Most Christian Majesty. Though the journals had all hinted forth the sovereign's intent of gratifying the longing eyes of the good people of Fontainebleau, nevertheless I did not perceive that the public gave evidence of any strong ebullition of curiosity. As I passed along the almost endless but deserted streets, there were streaming from the windows scattered banners "thinly ranged to make up a shew," bearing the impress of the "*Fleur de Lis*."

Our party first drove to the *Hôtel de France*, but here there was no accommodation to be had, for love or money, and, besides, the house was filthy in the extreme! Our next resource was the *Hôtel du Dauphin*, and here we ultimately took up our quarters, where every thing was regulated by a "*prix fixe*." Though in this hotel the traveller may have had to complain of an exorbitant bill, yet in legal phrase he had at least the good fortune to have become a purchaser with notice, and, in settling it, he could not complain that he had been taken unawares.

It was past six o'clock, in the latter end of the month of October last, when I found myself within the court-yard of the inn at Fontainebleau. Having travelled from Joigny, whence I started at eight in the morning, the reader will readily allow that I was *legally* entitled to have an appetite; and my first impulse was to enter the kitchen to order dinner. While engaged in this always agreeable occupation, after a journey, I was approached by the post boy, whose "*compte*" (as they call it) I had already prepared, allowing, of course, according to the "*Livre de Poste*," of a quarter post, and the distance in entering Fontainebleau. My postillion, however, was by no means satisfied, and lustily demanded a whole post extra as his legal allowance. On inquiring the why and the wherefore of this, I was answered "The king is at Fontainebleau." On referring to the book of posts, published by authority, I found there was no mention made of his Majesty, and I became as refractory as any John Bull was in duty bound. The postillion, meantime, quietly walked to the *Poste Royale*, and, whilst I was at dinner, returned, and put into my hand the royal *ordonnance* "to the intent and effect aforesaid." To pay the whole post additional, therefore, I was compelled by law, and there was no remedy. I determined, however, to have a post's worth of criticism on his Most Christian Majesty in revenge, and I accordingly ordered a saddle-horse to be prepared for me at eight on the ensuing morning, in order to be enabled to follow the king to the chace. The "royal hunter before the Lord" had, notwithstanding all my efforts, the start of me by two hours, as I learned at the palace that he had set off at six o'clock.

To return, however, to my excursion. After breakfasting on a cold partridge, and some excellent coffee, I set out at eight o'clock for the forest. Even at that hour—a late one in France, when compared with England—the roads were by no means thronged, and I could very plainly perceive that the major part of the equestrians were attached to

the court, and that the pedestrians were either such as had been in the enjoyment of some of the good things of this life under the present family, or such as were in expectancy of them. There was a third class, altogether composed of the mob, who, partly incited by the desire of plunder, the love of idleness, or an indistinct hope of obtaining the entrails of the deer, flocked in great numbers to witness the feats of the royal party. Among this latter class, old men, old women, and very young boys predominated.

The forest of Fontainebleau is in itself beautiful in the extreme. The various alleys formed by the manner in which the oak trees are planted, create an imposing and majestic *coup-d'œil*, which is only bounded almost by the horizon. At the bottom and in the middle of these alleys were placed mounted *gendarmes*, to restrain the intrusion of the populace, and to prevent them from coming—such is French curiosity—within shot of the hunters. At the end of one of these alleys to my left the great body of the crowd was stationed, and at the top of it was an inclosed space, somewhat like a stand on a race course, on which the royal party took their station, while the carriages and servants remained quietly behind. Across this stand, and within the inclosed space, were the roe-buck, fawns, and young wild boar goaded, while the King, the Dauphin, the Duc de Grammont, and the rest of the royal party, had their shots in succession, or, as it is technically termed, their "*coup*." Ten men were busy charging for the King, while as many were engaged for the Dauphin. Ammunition and cartridges were borne by four attendants, who, as well as the chargers, were all in the livery of the King's huntsmen. As shot after shot passed in quick succession, the sounds fell chiefly on the ears of those among the crowd—and they were the fewer number—who had hearts within them, and to British feeling each reverberation brought a mingled sensation. In England, and in most other nations, whether civilized or savage, when an animal is hunted some chance at least of escape is given. The reader will bear in mind that the inclosed space around the stand was surrounded by a kind of *chevaux de frize*, six feet in height, so that the animal had not the least chance of escape, and the work of destruction of course went rapidly on.

Within 300 yards of the stand were placed a number of light carts, whose drivers vociferated loudly at the sound of each shot. These carts were placed for the purpose of carrying away the dead carcasses, as they accumulated in quick succession within the inclosure. In the short interval of four hours I saw twenty-three of these carts filled with the produce of the slaughter, which, amidst deafening yells, was conveyed to the end of one of the alleys, where the bodies were deposited in order as they had been killed. In the first row those killed by the king himself was ranged; and he numbered forty-six roe bucks, and one *marcassin* (young wild boar); the spoil of the dauphin was thirty-eight roe bucks, being eight less than his royal father, while the rest of the company destroyed among them fifty-four, making a grand total of 138 roes, and one wild boar.

While the carcasses thus remained strewn on the ground, the work of disembowelling quickly proceeded. It was the business of one man to range the game in the order I have mentioned—another ripped open the body with a sharp knife, while a third party, to the amount of a dozen, were engaged in the disembowelling.

The day, which hitherto was bright and glorious, now began to close

into evening. The air became keener, and I felt a disposition to leave the forest and return to Fontainebleau. But, though I had heard the king, I had not yet seen him, and my party being anxious to come in contact with royalty, I consented to remain. Presently the crowd began to rush towards the inclosed space, but the *gendarmes*, ever active, kept them at bay. The multitude, however, despite opposition, ranged themselves into two lines; and, in a few minutes, the signal ran that the king was coming.

His Majesty was on foot—he was surrounded by the officers of his household, dressed in a plain dark-green frock, with a star on his breast. On his head was a small round grey hat, full of days, or mayhap years, and of services. His breeches were of the homeliest thickset; and he also wore a pair of large leather gaiters—such as are very common among farmers and peasants in Kent and Sussex. Though the conformation of his figure was not powerful, yet it was muscular and wiry, and he appeared in perfect health.

It was now past five o'clock, and the umbrage of the forest added a deeper tint to the shadows of evening. The air was piercingly cold, and his Majesty had been engaged in the sport from six in the morning, without intermission. Untired, however, in the work, the king determined to continue the sport, and accordingly, with his *suite*, he returned to the inclosed space. In the inclosure his Majesty did not long remain. Three separate beves of deer were let loose—again I heard the fearful shots, and the number was soon filled up. The king again came among the crowd; and, after having given directions about the game, entered his carriage with a hasty step, and at a rapid pace drove off for Fontainebleau.

This was the signal for a general movement, and, in a short time, the forest was completely cleared of its late inhabitants.

FAGGING, AND THE GREAT SCHOOLS.

WE wish that some public man of character and diligence would take up the subject of our public schools, sift the business thoroughly, lay open the gross and scandalous absurdities and crimes of the system, in all its points of education, morals and discipline, and, by calling the national attention to one of the most formidable and pressing grievances and corruptions of the national character, work a real reform. Such a man may be assured that he would not be without thousands and tens of thousands of well wishers; that the mere evidence of the subject's being likely to be pursued seriously, would raise up a host of auxiliaries, that he must succeed, and that, at the close of his labours, he would have the satisfaction of having done more good to his country, than all the orators and oppositionists who ever roared themselves hoarse and their hearers deaf, upon East Retfords, Birninghams, and the other stock stuff of ribald patriotism.

Yet we should most strenuously deprecate the adoption of this important subject by any actual party man. In the hands of a minister it must have only its share of the time necessarily divided by the innumerable calls of office. In the hands of a regular Whig it must fail, for all things fail; it must be frittered down into little mean details, degraded by paltry personal objects, and, after being grasped at as an occasion of general abuse against the laws and Constitution of the country, be, as usual, hooted out of the House, on the conviction of the fraudulent and swindling pretences of its supporter.

Thus have gone down to the grave of all the Capulets, a hundred showy schemes of public purification, and rightly have they been sent there. We will not accept our food, mental or bodily, from hands that we know to be perpetually dabbling in poison. If our institutions are to be healed, it will not be by the hands of a generation of quacks, however they may admire the race of charlatans that figured in the mischiefs of the French Revolution, or lament the tardiness of spirit that has so long denied them the glory of an experiment of subversion at home. Out of honesty alone can honesty come; and we will no more trust the wretched rabble of Whiggery, whether in the raggedness of the Foxites, or the new equipment of faction from the popish wardrobe, than we will trust adders fanged.

But let any one man of character commence his inquiry into the state of the great schools of England, and he must succeed. The opportunity is now opened for him by the publication of Sir Alexander Malet's pamphlet; he has only to ask what effect that pamphlet, simple as its statements are, has had in recalling to the public the conviction of abuses, of which every man, educated at the great schools, has been a witness, and of which every man so acquainted has but one feeling—abhorrence of the system, wonder at its being suffered to continue, and the most unpleasant struggle in his own mind, between depriving his children of the natural advantages that ought to belong to a public education, and submitting them to the vices, brutalities, and barbarities, perpetually going on at the leading schools.

We give the story of the present transaction at Winchester School, in Sir Alexander's own clear and temperate language:—

"The præfects, or eight senior boys of the school, are in the habit of fagging the juniors; and that they may have a greater command of their services during meal times, they appoint one of the junior boys with the title of Course Keeper, whose business it is to take care that whilst the præfects are at breakfast, or supper, the juniors sit upon a certain cross bench at the top of the hall, that they may be forthcoming whenever a præfect requires any thing to be done. (This is called 'going on hall!')

"During that part of the short half year in which there are no fires kept, a sufficient number of boys for this service was generally furnished from the fourth class, and it was considered that the junior part of the fifth class, which is next in the ascending scale, was exempt from so disagreeable a servitude. It appears, however, that within these few years, there has been a much greater press of boys to enter the school than formerly, the consequence has been, that they have come to it older, and more advanced in their studies than formerly, and the upper departments of the school have received a greater accession of numbers in proportion than the lower classes. The fourth class, therefore, gradually furnishing a smaller number of fags, the præfects issued a mandate, that the junior part of the fifth class should share with the fourth in the duty of going on hall: this was for some time submitted to; but at length one of the boys of this class intentionally abstained from seating himself on the cross bench at supper time, and being seen by the senior præfect, and desired by him to go on hall, refused to do so, and argued the point as a matter of right, alleging, as the ancient usage of the school, the exemption of the junior part of the fifth class from this duty till the commencement of fires; he referred to the Course Keeper as being the depositary of the rules, and expressed himself prepared to abide by his decision.

"The Course Keeper, who does not appear to have been very well versed in the usages of the school, decided that the boy ought to go on hall, and the præfect therefore resolved, not only to enforce this new rule, but to punish the contumely of this unlucky boy by giving him a public chastisement: to this however the junior did not feel inclined to submit, and a second præfect laid hold of him that he might not evade the beating destined for him—a simultaneous movement then took place amongst the juniors, who pinioned the two præfects, released the boy who was being beaten, and gave them to understand that the intended chastisement should not be inflicted.

"The præfects instantly laid a complaint before the head master, who expelled the boy who refused to go on hall, and five others, who had appeared most active in preventing the præfect from punishing him. Amongst the number was my brother; and as I considered the punishment of expulsion for this offence extremely severe, I endeavoured, though without success, to procure his reinstatement in the school; at the same time I of course pleaded the cause of all those who were expelled, for it was manifestly impossible to make a distinction in favour of any one of them, more particularly of my brother, who was the first to lay hands upon the senior præfect."

The nature of the case, divested of Winchester technicality, is, that two big boys, for an offence which they had no right to punish, set about beating a junior boy, who had acted on an impression of right; and that other boys seeing what they thought an act of injustice, and what every one must have seen to be an act of cruelty, going forward, interposed, to save one boy from being maltreated by two. For this crime six were expelled, that is, subjected to a punishment, which is one of the severest in its consequences that can be inflicted by any authority whatever; a punishment which scarcely any crime of mature life can deserve, and, which extending through all portions of life, is devised for extreme severity. Expulsion from one of the great public schools is virtual expulsion from all; for into none of them can the individual be received. It is expulsion from the Universities, for into none of them can he be received. It is expulsion from the Church, for into that he cannot be received. In many instances it prevents his being received as a member of the Law; it has operated against his even obtaining a military or naval commission; and, on the whole, it leaves this stigmatized being scarcely any pursuit, except, perhaps, the stage. And all this is to be inflicted on a boy of ten years old, in consequence of defending himself from being violently attacked by two boys of fifteen.

Sir Alexander Malet's letter to the head master, is a mild and gentleman-like appeal to his common sense, for the restoration of the boys, in whatever manner Dr. Williams might conceive least likely to incur even the appearance of infringing on the discipline of the school. To this Dr. Williams returned an answer, which we allow to speak for itself, and which will establish the character of that person in a remarkably singular point of view.

"SIR:

"Winchester, October 13, 1828.

"I have had the honour to receive your letter of this day's date; and I beg you to be assured that I have paid the most serious attention to its contents. That you should think the sentence of expulsion pronounced against your brother unnecessarily severe, I cannot but regret, and the more so, as the same considerations of duty, which first led me to inflict the punishment, forbid me now to recal it. The authority of the Præfects is, as you well know, essential

to the maintenance of discipline in the School; and it is impossible that they can exercise that authority with effect, if they are not protected from personal outrage. If they, or any of them, exceed the line of their duty, or commit any wrong act, they are liable to censure and punishment from the master; and if any boy think himself aggrieved, he may prefer his complaint in the proper quarter, with a certainty that it will meet with due attention. *But he cannot, on any account, be permitted to use force against those whom he is bound to obey.* I cannot admit that the distinction which I understand you to make between authority exercised on behalf of the Master, or in enforcing privileges permitted to the Prefects, is of sufficient importance to make that conduct venial in the one case, which is highly culpable in the other. Obedience to the Prefects is required by the usage and laws of the School; and if boys either deliberately refuse obedience, or support the disobedience of others by tumultuous and forcible resistance to their officers, such conduct is, in my judgment, subversive of subordination and discipline, and requires to be repressed by such an example as I have lately been compelled to make. Severe notice I conceive to be equally necessary, whether the immediate occasion of the disorder arise from the exercise of authority in a matter of discipline, or of personal privilege; since, if it were once admitted that violent hands could, with comparative impunity, be laid upon the Prefects, boys who were discontented with their superior for a strict and honest discharge of official duty, would never be at a loss to find opportunities of venting their dissatisfaction on some question of a different nature. My conviction being still that the removal of your brother, and the other young persons connected with him, was a necessary measure, I am sorry to add that the step which you propose to obviate the charge of vacillation in the counsels of the heads of the School, in case they should revoke their sentence, does not appear to me to be well suited for that purpose. The consequence of reversing the sentence upon petition from the Prefects would be, that, if similar circumstances should hereafter occur, no Prefect could, without being placed in a most invidious light, decline to intercede for the offender; and the expectation that the Master would favourably receive such intercession, must operate to diminish that salutary fear of serious consequences, which the punishment now inflicted is intended to impress. In conclusion, I can only repeat my assurance, that I would not have removed your brother from the School, unless a review of all the circumstances connected with the case had convinced me that it was necessary; and that I most unwillingly decline acceding to your proposal for his reinstatement, because I am persuaded that I could not receive him again without injury to the discipline which I am bound to maintain.—I have, &c.

“Sir A. MALET, Bart.”

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The whole of this very magisterial declaration, divested of its verbosity, amounts to the fact, that Dr. Williams sanctions the beating of the little boy, by the two big boys. As to the pompous pretence of keeping up discipline, what has the good order of a school to do with the perpetual sitting of a line of little boys on a cross bench, to be ready to toast bread, morning and evening, for a class of big boys? The thing is nonsense, and only worthy of a pedagogue's brains. Again, as to the fine principle of suffering all kinds of insult and injury, without daring to resist, because a complaint may afterwards be made; thank Heaven that Dr. Williams is not a legislator, beyond the reach of his own birch rod. What would become of mankind, if a ruffian were to be suffered to beat, maim, and murder, because—justice would have her ears open to the complaint when the mischief was done. This may be law among the empty slaves of school-legislation, but it would be scouted among all men of understanding and experience in life.

But leaving Dr. Williams to his tardy, but sure repentance, that he ever mingled himself with this subject, let us look at the question on a larger scale, unencumbered with the recollection of such formal and pompous practitioners of the old, and perfectly worthless school system.

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But leaving Dr. Williams to his tardy, but sure repentance, that he ever mingled himself with this subject, let us look at the question on a larger scale, unencumbered with the recollection of such formal and pompous practitioners of the old, and perfectly worthless school system.

Why should fagging be suffered in any school? Subordination, in all instances, is essential; and a degree of superintendence, to be exercised by monitors, chosen among the better conducted, well-tempered, and intelligent elder boys, may be established with obvious advantage. But what has this to do with fagging? The fag is a junior boy, given into the absolute power of a senior boy, for every purpose that boyish tyranny can require. The fag is actually a menial of the lowest description. He is ordered to clean his senior's shoes, brush his clothes, run into the street on his errands, and do every work, clean or dirty, honest or dishonest, that his senior may command. He must surrender his money, give up his bed, his clothes, his books, every thing to the caprice of his young tyrant; and we all know that boys can be as full of insolence and cruelty as men. If the senior happen to feel himself cold at night, he takes the blanket off the fag's bed, and leaves him to freeze as he may. Those, with a hundred other kinds of ill treatment, under which many a boy has died, and many a one lost his health for life, or turned idiot or madman, are the privileges of fagging; and are alike scandalous to common humanity, and injurious to every purpose for which parents send their children to school. We know instances in which gentlemen, who had straitened their incomes, to afford the heavy expense of educating a child at one of these schools, have, on coming to town to inquire into their progress, been presented with a squalid and spirit-broken wretch, employing his day in scrubbing boots by the dozen, cooking and carrying up dinners, and even stealing for his senior's accommodation; or with a hardened blackguard, ignorant of every thing but the slang, the filth, and the grossest vices, in the grossest shape of the profligate corner in which this temple of the rising generation lay; a proficient in lying, thieving, drinking, and the most undisguised licentiousness. And the whole of this corruption is encouraged in the base, and forced upon the decent by the honoured practice of fagging.

Every man who has been at a public school where this system is suffered, shrinks from the recollection. Nor would a single boy be ever sent to those seminaries, but that there has been hitherto no alternative, and the exhibitions and college opportunities act as a bribe. But how is it possible to conceive that this "discipline" is compatible with literary acquirement. Let the answer be given in the contrast of the multitude who pass yearly through our public schools, at an inordinate expenditure, with the narrow and utterly inefficient scholarship existing at this hour in England. Have we one eminent classical scholar in the whole range of our schools, colleges, and professions? Not one! We have a few men who can compile a crowd of notes from a crowd of commentators on a Greek tragedy, or a Latin historian. We have scribblers of a few verses, never heard of beyond the dreary pages of a *Musæ Etonenses*, the greatest insult ever offered to the name of Muse. We have a few compilers of exercises, and six-penny tracts on prosody. "Non-sense-steps-to Sense-verses'-men," and scribblers of "Tentamina," that prove nothing but the absence of all poetic skill, feeling, and tact, beyond that of the fingers. But to what comes all our pretence and ostentation of classical toil, or triumph? Where are our Heynes or Hermans? the Scaligers are out of the question; they are of a race that we can never dream of equalling, until we shall unite the accuracy of the scholar with the lofty vigour and large knowledge of the philosopher. The fact is, we have not at this hour a single individual to show to Europe, of a rank beyond a copyist and a compiler.

We shall return to the subject.

HELL-FIRE DICK, THE CAMBRIDGE COACHMAN.

IF I were writing a romance, and therefore at liberty to lay my scene when and where I pleased, I certainly should choose some other hero. Now, this I have no mind to do, detesting, from the bottom of my heart, all works of fiction, as they are called, whether in prose or verse; or, rather, the more for their being in prose—inasmuch as I deem *that* a solid, useful article, and not to be wasted on idle leasings; while poetry, with all its trumpery of rhymes, metres, and metaphors, is good for nothing that I know of except to be the vehicle of nonsense. If the matter rested with me, I would enact a law at once, making it felony to vest fiction in prose, and limiting lies, whether black or white, to the more genial realms of verse, so that every one might know to what he had to trust, which is far from being the case as things stand at present.—After this little prelude on the score of heroes, I beg leave to commence my veritable history.

Richard Vaughan, or Hell-fire Dick, as he was more popularly called, was a coachman of high renown, who, about fifteen, or by our Lady, it may be some twenty-five, years ago, drove the Cambridge Telegraph, the only vehicle in which a student of any standing would condescend to be conveyed to the embraces of Alma Mater. Freshmen, indeed, who knew no better, were imported with other lumber in the heavy coach; but a single term at college, if they had any proper spirit, was generally sufficient to make them scorn such vulgar doings, and aspire to the guidance of Hell-fire Dick, the best of whips, and the prince of taverners; for, in addition to his other high office, Richard actually kept a hostel—I will not call it a public-house—in Trumpington-street. Here he was in the habit of entertaining all the choice spirits of the University, noble and ignoble, till some dull clod of a proctor, who had no soul for such high conceits, came forward, with power in the one hand, and ill-will in the other, to put an end to what he was pleased to term this course of profligacy. Under the pretence of regard for the morals of the collegians—as if collegians ever had morals!—he actually pulled down Richard's sign, that honourable banner, under which so many sons of Granta had fought their way through debts, duns, lectures, and impositions, to the dignity of A.B. It was a heavy day to all men of spirit; but let that pass; justice has been done to both parties by that fairest and most incorruptible of judges—Don Posterity, who has soused the poor proctor fathoms-deep in the waters of oblivion, while Richard floats snugly adown the stream of Time, without so much as wetting an ankle.

I was a freshman—though my gown had lost something of its vulgar gloss, for I was in my second term—when I rode for the first time by the side of Vaughan, on his own box—an honour that procured for me the undisguised envy of two *sophs*, or third-year men, who sate on the roof of the coach, immediately behind me. By means of an extra glass of brandy, and certain intelligible hints of a crown-piece to be forthcoming at the end of our journey, I had soon acquired a degree of favour with my companion; and, as we flew along at the rate of twelve miles an hour, he condescended to give me much valuable instruction, touching the whip-club, the prize-ring, and other similar topics; on which, sooth to say, I was not so well informed as might have been wished. I was, however, too discreet to expose my ignorance, more than need be, by

any injudicious questions—a fault that I have observed some people are very apt to fall into ; and, by saying no more than I was actually obliged to say, contrived to pass muster so well, that he pronounced me to be a likely young fellow enough, and even went so far as to promise me his interest with the club, of which he was the worthy president. But, as men are not always sensible of a good offer, I somewhat demurred to this scheme, objecting the character of the members of his learned institute, when he cut me short with—“ Tell truth in Latin, my fine fellow, as Frank Watson says, when your green-horns are more bold than manly with their tongue. You have heard talk of Frank Watson?—short Watson we used to call him ; for there were two of that name in your college—long Watson, and short Watson—though no nearer a-kin to each other than you are to Adam. The long one was as tall as a popular-tree”——this was Dick’s usual name for a poplar, either as an elegant epithet, expressive of its popularity—or because, his researches being confined to other matters, he was not familiar with its more vulgar appellation——“ the long one was as tall as a popular-tree, though I never heard there was much in him ; he got the wooden spoon, I fancy—you know what the wooden spoon is?—Steady, Bess!—what are you about, you old jade?”——This last was an address, in parenthesis, to the off-leader, who was amusing herself with either biting or kissing her neighbour’s neck ; I was not learned enough, in the ways of horses, to make out which.——“ But Frank, for a little one, was as tight a lad as any in Cambridge, be the other who he may—could manœuvre the muffles with any man of his hands ; he was a prime scholar too, a *senior op*, and lost the gold medal only by a neck. And then he had such a mort of queer stories!—Be quiet, you old jade!”——A second apostrophe to the frolicsome lady Bess.——“ It was in this very bit of the road—ay, right down by the old oak yonder—that we nearly got upset while I was listening to his tale of Flam Hall ; and a droll one it was, too. Surely”——a strong accent on the last syllable——“ surely you have heard talk of Flam Hall?—No?—Why, it was from that came the saying, ‘ Tell truth in Latin.’ If you have not heard the story before, you may as well hear it now ; and I do not much mind if I tell it you.”

I protested that I should take it as a great favour ; and Dick accordingly commenced—though I should premise, that, in repeating the tale, I do not undertake to give it word for word in his language. To do that, might baffle a better memory than I can pretend to ; for he had a peculiar dialect of his own, borrowed from no time and no province, and, to speak the truth, if given in its native purity, much of it might sound rather oddly to those who have been used to the prejudices of polite conversation.

Ο Πικαρεδος περιλογιζει—or, as it may be familiarly rendered, Hell-fire Dick beginneth his narrative.

“ Frank—I always call him Frank, as I have good right to do, for we were hand-and-glove—Frank, with all his mettle, had some queer fancies at times. After kicking up the devil’s own delight for weeks together, drubbing the townies, bullying the proctor, and cocking his cap at the vice-chancellor himself, he would sit you down as quiet as a lamb, and muz over his books as if there were no more spirit in him than in a dead horse. Then, too, he had an odd taste for vagabondizing—taking a tour, I think, he called it—amongst the most out-of-the-way places,

where, for miles together, there was not such a thing as a turnpike-road to be seen, or scarce a road of any sort, that, to trot upon it for an hour, would not break the heart of any beast but a Welsh pony. Well, one day, Frank, who had been paddling it on the hoof ever since sunrise, up hill and down hill, found the night closing in upon him, and no house near. It was bitter cold, too, being the fag-end of autumn, and, to mend matters, there was every chance of a heavy storm. As he looked up, the clouds came sweeping along from the north-east, and the stars seemed to go out before them, one after another, like the dying sparks from a sky-rocket, till at last one only remained in a space of blue no larger than you might cover with your hat. Even that did not escape long; the clouds still drove on, surging over the little twinkling light, first in thin vapour, then thicker—thicker—thicker—like the rising tide on a rock, till it has overwhelmed it; and all this time the wind was not idle: it whistled over the naked heath on the sides of the hill, and rushed and roared amongst the trees in the low ground he had just left, that you would have thought it was the sea beating on a shingly beach. Frank, indeed, was somewhat of that way of thinking, though he did not well know how it could be; and he almost expected, on reaching the brow of the hill, to find the water before him. He kept on, however; for, be it as it might, he could hardly be worse off than he was, sea or no sea on the other side of the mountain. But, as luck would have it, things turned out better than he had expected;—on coming to the top of the ascent, he found a wild, gravelly common, stretching away on all sides into the darkness, and saw several lights twinkling dimly at a distance, though it was too far off for him to tell whether they belonged to one house or many. Not that this was of any consequence, so that there was some place where he could get shelter; for he had no fancy, as you may suppose, to pass the night out on this bleak waste, under the pouring rain, or it might be a storm of sleet and hail, after having trudged it till he was scarcely able to keep on his feet any longer. So, on he walked, as quickly as a weary man could do, and with a merry heart, though his road was none of the best or safest; this moment he was up to his chin among the furze, that scratched and tore him worse than the worst shrew of a hundred; and the next he was wading knee-deep in a quagmire, from which it was a miracle he ever got out again; and when he did, lo, and behold! the lights had all vanished.—‘There is witchcraft in this,’ thought Frank to himself; ‘or is it possible that, in struggling out of that confounded swamp, I have changed my path, and got something between me and the building?—I’ll on, however.’ And he did go on—for Frank, as I said before, was a stout-hearted fellow—and, to his great joy, suddenly came again upon the lights, which, it might be, had been hidden from him by a small enclosure of firs, growing to the right—the only things, above a furze-bush, that could possibly thrive in such a heap of sand and gravel. It was now plain that he had a large building before him, and, as he drew yet nearer, it clearly shewed itself to be an inn; for the moon, which just then peeped out from a mass of broken clouds, shone full upon the sign—a rampant red lion, which swung to and fro with no little noise in the night-wind. This was a pleasant sight enough to a weary man, on a bleak heath, with a fierce storm brewing up: the sounds, too, that came from within, of laughing and talking, and clattering of pewter pots and glasses, were no less agreeable to the ear than the Red Lion was to the eye. So, using no ceremony where no

ceremony seemed to be needed, he entered the public-room, and planting himself before the fire without noticing any one, began to call lustily about him for the landlord.

“ ‘What may be your pleasure?’ asked a man, who sate smoking and drinking at the head of one of the small tables, surrounded by half a score of toppers—and right jolly toppers, too, if any faith might be placed in the evidence of their huge, tunlike forms and rubicund noses—‘I am the landlord, Master Nicholas Barnaby by name, at your service.’

“ ‘Well, then, Master Nicholas Barnaby by name,’ replied Frank, not over and above pleased at the innkeeper’s tone, and still less at the cool assurance with which he kept his seat, smoking on, as if the new guest were nobody, ‘I want three things—meat—drink—bed.’

“It seemed that Mr. Nicholas read in Frank’s face the low state of his pocket; for your landlord is as cunning in these matters as an old horse at the sight of a halter; you need not think to catch either of them by shaking an empty sieve. Instead of getting up from his chair to welcome his guest, he coolly said—‘For your drink, there is plenty of water in the pond hard by; for your bed, you may have the whole common to yourself, and none to interrupt you; and for meat, you may even make a shift for one night, or, if that likes you not, you have only to go on some twelve miles or so, and it’s a guinea to a shilling—unless you lose your way in the forest, or get swamped in the fens—but you light on the *Cat and Fiddle*, where, I’ll be bound for it, you may have as much, or more, meat than you can pay for.’

“Frank had a marvellous inclination to repay this advice by stretching the giver of it at his full length on the floor; but then Frank was a man of judgment as well as valour, and on eyeing mine host accurately, to know where to plant his blow with the most effect, he saw that it was better left alone. Mr. Barnaby was a tall, raw-boned fellow, with the arms of a blacksmith, the neck of a bull, and a huge round head that, from its evident thickness, must have been impenetrable to every thing short of a musket-bullet. He, therefore, thought it his wisest plan to treat the whole as a joke, seeing that, if he did otherwise, there was every chance of his getting a broken coxcomb for his pains.

“ ‘Good, mine host,’ he said; ‘I like no part of your counsel so well that I should follow it at the risk of the fen on the one hand, and the forest on the other, though I will not deny that the water may be plenty enough, and the heath wide enough. If I must fast—for which, by-the-by, I see no occasion when your tables are so well covered—but, if I must, it will be pleasanter abiding my penance before a warm fire than on a cold common. So, here I set up my staff for the night at least.’

“To shew that he meant to be as good as his word, he drew an arm-chair to the fire, ensconced himself snugly in it, and, taking his night-cap out of his pocket, popped it on his head with as little ceremony as if he had been in his own bed-room. There was something so irresistibly ludicrous in all this, that the company shouted again, while even Mr. Nicholas was pleased to relax a little from his austerity. A grim smile mantled over his hard features, and he looked, or rather he meant to look, somewhat more graciously on the intruder; but, owing to the obliquity of his vision, his right eye, missing Frank, shot a desperate glance at a big-bellied green bottle in the window; while his left expanded all its force on a tea-kettle that was singing away over the fire with uncommon gaiety.

“ ‘So,’ he said, ‘it seems you have made up your mind to stay here, whether I will or no?’

“ ‘Truly have I,’ replied Frank, leisurely stretching out his feet on the fender, like a man very much at his ease, and determined to be still more so. ‘I have no mind for the common to-night; so you may as well, for the credit of your house, let me have a quart of humming ale, with the bread and meat conforming, and a comfortable glass of punch, when all’s done, to qualify the crudities of the stomach and keep off the night-mare. It would be a scandal to the Red Lion for ever and a day, if I should sup on poor diet, or, what is worse, fast on no diet at all.’

“ There was no resisting Frank’s good-humoured impudence; and Mr. Barnaby, though as cross-grained a brute as ever set up a sign-post, found himself in a manner compelled to do his guest’s bidding. He gave up his own seat to him at the table, and placed before him a tankard of brown ale, with the cold remains of a noble sirloin, and its usual accompaniments of bread and mustard; upon which Frank fell, tooth and nail, with such an appetite as is only to be got by fasting for eight or ten hours in the bleak air of the mountains. In a short time, he had made himself quite at home with the good company. He hobbled and nobbed with those nearest to him, brandished his tankard by way of signal to those who were too far off for the closer ceremony of clinking cups; and, as one poor quart was insufficient to so many toasts and pledges, he was fain to call out for a fresh supply.

“ ‘Come, landlord,’ he said; ‘the bottom of the cup cries tink, tink! Let us have an *editio secunda, auctior et emendatior*,—or, for your better understanding, a tankard twice as big, and twice as full, as the last. And, good Mr. Barnaby—excellent Mr. Barnaby—let us have no frothings up of the ale-pot: I love to see the top of my liquor as smooth and clear as a mill-pond. It is a sin to waste the good creature in foam and froth, as if it were so much soap-suds for a school-boy to blow away in air-bubbles.’

“ The landlord guessed at once that Frank was no youngster, on whom a host might impose short measure and long reckoning; but he liked him not a jot the more for that, though he took care to draw his ale of the best, and in a handsome quart that the gauger himself could not have quarrelled with; at the same time scoring up this new offence to Frank’s account with the rest of his transgressions—namely, his forcible entry upon the premises of the Red Lion—his persisting to stay when desired to take himself off—and last, not least, usurping the place of joker-general to the company, to the utter eclipse of the said landlord, who had hitherto filled the post with distinguished honour to himself, and to the no small satisfaction of his guests. The total of these offences amounted to a handsome sum, which mine host promised himself to pay off to the last farthing; and, indeed, I have always observed, that, however slow folks may be in money-matters, they are more than sufficiently alert in bringing things to a settlement, when they are indebted to any one in an account of ill-will for offences real or imaginary.—But the occasion was not yet come.

“ After a time, when the punch had circulated freely, the conversation turned upon ghosts—no unusual thing, at such an hour, and with such a meeting. This was the landlord’s strong ground; he had at one time, before he succeeded, by the death of a fat uncle, to his present inn, been sexton to the parish—which, by-the-by, accounts tolerably well for his spare

figure and lugubrious visage—points otherwise perfectly unintelligible in an inn-keeper, who, by his vocation, is bound to shew, in his own person, the happy results of good living. From his former trade, he had naturally got upon a familiar footing with ghosts and goblins; and he now struck into the conversation with the tone of one who feels he is master of his subject, and has a right to dictate to his more ignorant companions. But, while the rest of the company listened with awe and wonder to his terrible stories, now told for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, Frank only leered with his little, peery eyes, wrinkling his nose to and fro, that was as supple as the proboscis of an elephant, and, though he said nothing, gave evident tokens of his not believing a syllable. This nettled mine host, who felt, he knew not why nor how, that his genius was cowed and rebuked by that of his guest, as Antony's once was by that of Cæsar. If any thing could have added to the dislike he already entertained for him, it would have been this; and, certainly, to find another obstinately bent on disbelieving one's creed, no matter what may be the subject of it—a point in politics, or a point in pin-making—is such an insult as no man, with a proper sense of his own dignity, would submit to, unless he wanted the means of resenting it. Now mine host, so far from being blind to his own extraordinary merits, was firmly of opinion that to differ from him, on any topic whatsoever, was to be a knave, or a fool at the least; and it was with more indignation than he thought it prudent to avow, that he attacked Frank on the score of his infidelity.

“ ‘Ay, ay,’ he exclaimed, ‘there is many a one can look as bold as a lion, with the fire blazing on the hearth, and a score of jolly companions about him, who would quake most confoundedly at being alone for half an hour in a church-yard at midnight. I wish you would try the experiment.’

“ ‘Much obliged to you,’ said Frank; ‘but, though I don’t object to an hour’s *tête-à-tête* with your ghosts, I have a particular dislike to such a storm of rain and wind as I hear just now, beating against the windows, and blowing round the house-top as if it intended to carry off the chimneys.’

“ ‘As to that matter,’ replied the landlord, ‘there is no occasion for your wetting so much as a finger, or having a hair on your head blown away. I can shew you to a place where you may meet with goblins enough, without stirring out of the house, since you are so dainty of yourself.—But, twenty crowns to a single golden guinea, you have not heart to undertake the business, with all your bragging.’

“ ‘Done!’ said Frank, who was not sorry for this opportunity of filling his purse, which was at so low an ebb, it was a chance if it served to pay his reckoning in the morning.

“ ‘And done!’ echoed mine host, equally well pleased, on his part, that he was likely to clear off the accumulated scores of the evening with his guest; for, if tradition spoke truth, the ghosts of the Prior’s Gallery were no jokers.

“ ‘Here I should mention, though Frank did not learn it till afterwards, that the inn was a portion only of the ruins of a large mansion, which had formerly gone under the name of *Flam Hall*, and was even now so called by the elders of the nearest villages. By one of those strange fatalities, which will sometimes occur in real life as well as in the pages of romance, it so happened that the heirs of the estate died, through five descents, in such rapid succession, that in no one instance was death

separated more than a twelvemonth from inheritance. Hence a superstitious dread seized the family, as if death were the necessary result to any heir who should venture to live in the mansion; and accordingly it was abandoned, with all its furniture—its rich carpets, its splendid hangings, its tables of carved ebony, and of woods yet more precious than ebony—to the rats and owls, who soon established a mighty colony within the deserted walls. Even the family portraits shared the same fate; for it was argued, with a degree of superstition common to those times, and not perhaps quite a stranger to our own, that, like the plague, the mysterious cause of death might lurk not only in the building, but in all connected with it. In this state it remained for half a century, when the uncle of the present tenant got a lease of the ruins, and turned the better part into an inn, the low rate of the rent serving, in a great measure, to qualify the evil report that even yet clung to them, surviving what may not be unaptly termed the natural life of the building. But though it soon appeared that the curse of premature death, incident on inhabiting the forbidden mansion, did not extend to strangers, yet the bold taverner was not without his troubles. In a short time he found it was not enough to satisfy a living landlord by the due payment of his rent on quarter-day; the dead lords of the place had, it seemed, their privileges also, in which they were not to be controlled, and, instead of resting quietly in their graves, like other honest folks, they were sure, every night, fair weather or foul weather, to haunt the portrait-gallery, more generally known by the name of the Prior's Gallery, from the full-length figure of some defunct prior on the stained glass of the eastern window. As, however, the ghosts were modest enough to limit their pretensions to this one room, and were moreover well able to defend their rights, as appeared by their having severely drubbed the few bold spirits who had ventured to do battle with them, the new tenant did not think fit to dispute the point any farther, but double-locked the door, and left them in quiet possession of the domains to which they had shewn so good a title.—Such was the state of affairs, at the Red Lion, when Frank laid his wager with the malicious landlord.

“But now another difficulty arose; Mr. Barnaby had no mind to shew his guest the way to the haunted room at such an hour, unless backed in the perilous adventure by at least some half-dozen of the company; the company had just as little inclination for thrusting themselves into a hazard that nowise concerned them; and Frank, for his part, loudly protested against passing the night in a cold, damp room, without a fire. For some time this obstacle threatened to prevent the decision of their wager; but, at last, the landlord, who had set his heart on getting his unwelcome guest into a scrape, succeeded in persuading the boon companions to rise in mass, and lend him their protection to the Prior's Gallery. It cost him, indeed, the promise of a bowl of punch in requital of this good deed, to be brewed at his own proper cost and charges. But what is a bowl of punch, though it were as big as a water-bucket, to the pleasure of gratifying one's malice? Besides, it was only requisite to employ a little of the host's alchymy upon the bills already incurred during the evening, setting down quarts for pints, and shillings for sixpences, with a few other slight tricks, such as every landlord of any sagacity is familiar with, and, in the long-run, he would not lose so much as the value of a nutmeg.

“Comforting himself with this fair prospect of making good any

expense he might incur in the prosecution of his scheme, he swung over his brawny shoulders a basket, which stood by the fire, with dry billets, ready split for use, and sallied forth for the Prior's Gallery, followed close by Frank and the rest of his guests, each carrying a candle; for your ghosts have ever been known for ill friends to light, be it of what kind it would—torch-light, or day-light. On the present occasion more particularly, the precaution came not amiss, in more senses than one; for the haunted room lay at the very extremity of the building, and the way to it was precisely such as might be expected to lead to the dwelling of a ghost, being much less convenient than picturesque. You had to go up stairs, and then down stairs, and then again up stairs, over floors not always safe, through dreary corridors that led to no less dreary rooms, and through rooms that appeared to have been built for no other earthly purpose than as a way to passages. The wind, too, howled through the rents in the walls and the broken windows, that it was as much as they could do, with all their care, to keep the candles a-light; and, by the time they reached the door of the gallery, I warrant you there was many a pale face amongst them. Here the landlord made a dead halt.

“ ‘Well,’ said Frank, ‘why don’t you open the door?’

“ ‘Why don’t I open the door?’ repeated mine host;—‘humph! there are two words go to that bargain. Since you are not afraid to sleep in the room all night, I don’t see why you should be afraid to be the first to enter it.’

“ ‘And who told you I was?’ said Frank;—‘give me the key, blockhead! and we’ll soon see if your ghosts dare to shake their beards at Frank Watson.’

“ ‘There it is, Mr. Watson—since it seems your name is Watson,’ replied the landlord; ‘but I wish you would not talk after that fashion—at least while we are with you. I have no mind whatever to quarrel with the good folks within.’

“ ‘The door, as I have already observed, was double-locked. At the first turn of the key, the bolt shot half back with an ominous, grating sound, not very pleasant to the ears of the guests, who instantly, as if they had been one man, made a sort of demivolte to the right; and there they stood, ready to fly on the first alarm, yet still too curious to retreat without some more immediate and tangible cause of terror. It was an awful moment!—the bolt again grated, and Frank was forcing open the door, which was too much swollen by the damp to give way readily, when a trembling hand was laid upon his arm; and mine host muttered, in a voice scarcely intelligible from fear—

“ ‘Stop a moment!’

“ ‘Why?—wherefore?’ cried Frank, turning round hastily.

“ ‘I thought I heard something stirring within,’ replied Mr. Barnaby, in a yet lower key.

“ ‘So did I,’ whispered one of the guests.

“ ‘Listen!’

“ ‘Nonsense!’ said Frank; ‘the surest and the shortest way to learn if any one is within, is to go in ourselves.’—And he threw the door wide open.

At this moment had an owl hooted, a bat flapped his heavy wings across them, or even a beetle dropped from the ceiling on any of their lights, the whole party had infallibly been put to flight; but as, luckily,

none of these dire portents happened to alarm them, they followed their more courageous leader into the haunted room, though with hearts beating somewhat higher from the expectation of what might be before all was over. The gallery, however, which not a little resembled the interior of a chapel, had nothing particularly suspicious in its appearance. It was a long room, lighted, awkwardly enough, at either end, by a stained window, that occupied the entire height and width of the building, while the sides were divided into panels, on which were painted the antient lords and ladies of the mansion, from the first possessor down to the last who had died within its fated walls. The same chairs occupied the same places they had done a hundred years before—tall, ponderous fellows they were, with backs as long as an American's, and red damask coverlids over a plentiful stuffing of wool, on frames of ebony. To match these were two immense tables of the same wood, richly, if not elegantly carved, more particularly about their massive legs, which were as tattooed as the skin of an Indian, and of weight enough to break down the floor of any drawing-room, such as drawing-rooms are in our degenerate days, when it is much if the building outlives the builder. The huge fire-place held no grate, probably never had done so; for a dog, as it is even now called in some parts of the country, still occupied the hearth-stone. This dog was no more than four iron bars, crossed and held together by rivets, but was sufficient for all the purposes of a wood fire, which the landlord now hastily set about kindling; for he, as well as his guests, always excepting Frank, had by this time seen quite enough of the Prior's Gallery to wish themselves safe back again in the kitchen. Not, as I said before, that there was any thing particularly alarming about it; but still it had an air of desolation, from having been so long abandoned, that, when one thought of the tales connected with it, might make a man feel somewhat nervous, even if he had a stouter heart than could be pretended to by any of the good company at the Red Lion. The dust of half a century was lying on the dark oak floor, the mildew hung upon the walls, and the spiders had drawn their grey nets from window to window, while yet, to the great surprise of every one, the pictures, though much faded by time and the damps, were as clear from dust or cobwebs as if some friendly hand had taken them under its particular superintendence. The guests shook their heads anxiously as they pointed this out to each other, though their remarks did not go beyond a few broken whispers; and glad men were they when they had closed the gallery-door on Frank, and were on their way back to the kitchen.

"Not a soul in the house went to bed that night. There was something so cheerful in the sight of a blazing chimney and a score of human faces, that no one could prevail upon himself to quit such comforts for the loneliness of his bed-room; so they all agreed to keep their valour warm by huddling close together about the fire; and in this way, with the additional help of the punch-bowl, they contrived to pass the time tolerably well till the clock struck twelve. At this signal, the storm, which before had been quite loud enough, now burst upon the house with redoubled fury; the wind howled along the ruined passages like a strong man in agony; every door and window shook and rattled, that you would have thought a legion of fiends were clamouring for admission; and this tremendous hurly-burly was kept up at least for ten minutes; but then

the tempest sunk into its former state of comparative calm, and the rain began to fall more heavily.

"There is no such excellent stimulus to remorse as a strong dose of apprehension. Mine host, who had been not a little cowed by the late war of elements, began to entertain some serious alarms for the fate of his guest, and to think he had gone a step too far in exposing him to the perils of the Prior's Gallery. The act, it was true, was one of Frank's own choice; but then his conscience whispered, and he could not deny her accusation, that, if he had not played the part of tempter to the enterprise, it had not been undertaken. The remarks, too, of those about him by no means tended to his comfort: all agreed there was something supernatural in the sudden violence of the storm, so much beyond the recollection of the oldest man present; and, if so, to whom could it refer, if not to the unlucky Frank, who was, in all human probability, suffering the pains and penalties of his rashness—not to give it a harsher name—in venturing upon a room which the dead had thought fit to appropriate to their own especial service? It must not, however, be imagined that mine host was thinking of any one but himself in his profound speculations on the subject; it was not the fear of what might happen to Frank that troubled him, but the doubt of peril to himself for having led him into the temptation.

"The morning came at last, and with it came sunshine, refreshing and gladdening the hearts of the watchers, who had probably seldom experienced keener pleasure than they did now, when, on the window-shutters being thrown open, the day burst in upon them in one broad blaze of light. It even inspired them with a certain degree of courage, not enough to carry them at once into the haunted chamber, but sufficient for them to form a sturdy resolution of going thither, if Frank did not shew himself in half an hour, and if—which was a principal condition of the compact—they continued, when the time came, in the same way of thinking. Their new-born zeal, however, was not destined to be put to a proof so trying; for they had scarcely commenced offensive operations against the well-loaded breakfast-table, when the object of it made his appearance, in high glee, though somewhat pale, it seemed, with the fears or fatigues of the night. In his hand he bore a massive silver tankard, of antique fashion, the sight of which caused Mr. Barnaby's eyes to sparkle, and put the good company into singular admiration. Question now was huddled upon question with such rapid conveyance, that it might have tasked the mouth of Gergantua to answer to them all.—

" 'How did he get the silver tankard?—had he seen a ghost?—what was it like?—what did it say?—was he not horribly frightened?—was there more than one?'

" 'Softly, my masters!' exclaimed Frank, raising his voice above this Babel-din of questions;—'if you wish to learn what I have heard and seen—'

" 'We do—we do!' interrupted the guests with one voice.

" 'Why, then, spare this bibble-babble, and lend me your ears for a few moments.'

"In an instant every tongue was silent, though every mouth was wider open than ever, as if the tale was to be devoured by that organ rather than taken in at the ears.

" 'In the first place,' said Frank, 'I heard——'

“ ‘Go on!’ exclaimed a score of voices;—‘go on!’

“ ‘I heard—I heard—just what, I suppose, you did—the wind and the rain, with several smart claps of thunder.’

“ ‘Is that all?’ said the disappointed guests, in chorus.

“ ‘No—it is not all,’ replied Frank; ‘for I saw a dozen ghosts, or more, and very good fellows they are—to those who know how to manage them. But there’s the rub; if a man wants the heart to treat them as he ought to do, he’s sure to get the worst of the bargain; but only let him come up roundly to them, and give them as good as they bring, and then see if they don’t mend their manners! ‘Gad! they grow as supple as an old glove, and as ready to the hand. *Credite experto*—trust the evidence of the silver tankard!’

“ ‘And did the ghosts give you that precious silver tankard?’ asked mine host.

“ ‘Ay, that did they,’ replied Frank, ‘and full of wine, to boot—such as does not come out of the cellars of the Red Lion. Only smell to the cup; you, who have been lord of the spigot for twenty years and upwards, may guess what sort of liquor has been in it.’

“ Mine host sniffed at the goblet with the air of a connoisseur, and found the odour so much to his fancy, that, holding the cup to his mouth, with the bottom of it turned to the ceiling, and his head thrown back, he endeavoured to extract still farther evidence from the few drops that might yet be lingering in it.

“ ‘Body o’ me!’ he exclaimed, ‘this has a relish with it! I would I knew where to find a cellar of the like, or, at least, the butt from which this was drawn.’

“ ‘You may do that, and better, if you will,’ replied Frank; ‘you have only to pass the night, as I did, alone in the Prior’s Gallery—take a stout heart with you—and, when the ghosts shew themselves, don’t stand shilly-shally, but call and order lustily about you, like a rich traveller at a country tavern.’

“ ‘I have a pretty good notion of what that is,’ said mine host; ‘and, body o’ me! if no more is needed to gain a butt of wine, I am the very man for them. I wish, though, I could be quite certain there was no bones-breaking like to come of it.’

“ ‘Judge for yourself,’ said Frank, cutting a caper like a ballet-master. ‘Does that, think you, look as if my limbs were other than whole?—or could a man with broken bones do this?’—

“ And with one bound he cleared a pile of forms, that were heaped up at the end of the room between him and the window.

“ ‘All very well,’ replied mine host—‘marvellous well in its way; but, somehow or another, I can’t get it out of my head that you are a wag, Master Watson, and would like nothing better than putting me in the way of getting a bloody coxcomb.’

“ ‘That’s all the fruit of a bad conscience, mine host; you meant mischief to me when you tempted me into the business, and now you think I want to return the compliment. But be of better faith, man; I can easily forgive your intention, when the result has been no worse than the gift of a silver tankard. Don’t, however, let me persuade you into it against your own liking; it’s nothing to me whether you drink wine or water,—only I’ll thank you for my wager, the twenty crowns that you staked last night against my guinea.’

“ The landlord, who would willingly have forgotten the whole affair,

made wry faces at this unpleasant jog to his memory. As, however, the rest of his guests united with one voice in maintaining the justice of the claim, he saw no way of escaping from it, and was preparing, with a very bad grace, to pay the money, when he was relieved from at least one half of his pain by Frank's protesting that, 'as the crowns were gained in the tavern, in the tavern they should be spent';—a declaration that was received with universal applause. The genial band of toppers agreed, one and all, that he was a hearty fellow, though he did carry a Londoner's tongue in his head, and swore loudly that they would spend another day and night there for the pleasure of his company. Such an agreeable notice, which carried with it the promise of a golden harvest, at once reconciled mine host to Frank and his story; he no longer doubted that things were in the Prior's Gallery as he had stated, and, with this conviction, he resolved to follow his advice, and try whether the ghosts would not be as liberal to himself as they had been to a stranger.—'If,' thought he, 'they did so much for one they know nothing of, it would be hard, indeed, should they send me away sleeveless, who am their landlord, and, what's more, don't charge a sixpence for their lodging from year's-end to year's-end.'

"I don't know how the guests contrived to pass the day at this lone inn upon a common, nor is it much to our purpose; perhaps they smoked away the time; or they might fish, for there were two or three large ponds on the heath, where, if they found nothing else, it was like enough there would be eels in plenty; or, it may be, they stole a sly shot at the venison in the forest, which I have before mentioned as skirting the heath to the left. Be this as it might, they did contrive to get through the twelve hours—in what way does not matter—and night found them, as before, seated round the punch-bowl. Mine host, who had been drawing from it frequent reinforcements to his courage, was in high order by the time the clock struck eleven, which, by the advice of his counsellor, was the fittest season for his visit to the gallery. Accordingly, forth he set, escorted, as Frank had been on the preceding evening, but under much more favourable auspices. Though the night was dark, it was calm; there was no beating of the rain against the windows—no furious wind, to sound at one moment like the moans of the dying, and, at the next, like the trampling of feet through the long, crazy corridors—and, what was perhaps still more cordial, every body around him was in better spirits. The adventure, too, had been tried—the danger proved to be imaginary—and, though it was scarcely possible for any of them to avoid a slight palpitation of the heart on entering the haunted chamber, yet still there was a wide difference between this feeling and the dread they had experienced on the first occasion. Some of the boldest even ventured to jest upon the starch, staring portraits, that frowned upon them from their oak panels; and amongst these, not the least in daring, was the lord of the Red Lion, who, elevated by the spirit of brandy above all sublunary considerations, gallantly snapped his fingers at the inanimate groupe, protesting that he should like nothing better than half an hour's gossip with the dead originals. It would seem that the portraits heard and accepted the challenge; for scarcely were the words out of his mouth, than every eye amongst them was in motion, rolling backwards and forwards as if for a wager. This was quite enough for the guests; one and all rushed out of the gallery, leaving the landlord to settle with his ghostly tenants as best he might;

and, in the hurry of their retreat flung to the door, which was fastened by a spring-lock, the key of which, unluckily for mine host, had been left by Frank on the outside.

“The landlord, thus abandoned to his fate, and the only outlet for escape cut off, placed himself with his back against a corner, the most remote from the point of danger, though, to do him justice, he was not half so much afraid as might have been expected. The punch had thrown a sort of mist over his perceptive faculties, so dense that he could hardly be said to see the peril with any distinctness, and, as he grew more familiar with this battery of rolling eyes—for they did not cease their motion for a single instant—the sight struck him as having something so exceedingly ludicrous in it, that he burst into a roar of laughter. This, however, did not seem to be taken in good part by the gentlemen on the wall, who might probably belong to the sect of the crying philosopher. First they stretched out the right hand,—then the left;—then one leg,—then the other;—and, lastly, the whole body became animated, when each stalked from his panel with as much uniformity of motion as if they had been so many soldiers, marching and then halting at the word of command. This, which was carrying the joke somewhat beyond mine host’s idea of the thing, made him serious enough; but he recollected the good wine and the silver tankard, and kept up a stout heart, with a prudent resolution, however, not to stir or speak till he saw what turn affairs were like to take. Nor was he long kept in doubt. A grim-looking figure, that, from the pre-eminent antiquity of his dress, might be presumed to be the founder of the family, stalked solemnly forward from the well-kept line, and, making his way directly for the west end of the room, without taking the slightest notice of the intruder, knocked thrice, at measured intervals, on the back of the fire-place.

“‘What can this mean?’ said mine host to himself. ‘Surely he has got no acquaintances up the chimney, that he is inviting after this odd fashion to come and sup with him! And yet, body o’ me! I scent as prime a bit of venison as ever smoked on the table of the Red Lion.’

“This conjecture, if not quite right, was yet not altogether wrong. At the old gentleman’s summons, a whole posse of serving-men came pouring down the chimney, loaded with various dishes, that, to judge from the pleasant odour which steamed from them, could not choose be other than excellent. Like their masters, the servants were in the costume of all ages, from the flat cap in the time of bluff King Hal, to the gold-laced cocked-hat of a more modern period—as if each other century, or rather each reign, had sent forth its representative to a general congress. They were preceded by a grave-looking man, who, from the chain about his neck and the white rod in his hand, was evidently the steward. This important personage stopped before his followers with the stately pace of a captain at the head of his company, and, halting at the large table in the centre of the room, regulated every movement with his wand, without so much as uttering a syllable. A tap on the head from this emblem of office signified to the person, so touched, that he was to come forward with his dish; a second tap, on the table, indicated the place where it was to be deposited; a rap over the knuckles, at once marked and rebuked the placing of any thing awry; and, in this manner, the table was speedily covered with a quiet dexterity that put the attentive landlord into no little admiration. Gladly, had that been possible, would he have hired one of these silent functionaries to assist in waiting on the

guests of the Red Lion, and, though not prone to make rash bargains, would have held himself a gainer in giving him a double luck-penny; but, since that might not be, he contented himself with wondering at their proceedings.

"Whilst the supper was being laid, the supernatural guests, for whose behoof it was intended, maintained their posts in strict silence, nor did any one break out from the line, till the steward gave notice by a profound bow that his preparations were completed. Then the mail-clad patriarch advanced, with the heavy tread of Don Juan's statue of stone, to the half-clad maiden of King Charles's time, whose uncovered neck, beyond what modern decency allows, bore ample testimony to the flesh-colour of Sir Peter Lely; the velvet hose and slashed coat of a still later day, in like manner, offered his well gloved hand to the flounced and furbelowed dowager of at least a century before; and, all being paired after this anomalous fashion, in utter contradiction to the established maxim of, 'like will to like,' the gentlemen handed the ladies to their seats, and, at a signal from the steward, the dishes were simultaneously uncovered.

"Mine host, who, in his time, had superintended the cooking and eating of many a good meal, though not perhaps within the walls of the Red Lion, was forced to confess to himself that he had never seen any thing at all to be compared to this supper. All the perfumes of Arabia were nothing to the savoury steam of the good things that smoked before this strange company, of whom it was difficult to say whether they belonged to the living or the dead. The smell alone would have tickled the palled appetite of a sick man, and made him rise from his bed to eat, though he had been bedridden for six months before. And the wine, both in quantity and quality, was well worthy of the more substantial viands; there was Champagne, clearer and brighter than the chrystal in which it sparkled; rich Burgundy, perfuming the whole room with a fragrance far surpassing the most delicate scent of roses—the choicest juice of the johannisberry, almost as old as the guests themselves—and, what to our landlord was hardly less acceptable, so great was the abundance of silver, that its weight would absolutely have broken down a degenerate modern table.

"'Body o' me!' he exclaimed, half aloud, unable to contain his ecstasy—"I never dreamt your ghosts were such a set of jolly companions. I always understood they were cold, thin, vapoury fellows, smelling of nothing but earth or sulphur, and going about the house in their winding sheets to frighten honest fellows out of their wits, if they happen to have any. But these are another guess sort of folks; 'Gad! they know as well as any body what belongs to good living. What a delicate savour that piece of venison has!—and that fricandeaux veal, I fancy—and those partridges!—Ugh! ugh!—I am a rogue, if there's any bearing it; I shall melt away at the mouth, like a piece of fat butter in the frying-pan—and then the wine!—Ugh! ugh!—enough to make a man forswear his father—and the silver goblets!—the least of them bigger than the pewter flaggon I use to measure out to the exciseman, and be d—d to his greedy gullet. But there is no standing this any longer; I'll have a drink of that same Burgundy, and a cut of the venison, let what will come of it.'

"Accordingly he quitted his safe post in the corner; but, not to venture too rashly on danger, from which, when once in it, he might find

it difficult to get out again, he determined to reconnoitre his ground first, and marched slowly round the table, at the distance of a yard or two, peeping and prying for an opportunity of edging himself in between the chairs. The little notice that was taken of this movement, gave him fresh courage, but still he held the more antient part of the company in awe, and was unwilling, if he could avoid it, to come in contact with any of the gentlemen in armour. The guests in the more modern habits looked, he thought, infinitely less mischievous than their warlike progenitors, and, with some manœuvring, he contrived to squeeze his chair in between two of them, an antient dame, with a good-humoured face, and a smart young coxcomb, who had nothing very terrible in his appearance. Still, not a word was said. He half stretched out his hand to the venison, at the same time looking up into the face of his neighbour to the right, as much as to say, 'Have I your leave?'—but the gentleman took no notice. He turned to the left with a more beseeching look than ever—it was all the same—'Silence gives consent,' thought he—but no sooner did he attempt to act upon this maxim, and put his spoon into a rich stew before him, than he received a smart rap across the knuckles, that tingled again up to his very elbows, and, on turning round, who should be there but the sour-faced steward.

" 'You need not hit so hard,' said mine host; 'I can take a hint, without its being rapped into me after that fashion; and, since it seems the lady has a fancy to the stew, I'll even content myself with a wing of that partridge.'

" Accordingly, he plunged his fork into the bird; but, before he could use his knife, a second smart blow on the knuckles made him sensible that this also, in the language of the South Sea Islanders, was a *tabooed* article.

" 'What! musn't I touch that, neither?' he exclaimed, in a doleful tone.—'Well, if I may not eat, I suppose I may drink. You'll hardly be such a churl as to deny a honest fellow a drop of wine when you have got such plenty of it?'

" But no sooner had he laid his hands on the silver tankard, than the white rod was put into action a third time, and that more smartly than ever.

" 'Soul of man!' cried mine host, in extreme ire, and recollecting Frank's advice, that he should give them as good as they brought—'this is too bad, master steward. Do tell me at once what I may touch, and leave off rapping my knuckles at this confounded rate, unless you have a mind I should send one of the dishes at your head. May I have a spoonful of that?'—pointing to what seemed a matelot of eels. The steward raised his wand,—'Well, then, a morsel of that venison?—Nor that either? Then I'll be d—d if I stand on any ceremony with you for the matter. You are a niggardly old scoundrel, and your masters are not a whit better than yourself, eating and drinking there as if for dear life, and never saying so much to a poor fellow, as—Dog, will you take a snack?'

" At this bold speech, the company looked as much astonished as a set of ghosts well could do. Every knife and fork was suddenly laid down, and every chair drawn partly back, to stare more freely at the audacious intruder, who thus presumed to beard them in their own hall. But mine host, who imagined from their silence he had got the whip-

hand of them, continued his speech in a yet bolder strain, little deeming there was to be any after-reckoning.

“ ‘I see you understand me,’ he said; ‘and, I tell you again, you are a set of niggardly, ungrateful scoundrels. Body o’ me! am I not your landlord? Is not this house mine?—that is, so long as I pay rent for it to your dog of an heir; who, by-the-by, has got plenty of your miserly blood in his veins;—it would be long before he would spare me in a single sixpence when quarter-day comes round, let times go how they would. But that’s neither here nor there;—I let you have the use of this room without the charge of a farthing, and, soul of man! I’ll go snacks in some of these good things, or out you bundle, bag and baggage. And, if you won’t go quietly, I’ll fetch a parson, who shall ferret you out of the old hall as easily as my dog, Towser, would hunt me out a family of rats.’ ”

“It may be presumed the poor ghosts were put to a nonplus by the very excess of their astonishment, or they never could have heard this unwelcome harangue to the end. As it was, Mr. Barnaby had his full swing, when the steward rewarded his eloquence with so sound a knock on the mazard, that he measured his full-length on the floor, and, in his turn, began to feel the surprise he had inspired. But he had little time given him to reflect on this or any thing else; one and all fell upon him as he lay there defenceless, the knights drubbing him with their gauntletted fists, the more delicate coxcombs kicking him with their long-pointed shoes, and the females of the party scratching, pinching, and biting, with a fury that, however ludicrous it might have been to a looker-on, was, Heaven knows, a very serious matter to the unlucky devil suffering under the infliction. It was in vain that, one moment he consigned them all to a certain hot place, and the next roared out for mercy with the voice of a baited bull: they laughed at the one—probably as being a matter already settled, and not to be made worse by his wishes; and they only beat him so much the more furiously for the other. To just as little purpose was it that he kicked and struggled to get out of their merciless grasp; they had not only the advantage of numbers on their side, but were individually the strongest, so that there was every prospect of his being beaten to a mummy, when his cries summoned Frank to his assistance, the only one of the party below who would venture again into the gallery. No sooner did the pugnacious ghosts hear the sounds of steps in the corridore, than they all fled, helter-skelter—the servants scrambling up the chimney, with the fragments of the supper—while their masters sneaked back again to their respective panels, and looked as staid and demure as if they had never moved from the wall, where the painter first placed them.

“ ‘Curse ye all!’ exclaimed the infuriated host; ‘who, to look at you, hanging there, with your sober, hypocritical faces, would fancy you could play a fellow such cantrips? But, as I live by bread, I’ll sort you for it; you shall be quiet enough for the time to come.’ ”

“And forthwith he snatched up a bar from the fire-place, and proceeded to assault the unlucky portraits with as much desperate determination, as whilome Don Quixote evinced in his celebrated attack upon the windmills. Panel after panel cracked and splintered under the weight of his blows;—here a face was split asunder,—there a nose was demolished;—this lost a leg,—the other, an arm;—and the work was still going on merrily when Frank made his appearance.

" 'What, in the fiend's name are you about?' he exclaimed, snatching the iron from the breathless landlord;—'are you mad?'

" 'Yes, I am mad, Master Watson,' replied mine host; 'I have a right to be mad, after such a drubbing as they have given me.'

" 'Alack-a-day, poor man!' said Frank—'and so he has been beaten? But who is it that has done this naughty deed?'

" 'Why, who but the ghosts, and be d—d to them?'

" 'You have seen them, then?' said Frank.

" 'Seen them!' echoed the landlord;—'the foul fiend fly away with the disembodied villains!—if, indeed, he has not got his share of them already; it's seldom he gives long credit where so much is owing.—Seen them, say you? Why, man, I have felt them, and know the weight of their fists to a grain avoirdupois.—But it's all your fault—all your fault; I did just as you told me, and see what has come of it! Body o' me! no fish-wife could have wagged her tongue to a better tune than I did;—and only look at my arms, Master Watson!—look at my poor back, Master Watson! I called them knaves, and fools, and niggardly rascals, and fifty other hard names—any one of which, if words had any weight, was enough to break the back of a horse.'

" 'And did you tell them all this in plain English?' asked Frank.

" 'Why, in what language do you think I told it?—or what is that to the matter?'

" 'Every thing,' said Frank; 'in that lies the secret.'

" 'Zounds! man, I am not one of your college coxcombs, who carry half-a-dozen tongues between one pair of jaws.—But that's of little consequence; they understood me well enough.'

" 'No doubt of it.'

" 'No doubt, do you say? Why the devil, then, did you lead me into this pretty business?'

" 'Good, mine host!' replied Frank, gravely—'who would have looked for this from so discreet a man as you are?—a man who has cut his eye-teeth—who can give a quart of wine in a pint-measure, and brew strong ale without the help of barley. Go to! I am ashamed of you—not to have known that you should tell truth in Latin!'

" 'In Latin!' exclaimed the landlord.

" 'Why, who but the veriest dolt would think of abusing a man to his face, and he the stronger? Ever, while you live, if you want to curry favour with a man, tell truth in Latin.'—

" 'It was a queer saying, that of short Watson's—wasn't it?' said Dick, as he finished his tale.

" 'And did he tell it to you in Latin?' said I.

" 'Not a bit of it,' replied Richard; 'if he had, you'd have heard little of it from me, I fancy.'

" 'Humph!' said I.—'But here we are at Pembroke; so there's a crown for your maxim, and, when, I say any thing of Hell-fire Dick, I'll take especial care it shall not be in English.'

G. S.

OUR INQUIRING CORRESPONDENTS.

IN the course of the month we receive a vast number of letters upon subjects of all possible kinds ;—some from privy councillors, detailing to our private eye the profoundest secrets of the state ;—some from Opposition orators, begging of us to insert their speeches, in the hope that, though they can get nobody to listen to them, we may get somebody to read them ;—others from city politicians, soliciting our vote and interest at the next election, and deprecating the Lord Mayor's intention of giving two dinners instead of one, as a cunning device for killing off the whole old Corporation, and filling the Common Council and Livery with his creatures, whom he will have already filled with his port and pudding ;—others from fathers encumbered with charming and accomplished daughters, who “ would make the best wives in the world, and be able to spend from five to ten thousand a-year, and upwards ; ” —an infinite number from the young ladies themselves, who, distrusting the eloquence of the paternal pen, think that, in such matters of life and death, female genius should rely on nothing but itself. But, not to enumerate all, we are overwhelmed by the weight of our correspondence ; and, as to answer in our own person would be endless, we must introduce them, from time to time, to the light, and let them answer each other.

The first which we shall give is neither love nor politics, but obtains its precedency from the pressing nature of the case, as the subject may be devoured before the ink on our paper is dry :—

“ SIR :

“ *Regent's Park.*

“ I am an alderman of the ancient and renowned Ward of Billingsgate, and having made my fortune, some years ago, by a lucky speculation in oysters, on the eve of a conspiracy among the Colchester men, I determined to leave off trade, withdraw from the vulgarity of fish-selling, and, in some fashionable part of this great city, live with a dignity worthy of my elevation and fortune.

“ For the benefit of escape from the vulgar, and of the speculating builder of a row of lath and plaster houses in the Regent's Park, I laid down three thousand five hundred as good pounds as ever were stamped on Bank-paper—contracted with a fashionable and very roguish upholsterer for a thousand pounds' worth of chairs and tables—and was finally set down in my present abode to enjoy life at my ease.

“ I need not trouble you, Sir, with my experience of what kind of ease that proved to be ; the experience of retired tradesmen is sufficiently well known ; and I only know that, if others longed to get back to their shops as much as I did to mine, the Regent's Park would soon be left to the cows and pigs that were its tenants in my earlier and better days. However, I was now settled for life ; other hands were opening the oysters that had given me so many a cheerful hour ; and, having taken my wife from our Ward, I managed to have, now and then, a little more of Billingsgate about me than perhaps would have satisfied many a reasonable man.

“ On these occasions, Sir, my contrivance for quiet was fairly to leave the house to its mistress, and take my walk till I thought that the storm was laid. But, Sir, I am now deprived of that escape, or must walk at the risk of having to run for my life—or, perhaps, of taking my last run, and furnishing a lunch to a royal tiger, or a supper to a white bear.

"The Zoological Society have thought proper to set up their quarters within a hundred yards of my house. My sleep is broken every night by roarings, wailings, screamings, and bellowings, that make me start out of my bed, and think myself in the heart of an African forest: I am forced to look to the priming of my musket, the old companion of my volunteer days under the gallant Birch, and make a general search through the house for the hyæna or hippopotamus that, I could have sworn, was tearing and roaring in the next room.

"And the day is as bad as the night. There can be no doubt, Sir, that some of those pleasant importations will, some time or other, escape, and that Heaven only knows how soon. Bars and cages are not eternal, nor keepers always on the watch; and the first rotten plank that teeth or claws can work through, or the first keeper that gets drunk, out will march lion or tiger, as it may happen—swallow half-a-dozen of the nursery-maids and children that curiosity keeps in such troops about the place—and then march into the shrubberies, to pasture upon the unwary possessors at his leisure.

"The thing may be at any time within the next four-and-twenty hours. Tigers and wolves have escaped out of the Tower, and put the whole battalion of beef-eaters to their heels. They slip, once a week, out of the caravans travelling through the country, and always come back so much fatter, that I cannot help accounting in that way for the frequent disappearance of farmers returning from the fairs. I myself have seen a tiger walk deliberately down the steps of Exeter 'Change, make his way to the Strand, and, I thank Heaven, luckily take a greater liking to a stage-coach horse than to a morning's meal on myself. But if I could fly then, what could I do now. On last quarter-day, I weighed, to a pound, three-and-twenty stone avoirdupois, and, though that may be a light weight for an alderman, yet, let me tell you, Sir, that it is not intended for a runner against time or tigers. What the Zoological Society mean by bringing these savage animals into our parks, I cannot understand. Let them try their skill, if they choose, on accustoming foreign sheep and goats, camels and camelopards, to the climate; but, if I live till I see tiger-cheese, wolf's-wool, hyæna-hams, or lions drawing the Lord Mayor's state-coach, I think that I shall live a great while.

"Now pray, Sir, be good enough to inform me what remedy I should have against the Zoological Society, in case of being eaten alive within my own shrubbery. Would any action lie, or what deodand would be upon the monster?—Hoping your speedy answer,

"I remain, Sir,

"W. S."

The next letter is from an investigator—to the interest, variety, and public importance of whose queries, no observation of ours needs direct the reader. His knowledge of the secret springs of the great world would betray his rank to us at once, except that we are staggered by his candour;—he cannot be of the Cabinet:—

"SIR:

"Hill Street, Berkeley Square.

"I have been, for forty years and upwards, an inquirer. I have asked all the questions in the Gentleman's Magazine—have puzzled myself, and been the cause of puzzling mankind, in the Ladies' Diaries—have written a variety of inquiring articles in the Edinburgh

Review, which, I fear, tended pretty much to the same purpose—and shall probably, to my life's-end, continue to promote science and civilization by the great art of questioning.

“Your Magazine, Sir, has of late started into a style which brings popularity in its train, and which renders it, therefore, the more probable that, as ‘among the multitude of counsellors there is safety,’ among the multitude of readers my queries may find answerers. I propose them *seriatim*, and shall wait in anxious expectation for the replies in your next month's publication:—

“‘When will Parson Irving shave?—When will Iscariot Dawson decide whether he is a Papist or a Protestant?—When will Prince Leopold give a decent dinner, spend a fiftieth of his pension, disdain to sell his own gooseberries, and forget the difference between sixpence and sixpence-farthing?—When will Sir Robert Wilson's newspaper-paragraphs and Tavern-harangues terrify the Premier into giving him back his commission?—When will a Jacobin cease to be a Jacobin?—When will the difference between a stuff gown and a silk, make the difference between public scorn and public esteem?—When will a dandy hussar and a poet be fit to govern Ireland?—When will a Popish priest refuse to give absolution for a Protestant burglary, burning, or murder?—When will Dr. Doyle and J. K. L. say the same thing?—When will the Emperor of Knoutland get back a shilling in the pound for his powder and shot in the Turkish war, be the wiser for being beaten, or drink his coffee in Constantinople?—When will O'Connel die in the field?—When will a Somerset-house exhibition produce a picture that any one living, except Watson Taylor, will think worth the price of its frame, at the close of the twelve calendar months ensuing?—When will a royal palace be built worthy of a better fate than a royal pig-stye, unless the only true mode of rewarding the vandalism of royal architects is resorted to?—When will the commander-in-chief of the army of Queen Caroline be the commander-in-chief of the army of King George?—When will Lord Norbury pun his last?—When will Lord Palmerston wear a face without a frown, Lord Dudley without a dimple, Lord Lansdowne without a languish, or Lord Holland with any thing?—When will the Duke of Wellington invite all the editors of the London newspapers to Apsley-house, request their opinions upon his conduct, communicate his measures for the session, and offer them seats in the cabinet?—When will the London magistrates discover that there is such a place as Crockford's?—When will a winter theatre pay sixpence a-year above its expenses, its creditors, and its Chancery-bills?—When will a country curate rival the income of a Bow-street runner, a bagman, a box-opener, or an orange-woman?—When will our English dramatists be scribblers, drivellers, and dabblers no more; draw from nature; and leave French farces to the coxcombs that made them, and the coxcombs that they were made for?—When will a merchant think it necessary to begin with half-a-crown capital, or think it creditable to break for less than half a million?—When will Judas Brownlow give proof that he has ever written a syllable of his harangues?—When will his Majesty's Ministers open their eyes to poor Lord Nugent's personal claims to office, the government of Bom-bay not being vacant?—When will any man, except Lord W. Paget's re-electors, allow that swallowing one's words is diet strong enough for an English constitution?—When will any stockbroker be a curricie or a country-house the less for a third appearance in the Gazette?

—When will Jack Lawless stand the sight of an Ulster Protestant, stand to his word, or stand fire?—When will anybody take any of the Pagets off hands, except Jack himself?—When will the English stage exhibit a tragedy that does not set three-fourths of the audience asleep in the first three-quarters of an hour?—When will it produce any comedy at all?—When will Lord Anglesea think that O'Connel has spoken the necessary quantity of matter to qualify him for?—When will a London shopkeeper think that he may dispense with quadrilles, a villa, and the billiard-table?—When will Lord Ellenborough think a tenth as much of any man living as of himself?—When will Brougham's character recover from Canning's compliment to his veracity?—When will Whigs be the wiser for the discovery that public men, without common honesty, are actually as weak as they are despicable; that character, once lost, is never to be regained; that the nation hate a political swindler, however subtle, and scorn a political poltroon, however loud-tongued; that rascality is instantly detected by every one but its owner; and that, for all public hopes and purposes, the tergiversator might as well at once be hanged?

“Your's,

“QUESTOR.”

We give the following, “without note or comment,” for the benefit of Reviewers in general:—

“SIR:

“Lincoln.”

“As your Magazine goes into the hands of the very bluest leaders of literature in our town, and exercises a very formidable influence on the critical disquisitions at our ‘Library,’ where we prebendaries congregate three hours a day to discuss the weather, wonder what the Duke of Wellington is doing, and pick our teeth (let me tell you, no slight day's work for a cathedral town), I should be much indebted by your giving a decided opinion, which with us will be a decisive one, upon the following points of learning:—

“Is not the favourite word ‘talented’ purely Cockney, not at all English, and *very* vulgar besides?—Is not the favourite phrase ‘last evening,’ a vulgarism for ‘yesterday evening,’ and only worthy of the authorship of the Court Circular?—Is not the favourite phrase ‘left for London,’ a vulgarism for ‘left us for London,’ and worthy of a similar rank of authorship?—Is not the favourite singular-plurality of ‘the Miss Snubnoses,’ a vulgarism for ‘the Misses Snubnose,’ and not to be tolerated but in a village, and that village not less than fifty miles from the metropolis?—Is not the favourite word of narrators, ‘incredibly,’—as, ‘Mr. A. danced incredibly long,’ or, ‘Miss B. looked incredibly short,’—a literal declaration that, in neither case, ought the narrator to be believed?—Is not the favourite phrase, ‘it was utterly impossible to go, and still more so to stand,’ a climax of impossibilities, difficult to comprehend but in the novel of a woman ‘moving in the fashionable circles’?—Is not the favourite word, ‘lay’ for ‘lye,’ a vulgarism, pardonable only to a sailor, who has no time to think, or to a parliamentary orator, on whom such time would be thrown away?—Do not the noblemen and gentlemen who daily advertise for sale ‘chaste’ services of plate, give a better character of their plate than of their own education?—Do not the favourite novelist mixtures of French with English, the

perpetual '*Oui—mon cher—et bien,*' and others equally remote from untravelled capacities, give the idea that the writer is either a titled tabby, just arrived 'from a continental tour!' or an old governess, daubed with rouge and sentiment, or a bedlamite, or the whole three in one?—'*A-propos de moutons,*' as her ladyship says so charmingly, what is become of poor, dear old Lady Morgan?—Is not the word 'breakfast' quite as capable of communicating its glad tidings to a hungry traveller, or even to a romance-reading angel of seventeen, as the pretty word '*déjeûné*'?—Is not 'the view of Miss Bronze's shoulder-blades,' to the full as expressive of that charming display, as any information that can be given by that very crooked, though travelled word, '*coup d'œil*'?—Is not the word '*mutual*,' in such phrases as, 'Sir Vincent Valancour and the lovely Armida St. Osmond flirted the whole evening of the St. Leger ball, to the mutual satisfaction of each other,' rather superfluous?—Does not the use of past and future touch on tautology, in such phrases as, 'Mr. Brummagem Brushwood was horsewhipped yesterday, for the fourth time, in the vicinity of the House of Commons, when he declared that, if the like outrage took place again, he would complain to the Speaker; it is to be presumed that his experience of the *past* will teach him what to hope from the *future*?'—Is not the favourite phrase, 'I am free to confess,'—as, 'Mr. Speaker, I am free to confess that, in the whole course of my life, I never heard greater nonsense than fell from Mr. William Smith, on the Catholic Question,'—vulgar, tautologous, un-English, and parliamentary?—Is not the equally favourite phrase, 'Now, Mr. Speaker, that I am upon my legs,' in precisely the same condition?—Is not the 'subject-matter' equally tautologous, silly, and official?—Does not the use of the 'sum and substance,' merit to be reserved for a Methodist oration and the Marquis of Anglesey's despatches?—Is not the favourite habit of putting the adverb before the verb,—as, 'the reverend prebendary only ate a turbot, a haunch of Southdown mutton, a venison pasty, and a Christmas pie,'—liable to mislead us as to the nature of this epulatory feat, and seemingly expressive of the historian's regret that the reverend person did not drink them also, or perhaps eat them over again; and is not the phrase a vulgarity for 'ate only'?—And, lastly, is not the booby who advertizes daily in the morning papers that he is 'wishful to exchange his living of 1,200*l.* a year,' very likely to be the individual who would perform the same feat, or at least not have the prowess of his stomach impeded by the activity of his brains?'

"Your's, till next month,

"CRITO-MAXIMUS."

On the subject of the following epistle, we shall give no more opinion than on that of the last. Let the ladies solve a riddle which we must acknowledge has always puzzled our penetration.

"SIR:

"Doctors' Commons.

"Have the kindness to assist my inquiries into a curious fact, which has perpetually presented itself in the course of practice here, and from which some very practical conclusions in our profession have frequently admitted of being drawn.

"My question is—'Why, when ladies take up the public pen, are they so fond of plunging it into such extremely ticklish subjects?'

"When men of the town, of the turf, or the tavern, or the gaol, figure in authorship, we know what we are to expect—the musings of minds as empty as their own last night's bottle; worn-out anecdotes of worn-out people; or dandyism as vapid as its life; the history of hands washed with Eau de Cologne; curls of 'exquisite lustre, depending on cheeks hollow but lovely, with feelings too severely tried; eyes languishing with contempt of all things, human and divine; and cravats tied with an indescribable knot, that instantly discloses the sacred sublime of gentlemanhood.

"But, to do these very fine personages, or even their rougher fellow-scribblers, justice, their nonsense seldom goes farther; and a woman may, in general, read their pages without feeling that she is making any progress towards distinction in our quarter of the world.

"The case is rather different with the flaming colourists of the more ethereal sex. A noble authoress has lately written a book on 'Flirtation.' No doubt with the best intentions. But she cures flirtation as the Spartans cured drunkenness, by the most complete display of its most complete consequences. Her flirt goes through a round of experiences, that, however flattering to Lady Charlotte Bury's observation of fashionable facts, must communicate a great deal more knowledge than the noble authoress could have intended for the Lady Helenas and Aramintas before the mature age of fifteen. Her flirt is, of course, repentant at the last; but it is repentance like Captain Macheath's, when he is going to be hung, and his business is done with love and larceny. The progress to this perfection is the thing; and if noble youths and bewitching beauties have any thing to learn on this high road to happiness, and the practitioners of our honourable court; here let them study, and be as wise as their teacher.

"Her ladyship has again indulged us with a volume, a 'Marriage in High Life,' to which she gives the additional pungency, 'that the facts are literally exact.' And what are those facts? A lady of wealth marries a man of rank, who (upon my life, Sir, I cannot bring myself to tell the story without a cover of some kind or other, and must try my old Latin) '*torum abnegat conjugale, rejicitque jura fœminæ debita.*' This singular deduction from matrimonial prospects forms the whole substratum of the book. The lady-wife pouts, pines in secret, and answers all hints about an heir to the estate with a melancholy smile. But the household know better; and there is first a murmuring, and then an open rebellion, among the waiting-women; the rumour spreads, comes to the ears of the father and mother of the bride; comes to the public ear, and becomes the universal talk in boudoirs and ball-rooms, until the unlucky wife dies, and the husband is very sorry; and so ends the tale of the cruellest case within the bills of mortality.

"On Lady Charlotte Bury's idea of the hardship, I shall not dwell. With her ladyship's personal opinions I have nothing to do. But I presume that she must have either been very much at a loss for a subject, or been very signally alive to the nature of the misfortune, when she presented such a performance to the public. 'It is, she says, 'the work of another.' But it is 'edited by her;' it comes to the world under her honourable auspices, and we are henceforth to be in no doubt whatever about Lady Charlotte Bury's conception of the prime disaster of matrimony.

"Another patrician authoress follows her ladyship's track. The Honourable Mrs. Grey has published 'De Lisle.' The hero is a hand-

some scoundrel, with the blackest whiskers, and the most scoundrel habits possible. He sighs, seduces, and looks melancholy, with the most bewitching air in the world. A Frenchwoman, the antipodes of Lucretia, and only too captivating, too exquisitely *frivole*, and too like a bird-of-paradise, to be like any thing else in this life but an Opera dancer, absorbs the sensitive soul of this model of lovely hazard to human bosoms; and De Lisle, dangerous and delightful De Lisle, gives practical lessons through three solid volumes, for which I rather hope than believe that the world will be the better.

"The same authoress has just sent forth another novel, of which the newspapers, in their style of panegyric, say, that 'the nature and situations remind one of what we hear and see every day in the streets.' Very probably, Sir; and, in consequence of my reading the lady's former work, I shall not read this. I am satisfied with her displays in drawing-rooms.

"Another authoress follows in the same fashionable track. The Honourable Mrs. Norton, as the papers say, 'young, tender, beautiful, and moving in the first circles.' I sincerely hope that long may she move there. But where did she go to look for her book, 'The Sorrows of Rosalie?'

"The heroine of this poem is one of those persons whose appellation is more easily conceived than properly announced to the general ear. She is like all her tribe, too lovely, tender, young, and so forth, to be satisfied with moving in the circles where she was bred, and she soon finds a guide to others of a more miscellaneous kind. She, in consequence of her change of conceptions, becomes, as the French delicately express it, 'a mother before she is a wife;' and thus germinates the rest of the history of this young and tender personage, moving in the first circles of the Strand. The fair authoress hunts the victim with a lynx eye through the rather oblique avenues of her memoirs. Rosalie, the lovely Rosalie, nightly walks the path so often interrupted by the beadle, until she sinks, and, urged by hunger, turns thief, and is taken up. She, as they all do in novels and poems, finally makes her way back to the country; finds her father dying, reads the Bible for him; looks excessively pale but pretty still, and leaves the moral of her love and beauty, her tenderness and youth, for those who move in the first circles.

"Now, Sir, could the Honourable Mrs. Norton, in the whole range of her fancy, find no better topic for her pen? Disguise the story as we may, it is the story of a *harlot*, the common story of one among the thousands that scandalize our streets; and are the joys and sorrows of this miserable, drunken, and degraded race, to be the theme of a young poetess, moving in the first circles, or in any circles but those of the tread-mill? Or with what feeling of propriety can such topics be dwelt on by females jealous of the character that constitutes the excellence of woman?

"The poetry of 'Rosalie' is pretty, and the writer possesses ability; but the subject is unpardonable, and enough to extinguish all merit in the execution.

"The authoresses alluded to will know that they have no right to feel offended by even severer remarks. Let them think of what they are doing by making such topics popular among their own class. Their names sanction the passage of their works into the boarding-schools and boudoirs of the nobility. Is there not hazardous knowledge enough there already? Is there any want of additional teachers of the stratagems of

the Lady Fanny Frantics, and the Lady Susan Sensitives, to follow the bent of their own inclinations, and become the heroines of newspapers.

But the result is more prolific still. Who can wonder if the discovery that such works are popular should stimulate the pen of many a poor devil of a famishing governess, to indulge the public with a succession of tender developments of 'passion, alas! too true?'—the shame of the thing being handsomely covered over by the authority of the Lady A., and the Honourable Mrs. B., and the other adored movers in the first circles. Sir, I will tell those noble personages that we must have no more of their nudities.

"Your's," "TRIBONIAN."

THE GRAVE OF HOER, THE TYROLESE

Blood was shed upon this spot—
Blood, not shed to be forgot;
'Twas no idle village fray,
'Twas no sport of holiday;
Fierce the fight, and wild the roar,
When was shed this stain of gore.

Many a mountain-warrior slept
Where that day the sabre swept;
Many a widowed wife could tell
Where was heard the cannon-peal;
Many an infant, many a bride,
Perished on the mountain's side.

Safe from sight and sound of woe
Is the heart that sleeps below:
Whose?—A name that none may name;
Tyranny has made us tame:

But no bosom of a slave
Held the heart that fills this grave;

Murderer! in thy hour of doom,
Thou shalt think upon this tomb;

Murderer! on thy shrinking eyes
Shall thy bleeding victim rise,

Haunt thy bed, and blast thy throne;
Fill thou'rt smitten, crushed, undone.

Then the trophied tomb shall stand
Glory of the rescued land;

Then a nameless turf no more
Shall be scattered with his gore;

But with heart and eye of flame,
All Tyrol shall shout his name.

MR. YOUNG AND FOPERY IN PORTUGAL.

A CAPTAIN, of the name of Johnson, has written a very clever pamphlet, to prove that, by all the laws and ordinances of the Cortes of Lamego—by the uniform practice of Portuguese descent—by the custom of the dynasty of Braganza—and by the fundamental laws of Portugal—backed by the dictates of common sense, public principle, and civil law, Don Miguel, the king, *de facto*, of Portugal, is also king *de jure*.

He argues, and most correctly, we believe, that a foreign prince cannot be king of Portugal, unless he surrenders his foreign dominions—that Don Pedro having, by his act of acceptance of the Brazilian throne, avowed himself a Brazilian in express and definite terms—that Brazil having been separated from Portugal, is as much alien from that country, as Kentucky, or Bloody-Shoulder-of-Mutton, or any other free state in the Union of North America is to us. Don Pedro has forfeited, knowingly, and wilfully, all right to the Portuguese throne. Admitting these premises, it follows as plainly as that Charles Edward could not be King of England, in consequence of James the Second's abdication, that no person, deriving any right from Don Pedro, can, acting in Don Pedro's name, and under sanction of his authority, exercise jurisdiction of any kind in the realm of Portugal. *Ergo*, that not Don Pedro's son, if he claims through his father, has the right to the Portuguese throne—but that, as to the claim of his daughter, it is altogether absurd, and, to the last degree untenable. If Don Pedro have any right, it descends, according to all European law and practice, to his son; it appears rather too much that, in these days, when kingdoms are not generally divided in the old fashion of the descendants of Charlemagne, or of the monarchs in the Fairy Tales, as plum-cake is divided at Christmas—this slice for “pretty dear, my son,”—that slice for “pretty dear, my daughter”—the newest of all possible Emperors should attempt to revive the oldest of all possible manners of disposing of crowns and sceptres.

We skip with the greatest pleasure all the details of Captain Johnson's book, and all his long recapitulation of acts of particular Cortes, &c., for a reason which we shall probably give by and by—but here we must do Don Miguel's pretensions the justice of saying, that if law and precedent be looked to, they are wholly irrefragable. If he came as lieutenant of Don Pedro, and afterwards cast off his authority, we admit that many of the finest of all possible common-places may be said and sung upon that head; we hold, however, that common-places, quite as good, and altogether as venerable, may be quoted on the other side. Into such a wood we have no fancy to wander. The fact, as appears to us, is, that the foreign and colonial government of Don Pedro was distasteful to the resident Portuguese nobility—that the constitutionalists were the greatest of cowards, and the most long-eared of asses—and (for here we are coming to the subject of the book before us) that the *influential* portion of the Portuguese people wished for Don Miguel. We might say that ninety-nine in every hundred are in favour of “Nosso Anjo,” as they call him; but as, before we have done, it will be seen that we set little value on the ciphers of the country, we shall confine ourselves to demanding it to be granted—and it cannot be denied—that the influential portion, *THE* class, the true rulers of the country, are in his favour. We shall add, in favour of Don Miguel, that the principal, and most virulent accusations against him, come from sources, the

falsehood and vulgarity of which are familiar in our mouths as household words. It is a presumption in favour of any man, that the most violent aspersions upon him have been cast by recognized and undenied vehicles of filth. And we must subjoin one word in favour of old European prejudices, that we do not like an old European kingdom—our oldest ally—the country of Vasco de Gama, and Alboquerque, and Camoens, to be governed from a mushroom Transatlantic nation, planted by itself. If Don Miguel be not fit to govern Portugal, let somebody else be found—but not, directly or indirectly, in Rio Janeiro.

We have said that we excuse ourselves from a long recapitulation of Captain Johnson's constitutional reasonings on the subject of the Cortes of Lamego, and other similar bodies—we have also said, that we dismiss from our minds the acceptance of Don Miguel's authority, by any other orders but the influential *one*. We have waived both considerations for the same reason. There might have been a constitution in Portugal some hundred of years ago; we mean such an order of things as, under propitious circumstances, might have brought about the due checking of the monarchical, aristocratical, and ecclesiastical powers for the benefit of the people, without risking or endangering any of those privileges of the three orders which conduce to the proper stability of the state, the true liberty of the subject, and thence to the happiness and protection of all orders of the community. Such a *predisposition* did exist among all the Gothic race—it existed in a high degree among the inhabitants of the Iberian peninsula, famed in remote antiquity for a love of freedom, and, what was still more rare in those days, for a tolerable understanding of the means of attaining it in practice. But it has gone. The same withering and desolating power to which Don Miguel looks for his election to the throne, without which, his claims, deduced from the days of the Alfonsos and Diegos, would be as nothing; without which, his lawyers and his pamphleteers would not find any necessity to trouble themselves in making out his case; that power, that influential body to which we have before alluded, has suppressed even the forms of freedom in Portugal, as it has suppressed them in Castile and Arragon, and as it will suppress them every where that its blighting and soul-destroying influence extends.

It is unnecessary to say, that the power to which we allude is popery. In this country, we see its foul visage thickly veiled; in Ireland, it is more uncovered; in France, when it dares, it looks with hideous scowl upon a loathing people; but in such a country as Portugal, where it is unchecked by the contact of protestantism, or the diffusion of knowledge, it rears its head in all the pride and all the horrors of tyranny, haughty and abominable in all the consciousness of being paramount and irresistible. On this rock Don Miguel may set his throne. The contest is nothing to us. Put him down, and under another name we shall have the loathsome reign of the priests and friars—even if that name should be Donna Maria de Gloria, the little lady of Laleham, ruling under the vice royalty of the swift-footed Palmella. A greater change than such shallow fellows as the marquis and his companions have dared to dream of, must be effected before the real incubus of Portugal is shaken off: the constitution must be made by more vigorous hands than theirs—in a word, we do not expect any good to Spain or Portugal, until we see there the determination of a Henry the Eighth, ay, even were it accompanied by his roughness. The ingrained villanies of popery are not to be

rooted out by a delicate or shrinking hand ; much less by the hands of puppy pupils, or muddy-brained admirers of the Broughams and Bentham's, the Breslows and Katterfeltos, of politics and political economy.

In the book before us, we find a graphic picture of the abominations wrought in Portugal by the full and unchecked domination of the popish system. The author is Mr. Young, a gentleman whose case has been so abundantly laid before the public, that it is unnecessary for us to recapitulate it here. He is an Englishman, who married a Portuguese lady in Leiria, and resided for several years in that town, apparently, as we gather from his book, as an agent for Lloyd's. He was arrested in the course of last May, by Don Miguel's government, on suspicion of having spread intelligence unfavourable to their views through the country, and of being in general disaffected to the present state of affairs. Nothing seems to have been *proved* against him, and after having suffered much disagreeable treatment in different gaols in Leiria and Lisbon, he was discharged in the beginning of September, on condition of leaving the country. His book is written, so far as his personal misfortunes are concerned, with considerable bitterness, and, we doubt not, exaggeration. Every one who is at all engaged against him, as judge, counsel, witness, jailer, guard, convoy, is in general treated as the greatest of all possible criminals ; all evil motives possible are assigned for their most trivial actions : and the ordinary accidents of ill-regulated imprisonment, are charged especially against the government which detained him. We are far from wishing to extenuate the horrors of the filthy place in which Mr. Young was deposited in Leiria ; but remembering the reports of Howard and others in our own country, we do not think that the existence of a dirty cell in a jail is sufficient proof of the villany of a government. We are not the panegyrists of the Lisbon prison regulations ; but we must recollect that ill classification of prisoners is one of the most constant cries of reformers at home. It is however, we admit, but sorry work even to appear as if extenuating abominations, and therefore we hope that the publication of Mr. Young's book may stimulate the Portuguese, of whatever party they may be, to amend the abuses that exist in their prisons ; but it should be plainly understood that these jails were in precisely the same situation under the sway of the constitutionalists : and the friends of the Marquis Palmella, &c., used them as liberally, for the punishment of their political opponents, as does the government of Don Miguel. The friends of humanity may condemn these abodes of misery, but neither Portuguese party has a right to throw the first stone ; and if the constitutionalists get into power to-morrow, much are we mistaken, if they would take the slightest trouble to look after the condition of the dungeons to which they might consign, in thousands, the partizans of Don Miguel.

On the whole, we think Mr. Young appears a very indiscreet man. By his own account he had always been in the habit of discussing political questions, or, at least, what they thought political questions, with the popish priests of the neighbourhood ; he had been in the habit of firing off rockets, and displaying other demonstrations of joy on political changes in the constitution ; he was evidently a very talkative person in a small town, where, of course, all gossip is exaggerated and perverted. It is not quite fair that he speaking Portuguese perfectly—married to a Portuguese lady—signing a Portuguese name to a Portuguese address (p. 55)—assuming Portuguese manners, &c. &c. &c., should think that his

British birth ought to cover him totally from all those penalties of indiscreet conduct in perilous times, which would await the same conduct if he happened to be what he simulated on convenient occasions. We hope, with Oliver Cromwell, that the name of Briton will be as dreaded over our world—i. e. the whole world—as the name of Roman was over theirs: but we hope it only for those who are Britons thoroughly. We agree with the Chinese, that those who forsake their country, to adopt the manners of foreigners, are dross of the earth, not perfectly worthy of the care of their native, or their adopted land. Our sympathy for Mr. Young subsided altogether, when we found him (p. 323) expressing himself quite "*satisfied with his sentence*," in order to get a few days earlier out of prison—and there was something very revolting to our feelings, when we found him describing himself (p. 253) as rearing his family in the Roman Catholic Religion, although in other parts of his work he describes the licentious enormities of the priests, and the power which their abominable invention of confession gives them for corrupting the females who are "reared in the Roman Catholic Religion." He, elsewhere (p. 291), is described as a Roman Catholic himself. We have, therefore, the right to consider him as a reluctant witness—a person who never would have said one word of the enormities which it was his hourly lot to witness, unless they had been the source, or supposed source, of some injury to himself.

Without further preface, then, we extract the testimony of Mr. Young, a papist, "a good Roman Catholic," (p. 291,) a gentleman who hears masses, and sermons, without end—who keeps Whitsuntide in popish mode—who, stating it (p. 4), that "no moral guarantee whatever can exist as to female honour, or female purity, in a state of society where, under the mask of religious duties, females of every class are committed to the contamination of such men as the Roman Catholic clergy; to the abominable farce of confession," &c.—yet rears (*proh pudor!* after such an avowal of what it must subject its votaries to, and puts the fact in a judicial paper) his family Roman Catholics; from this unwilling witness, who twelve months ago would have been silent or panegyrical, on everything which he now denounces, we extract a few lights and shadows of popish life in Portugal.

We take his commencement as a general sketch:—

"Having resided in Portugal, with little intermission, during the last twenty years; having married a Portuguese lady, and lived in constant intercourse with persons of every class, both of the clergy and the laity, and being perfectly acquainted with the Portuguese language, I feel myself qualified to form a more accurate estimate of the Portuguese character and habits, and of the overwhelming influence of the clergy, than any native Portuguese, whose religious scruples and observances preclude him altogether from investigating the principles or the conduct of those who are appointed his spiritual directors, and of whose infallibility it is almost sacrilege to entertain the slightest doubt.

"So great, so universal, is this debasement of the human mind, under the discipline of the Romish Church in Portugal, that men of the most cultivated minds, in other respects, entertain an absolute dread of any inquiry into the moral character of their clergy. This feeling approaches more nearly to that awe and reverence with which the pious man contemplates the character or attributes of the Deity, than to the disposition with which we discuss a question of merely human interest.

"It is difficult to explain this morbid reverence for men whose moral characters are frequently stained with the commission of almost every vice, and the

remarkable absence of almost every virtue. I am inclined to ascribe it chiefly to fear: those demons never fail to excommunicate all those who are rash enough to dispute their infallibility. I feel fully assured of being within bounds, when I assert that more than three-fourths of the regular and irregular clergy of Portugal are men capable of conniving at, or practising every vice that disgraces human nature.

"I shall not take upon me to investigate the influence which these men must exercise over the female mind. It would tear asunder the veil which ought always to be preserved over female character, were I to repeat here all that has been related to me during my social intercourse with a very large circle of the more respectable Portuguese.

"But I must be permitted to state my perfect conviction, that no guarantee whatever can exist as to female honour or female purity, in a state of society where, under the mask of religious duties, females of every class are subjected to the contamination of such men as the great majority of the Portuguese clergy; to the abominable farce of confession, required by the Catholic dispensation—a confession of offences, to whom? to men who are incomparably more immoral than all the other portions of the community!—Whether it can be possible that female innocence should remain uncontaminated by such a moral pestilence, I shall leave such of my readers to answer, as may be either parents or guardians of British youth.

"These men, who envelop themselves in the exterior garb of sanctity, can scarcely be said to entertain any common feeling or sympathy with the rest of mankind. This, no doubt, is to be ascribed in a great measure to their education, and to the abominable discipline of their church, which forbids contracts in marriage with the opposite sex.

"The violation of both religious and moral duties by these men, would often consign them to that tribunal of justice which would serve as a warning to others among the community, but for the shield which is invariably thrown over their atrocities by their colleagues, with the view of protecting their fraternity from the gaze of the public eye."

This is "the excellent Roman Catholic's" outline. We add a few details:—

Portuguese Sermonizing, and other Sketches.

"Nearly all sermons in Portugal are preached by friars, or at least ninety out of a hundred.

"I heard a noted preacher, at a festival at Santerem, preach a sermon at this period, in which he made use of many curious expressions. The following I distinctly heard.

"This political priest said that—'He would grasp the sword till his nails should grow through the palms of his hands, to defend Don Miguel, and deliver the earth from the Freemasons: a set of men who had *hair growing upon their hearts*, since their souls had left them; that to kill a Freemason was an act of charity to God.' And he concluded his discourse (which lasted three-quarters of an hour), saying, 'he begged of the congregation three *Hail Marias* (a short prayer to the Virgin Mary);—one for all the enemies to Freemasons;—one for those who wore the same coat they did on the 30th of April;—and one for the House of Braganza !!!'

"I cannot refrain from mentioning these things, in order to shew the complete influence these men exercise over the people. Certainly many did not approve of this exhortation; but they were obliged to be silent. The lower orders believed all they heard, and wished for an opportunity to shew their zeal.

"I shall add farther facts, to exhibit the true character of the priests and friars in general: there are exceptions, but not many. A friar, whom I knew very well, and often met in different parties, and who was considered an excellent preacher, had, for several successive years, preached the sermons in Lent at Leiria.

"I had been to hear him preach. His sermon was against vice in general; he pointed out how parents should educate their children; he told them their daughters should wear no curls, and that little girls should not wear trowsers and short petticoats; that dancing was the ruin of many young people, as it gave opportunities of making love, and often brought shame upon the parents who allowed it; and all those who encouraged these things committed great sin before God, which they themselves must answer for. His whole discourse was of this tendency.

"On the same evening, I met him at a party; and he sang several songs very cleverly, and waltzed with a young lady.

"I asked him, by way of joke, but publicly before the whole company, how he could do these things, after having said so much against them but a few hours before? He said, '*La coma la, e ca como he*;' that is, 'There as there, and here as it is.'

"The priests go from the pulpit to all sorts of debauchery. Many people will say, there are respectable and pious priests and friars: that I will not deny. But, to be respectable and pious, they must be at least sixty years of age, and then you must not inquire too minutely what they have been.

"What can be expected from a community of young men, forbidden to marry, living on the good things of the land, and without any thing to do?

"The junior clergy study nothing but intrigue, and how to ruin the peace and happiness of thousands of families.

"I could mention facts which I have witnessed within these last twenty years, that would make Englishmen turn with abhorrence from the pictures of villainy which may be concealed under the cloak of religion. Many of these facts would be scarcely credible in a country not cursed with monks and friars."

General Practice of the Monks.

"About ten years since a respectable surgeon, living in a small town near Leiria, accompanied his wife to a neighbouring fair. The lady, like many other ladies, attracted by a display of jewellery at a stall, inquired the price of a gold necklace. The goldsmith, who was a well-known bad character, replied, 'The price is a kiss.' The husband told him the lady was his wife, and civilly advised him to behave himself in a proper manner; and nothing farther occurred at that time.

"About six months after this, the goldsmith and a companion were travelling through a wood; and, as usual when persons travel with any property, they were each armed with a carbine. In this situation, the surgeon unfortunately met the parties by accident; when one of the men said to the other, 'Let us shoot this fellow.' The other said, 'No, let him go about his business.' But the former ordered the surgeon to kneel down, which he did, and begged for life, but to no effect; for the ruffian immediately fired, and lodged several slugs in his body, by which he fell lifeless.

"The wretches then dismounted from their mules, and dragged the body to a ditch, covering it with dry leaves. Their villainy was, however, observed by a peasant near the spot; but, for fear of his own life, he was at that moment incapable of giving any assistance to the deceased.

"At the moment they had buried the body of the unfortunate victim, another man, who heard the report, came up to the spot; when the murderers mounted their mules, and made off with all possible expedition to an adjacent convent, where, of course, they obtained sanctuary.

"The two peasants, who had watched their proceedings, immediately went and gave information to the magistrates of the district, and officers were sent off in pursuit of the murderers; but all in vain: for it was well known they had taken shelter in the Convent of Alcaboca, within two leagues of the place where the murder was perpetrated.

"The widow of the unfortunate surgeon commenced proceedings in the criminal court; and the murderers, being well known to the witnesses, were found guilty, though they defied justice by remaining in the convent.

"The laws of Portugal afford a loop-hole for the escape of the villains, which, as a sample of barbarism, is worthy of mention here."

"When a culprit commits murder, if the next of kin of the deceased be too poor to prosecute the criminal, or corrupt enough to receive a bribe to forego prosecution, the culprit may be easily released from the hands of justice: the officers, one and all, from the judge to the jailer, being guilty of receiving bribes to defeat justice."

"The unfortunate widow, however, was not to be bribed to commute the atrocious murder of her husband. She pursued the prosecution, and the ruffians were convicted by law, though protected by the friars, and enabled to defy the execution of justice on their heads. On the contrary, these inhuman monsters were kept in the convent, under the protection of the priests, for three years, during which period, they, with the assistance of the villainous monks, who regard their oath as much as they do their Saviour, commenced a prosecution against the widow, for defamation of character!"

"They procured what was called a 'justification'; and the greater part of the friars of the Convent of Alcoboca came forward to swear that the criminals, who had already been convicted in the ordinary court, were honest, honourable men! They swore roundly that they had known the goldsmith, the chief murderer, for a number of years, as a worthy man, altogether incapable of committing an offence. They went so far as to suborn witnesses, who swore that the two culprits were, at the period of the murder, residing in another district, at some distance from Alcoboca."

"The decision of the judge, on the appeal of justification, was given in favour of these ruffians, with full authority to commence prosecution against the widow *for loss of character, and loss of time from their business*; and the ultimate issue was the ruin of the unfortunate woman with law expenses."

"The lesser criminal of the two who committed this atrocious murder, I saw not long before my imprisonment at Leiria. He made no secret of acknowledging the whole proceedings after his acquittal, though he threw the chief burthen of the crime on the goldsmith, who died soon after his infamous liberation. Could such an atrocious violation of every thing like law or justice have taken place, but for the sanctuary afforded these criminals by base and perjured friars!"

"I shall give another instance of the atrocities frequently committed by these friars, under the exterior mask of religion."

"I have previously stated that there are not less than three convents of monks in the immediate environs of Leiria. Many of the ignorant peasantry, and even the better orders, of both sexes, are in the practice of coming to one or other of these convents, to undergo the farce of confession before the friar or monk, in preference to confessing to their parish clergy and exposing their private affairs. During the period of Lent, in the year 1825, a farmer came to Leiria with his daughter, a fine girl, twelve years of age, to undergo the ceremony of confession. This farmer was in tolerable circumstances, and never failed to give something, either in the form of corn, oil, puddings, or other produce, to the mendicant friars, who are always prowling through the country on begging expeditions."

"The farmer applied to the Franciscan Convent of Leiria for the performance of his spiritual duties, considering that he had some peculiar claim on the friars of that convent from his former liberality to their fraternity."

"The farmer having some other business to transact in Leiria besides devotion, the worthy friar very kindly suggested to him that he should dispatch his (the farmer's) transgressions in the first instance; when he might go about his other business in the town, and the young girl's confession could be gone through by his return. The honest farmer took this spiritual advice, and left his daughter in the care of the friar till his return."

"The holy father, as soon as the farmer had quitted the convent, said to the young girl, 'Walk into this chapel; I shall confess you here;' and carried the girl into the vestry-room of the chapel."

"Soon after, a number of persons (some of whom I could name) who were

performing their devotions in the adjoining chapel, heard a dreadful screaming from a female voice, but they were afraid to interfere by seeking the cause of the distress; when the young creature, having loosened herself from the grasp of this pious ruffian, ran into the chapel, calling on the people for protection, at the same time explaining the treatment she had experienced.

"Soon afterwards, the father of the girl arrived, expecting her to be absolved from her sins. When he heard the statement of his child, which was corroborated by the spectators in the chapel, he immediately took her away, and proceeded to the house of the Bishop of Leiria, and related to him the whole transaction.

"The pious bishop, like a true Jesuit, advised the farmer to 'go home, and let the affair remain quite quiet, and he would punish the friar for his misconduct!'

"The farmer did as he was recommended. But the inhabitants of Leiria made the affair a town-talk for a few days, after which nothing more was heard of the matter. The ruffian friar was merely removed to a convent near Lisbon, as the only punishment for his atrocious conduct!

"On this occasion, I expressed my surprise to a friend—a worthy sort of a man, though a priest—that the bishop should allow such a wretch as this friar to go unpunished. My friend replied, 'that it would afford a bad example to punish him publicly; that the bishop had written to the provincial, or head of the Franciscan monks, to take from this pious friar the power of confessing for a certain period, as an atonement for his crime; and,' said he, 'I have no doubt they will carry the sentence into effect.'

"I could fill a volume with the most scandalous and revolting transactions practised in the convents, and also in private houses throughout Portugal, by these reptiles of the creation under the garb of religion, and the sanction of the Inquisition; but I must defer it to a future occasion."

But enough of these villanies, as described by this sworn Roman Catholic. Can any thing be so abominable as the picture here exhibited? Surely Don Miguel is a king good enough for the people whom such a herd of miscreants govern with sway so absolute.

We pass by the coarse and unfounded attacks on Lord Beresford, whose services to Portugal deserved a treatment totally different. It is, however, only comical to hear his Lordship's manners satirized by such a competent judge of high life as a provincial Portuguese; his Lordship can afford to bear with such censure. Had Portugal been governed in the spirit which he created during the war, we should not have heard of the abuses which make the staple of Mr. Young's publication.

We should be most unjust, and most ungallant, if we closed this article without saying that the conduct of Mrs. Young, in the distressing circumstances in which she was placed, was deserving of the highest praise. Her devotion to her husband—her exertions, and her ingenuity, confer the greatest honour on her heart and her talents.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY LANE has exerted itself with very considerable success during the month. Solemn tragedy has been dovetailed with sprightly farce ; opera has been interlaced with melodrame, and ballet has filled up the intervals ; the whole as a preparative to pantomime, which, like its favourite Grimaldi, will distend its painted jaws, and swallow the whole ere those shoes are old, in which we followed Miss Philips's tender triumphs, and Braham's unconquerable bravura.

Miss Philips, of whose promising performances we have already spoken, and who, if she be no more than seventeen, is one of the most singular instances of early power upon the boards, has added to her distinctions by playing Juliet. The character though, as every one knows, the perpetual first step of young tragedians, and scarcely capable of being a failure, where youth, prettiness, and simplicity, are to be found in the actress, is yet one which might display a very high reach of the performer's genius. To do common things in an uncommon manner, has been proverbially difficult since the days of Horace ; and to give a character with any degree of novelty after it has been harassed and hackneyed through a thousand shapes, is perhaps as difficult an exploit as the stage can display.

It would be idle to say that the present actress either electrified or dissolved the bosoms of the multitude ; but it would be as untrue to deny that her performance exhibited much taste and tenderness, as it would be unfair to estimate her future powers by her present. She is now the best Juliet upon the stage. The praise does not amount to panegyric, for this is not the day of theatrical glories ; but it implies success : it is the expression of popular feeling in favour of the young actress, and Miss Philips will greatly disappoint criticism, if she does not rise to early honours in her profession.

Mr. Kean, jun., whose appearance last year was so amusingly magnified by mystery, until the doubt was whether the manager had not some elephant on a new construction, or a live mammoth, to exhibit on the rising of the winter curtain, was the Romeo. This young actor's powers are scarcely yet in a state to be appreciated. Nature has been unfavourable to his exterior : he wants figure, countenance, and movement for the stage ; while the faculties whose ripeness might counterbalance those formidable defects, are still immature. The similitude of his manner to that of the elder Kean is extreme ; and he seems to be possessed of all those peculiarities which make the prominent and unpleasing distinctions of that style, the abruptness of step, the interruption of voice, the rattle in the throat, the hysteric laugh ; though with these too, is retained a good deal of the peculiar power, the strong seizure of certain passages, and the new and sometimes vivid embodying of the poet's thought. On the whole, the performance was more than " creditable." We have seen actors of established reputation less interesting in the part ; and it may rest with the young performer himself, whether he is to overcome his original disabilities, or, after a little celebrity on the strength of his father's successes, to sink into the palpable obscure of his profession.

" Charles the XIIth ;" a little romance from the French, as usual, pleasantly arranged by Planche, has been performed for some nights. The story is one of those customary *coups de grand homme*, which the

French novelists and dramatists were so long in the practice of affixing upon Frederic the II^d. ; a hero, who after losing his Parisian popularity by soundly beating their gallant compatriots, recovered it tenfold by his infidelity. But as Frederic is now a little exhausted, Charles the XIIth comes in for a share in the sorrows and smiles of the most easily sorrowing and smiling population on the circumference of the globe ; and this northern brute, in whom the savage made the madman more atrocious, and the madman made the savage more bent on his own ruin, and that of his kingdom, figures as the man of feeling. Nothing can be more shadowy than the story. A Swedish Colonel has for some presumed offence, been exiled from the service. He retires to the country, where he is assisted by a hospitable peasant. By some accident he has had an opportunity of saving the king's life. The circumstance is revealed. Charles overhears the colonel's and the peasant's daughters arranging the mode in which the exile was to be replaced in the rays of favour ; and instead of ordering the two advisers to be locked up in one of the royal guard rooms, or sent to beat hemp in some hyperborean house of correction, which would have been the natural course of this military brute, he melts into romance upon the spot, feels his early error, and orders the Colonel to appear for the reinstatement of his character, and even for his elevation to the rank of General ; the whole being done in the regular style of a French king of melodrame. The peasant's daughter was played by Miss Love cleverly, as she plays every thing ; and the Colonel's by Miss Tree languidly, as she seldom plays any thing. But the part gave no opportunity for her skill, and she had not much to do beyond winning all hearts, king's, general's, and aid's-de-camp, by a smile in perpetual requisition.

"Love in Wrinkles," a little opera, also from the French, but of higher pretensions, gave room for Braham's advantageous exhibition of his latent powers as an actor. The original is "La Vielle," a well known and favourite fragment in one act, played at, we think, the "Opera Comique," in Paris. The heroine is the handsome young widow of a Russian General, fallen in the French campaigns. Returning through a wild and turbulent country, her only resource to avoid insult is the disguise of an old woman. She is, however, overtaken by a party of French plunderers, and is in danger, old as she is ; but a young French chevalier rides up, and gallantly sets her free to return to her castle. The campaign turns out unlucky for the French, and the young officer wounded, and a prisoner, is sent to the identical castle of the old lady. She had been struck with his gallantry, and retains her disguise, while she practises upon his heart, and astonishes him by the consciousness that he has a growing *tendre* for a Venus sixty years old.

But an order comes to send all prisoners to Siberia. The officer and Countess are equally in dismay. The only resource is a contract of marriage, which gives the rites of citizenship to the husband, yet, which the old lady proposes as a matrimonial nullity, and merely an expedient to save the chevalier from so formidable a journey. The marriage is solemnized. But the chevalier discovers, to his great discomfort, that the contract has, by the mistake of a puzzled old domestic, been made of the firmest nature. He at length, with some difficulty, braces up his resolution, and waits on her toilette, while the old lady is changing her marriage costume. To his surprise he observes a singular improvement in her appearance as she gets rid of her dress of ceremonial. The improve-

ment and the surprise grow together, until the old bride steps forth, from the circle of her waiting maids, a young beauty. Discovery and delight flash together on the chevalier, he sings a bravura of rapture, and the curtain falls. This piece was translated by Mr. Lacy, with, however, the serious disadvantage of being expanded, from one lively and bustling act into two, very considerably the reverse. The dialogue was pointless throughout, and often dreary. But some extremely pretty music interspersed, broke off the *ennuyante* tardiness of the scenes. Braham's singing was aided by the new ease of his acting. Miss Love's old woman was pretty, under all the horrors of a white wig; and "Love in Wrinkles," has been played several times. Colman's monstrously heavy play of "Who Wants a Guinea?" has diversified rather than relieved the performances, and Drury Lane still remains much in want of something better than French Vaudevilles.

Covent Garden, after its temporary closure, opened with tragedy, the performance fittest for its fine and stately architecture. But its choice of "Virginius," was not fortunate. We must make large allowance for the difficulty of managers in a time so perfectly unfertile of able stage writing; but Virginius had gone through its day long since, and had gone down. Kean's powers now, can do nothing in the way of revival; and the weight of Virginius sinks the actor, who might have been buoyed up by the living vigour of Macbeth and Othello. Kean's figure, too, is disastrously unfitted for the Roman. The stage hero of antiquity must not be diminutive, and no energy of the actor can cheat us into the imagination that in Kean we see one of the "wielders of the fierce democracy." But the play is feeble, with the additional drawback, that it is hackneyed to a singular degree. There have been a long succession of plays upon the subject, and Garrick is still remembered in Virginius. When will Mr. Knowles venture upon foundations of his own, and, abandoning the denizens of his shelves, trust to the creations of his brain?

Both houses are just now in the full parturition of pantomime. Our sheets will be beyond mortal addition by the time that the clowns and Columbines are let loose to romp, and run after each other through the wide world. But report says, that they are every thing that is fine. Spirits, with starry wings, flirt and flutter over lovers, magicians make the moon come down bodily, and the pyramids develop the dances, drinkings and damsels that once charmed the soul and body of the dynasty of Psammeticus. Mr. Price's wand summons up wonder in the shape of the "Queen Bee." Mr. Fawcett's in that of, as well as our memory will help us, "Red Riding Hood;" but both are mighty masters of the spell, and we wish them both triumphs worthy of their prodigality of genius and gilding.

MEMOIRS AND CONFESSIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.*

Among the duties which a great man owes to his country, there is none, as we think, more imperative than that of publishing, in his life time, if he can—if not, of leaving to the care of his executors—a faithful narrative of the events in which he has figured, or which have come under his personal observation.

It will be remembered, that greatness is a term of relation, and that there are many kinds of greatness;—there is the greatness of statesmen, the greatness of chimney-sweepers—and men may attain to great elevation in either pursuit—the greatness of lawyers, and the greatness of pick-pockets: in short, any man blessed with genius, and *sua arte peritus*, may acquire greatness. “Major Molasses was a great man;” and Fielding thought Jonathan Wild, his hero, was fit to mate, for his greatness, with those of antiquity.

Clarendon and Burnet have told us all about their own times. Mr. Canning is said to have left a similar history of the events of the period in which he flourished; but the (perhaps) justifiable precaution of his friends will prevent its seeing the light during the present generation. We are delighted and grateful at what these great men have done; but a feeling of bitter despair comes over us when we think of the other great men, not statesmen, who have gone down to the tomb without leaving any record of their achievements, and whose knowledge lies buried for ever, as much lost to the world as the former possessors of it. We would give one of our ears to read Mr. Canning’s memoirs; and we would give both to have a sight of the Peachum papers, or Filch’s materials for his autobiography.

In this species of writing the French have been always our superiors, as they were our first masters. The last example of this is to be found in the memoirs of Vidocq, for many years *Chef de la Police de Sureté*, and who is now occupying the less distinguished station of a paper maker at St. Mande.

If the avidity with which his work has been read in Paris were alone to be considered, there could be no doubt of its merit and interest; and of its having hit with admirable felicity, that craving curiosity to become acquainted with the mysterious and necessarily secret affairs to which it relates, that pervades all classes of society. Not only is it to be found in every salon, boudoir, and cabinet throughout Paris, but the very hackney coachmen spell its pages while waiting for their fares; and when one goes into a *décrotteur’s* shop to have one’s shoes blacked, the *artiste* who is to operate, tears himself with a sigh from the perusal of Vidocq, and takes up his volume and his sous with equal eagerness, the moment that his task is finished. The *marchandes des modes*, who are great lovers of taking titles, have invented a captivating head-dress, which, in allusion to this irresistible thief-taker, is called *chapeau à la Vidocq*; a patent has been granted for a rat-trap *à la Vidocq*, and half a dozen melo-dramas are in preparation, founded on his adventures, which will probably in due course, be translated (since we have left off writing theatrical pieces ourselves), and produced for the edification of our metropolitan audiences. There can be no doubt that Vidocq is in every proper sense of the word, a “great man;”—his popularity abundantly proves it, and the merit of his book is equal to his popularity.

* Memoirs of Vidocq, Principal Agent of the French Police, until 1827. 4 vols.

Before we proceed to give a notice of the contents of M. Vidocq's book, we should observe, in justice to him, that he makes a very heavy complaint against a literary gentleman, who, it appears, was engaged by the bookseller to revise the manuscript of the author, and to perform for him that office which Dr. Pangloss undertakes with respect to Lord Duberly's style, and which other great men of our own day find it expedient to have done for them—for all our Cæsars are not *tam Marti quam Mercurio*. Vidocq says, this gentleman has been bribed to be-devil his work, and that the ministers of the existing police, with whom, he it observed, M. Vidocq is at daggers-drawn, are at the bottom of it. That the fracture of his arm having prevented him from personally superintending the progress of the work, he did not discover the trick which had been played until the first volume, and part of the second, were in the press, and it was too late to repair the error. He immediately, however, suspended his assistant, and took the matter into his own hands. He declares, he thinks his own prose, which had been much approved of in the reports his former office called upon him to make, is infinitely superior to that of his literary agent, whom he accuses of having represented him as a much greater knave than he confesses to have been, for the base purpose of blackening his character, and thereby diminishing the weight of the discoveries he has already made, and those which he promises to continue. It is impossible to decide whether this complaint is well founded; but it is quite clear that the variety and interest of the adventures in the latter part of the second volume are far superior to those of the first, and they are certainly not worse written. Vidocq complains too, that his mutilator, instead of representing him as the victim first of boyish imprudences, and afterwards of an unjust accusation, and his adventures as casual, and, on his part, involuntary, has placed him in the light of a determined, calculating, meditative rogue—an injustice he seems to feel very sensibly, and really, as he tells the tale, *il n'est pas si diable qu'il est noir*.

Vidocq was the son of a baker at Arras, where he was born in July 1775. He was a big boy, and of a very robust constitution. His education and early feats were well calculated to lead to the adventures which subsequently befel him. He began by frequenting the fencing schools and the taverns, where he learnt a great deal more than any honest lad ought to know. This led, in the natural course of things, to robbing the till, in which, as his brother was a participator, he could not long continue without detection. This happened, and the brother was sent away. Vidocq continued, nevertheless, to plunder his father, until his ingenuity being baffled by the old man's caution, he had recourse, under the advice of a more experienced knave, to open violence; and having stripped the house of all the money he could lay his hands on, he decamped, and went to Dunkirk, whence he intended to sail for America. Here he was in turn the victim of sharpers, who fleeced him; and being thus without any other means of existence, he hired himself as servant to an itinerant showman. As, however, he was found not docile enough to learn tumbling, he was kicked out of this employment, and then became principal assistant to a man who acted Punch; but an unfortunate passion which he conceived for the frail moiety of this manager of wooden actors being detected, he again lost his place. He next undertook to carry the knapsack of an old corn-doctor; and having thus got near to Arras, he went home, another prodigal son, obtained his father's forgiveness, and enlisted in the Bourbon regiment. He behaved ill, was

punished, fought several duels, (which, by the way, seem to have been little more desperate than those of the German students, who agree before they begin not to hurt one another much); and at length deserted to the Austrians—then back again to a French horse regiment—and returned wounded to Arras, just as the revolution was assuming its most frightful shape in that city, under the auspices of Joseph Le Bon.

His *bonnes fortunes* and his indiscretion get him into prison; his friends get him out, through the interest of a M. Chevalier with Le Bon. Vidocq joins the army, and upon his return is jockeyed into a marriage with the ugly sister of his deliverer, whose infidelity places him again in peril. Once more free, he sets out to discharge a commission which he has for his adjutant-general; not finding him at Tournay, he proceeds to Brussels, the dissipations of which he likes so well, that he does not trouble himself about returning to his duty. He here becomes acquainted with a gang of sharpers, who, under the pretence of belonging to the *armée roulante*, assume military ranks. Vidocq is a captain of hussars, and he and his companions persuade a silly old rich baroness to marry him. Vidocq feels some compunction just as the affair is arranged, confesses his imposture, and decamps.

The money which the generosity of the infatuated baroness had supplied Vidocq was soon spent in debauchery. In consequence of a quarrel with a captain of engineers, whom he beats, he is sent to the prison of Lille, where the adventure takes place, which influences the whole of his future life. He is brought in contact with professed thieves and criminals of the most desperate and depraved habits: Among the prisoners were

“two old serjeant-majors, Grouard and Herbaux, the latter, son of a boot-maker at Lille, both condemned for forgeries; and a labourer, named Boitel, condemned to six years' confinement for stealing garden-tools; this latter, who was the father of a large family, was always bewailing his imprisonment, which, he said, deprived him of the means of working a small farm, which he only knew how to turn to advantage. In spite of the crime he had committed, much interest was evinced in his favour, or rather towards his children, and many inhabitants of his district had drawn up and presented petitions in his favour, which were as yet unanswered, and the unfortunate man was in despair, often repeating that he would give such and such a sum for his liberty. Grouard and Herbaux, who were in St. Peter's Tower, waiting to be sent to the gallies, thought they could get him pardoned by means of a memorial, which they drew up, or rather plotted together; a plan which was ultimately so injurious to me.

“Grouard began to complain that he could not work quietly in the midst of the uproar of the common room, in which were eighteen prisoners singing, swearing, and quarrelling all day. Boitel, who had done me some little kind offices, begged me to lend my chamber to the compilers of his memorial, and I consented, although very unwillingly, to give it up to them for four hours a day. From the next morning they were there installed, and the jailor frequently went there secretly. These comings and goings, and the mystery which pervaded them, would have awakened suspicions in a man accustomed to the intrigues of a prison; but, ignorant of their plans, and occupied in drinking with the friends who visited me, I interested myself but too little with what was going on in the Bull's-eye.

“At the end of eight days, they thanked me for my kindness, telling me that the memorial was concluded, and that they had every reason to hope for the pardon of the petitioner, without sending it to Paris, from the influence of the representations of the people at Lille. All this was not very clear to me, but I did not give it much attention, thinking it no business of mine; and there

was no occasion for me to concern myself. But it took a turn which threw blame on my carelessness ; for scarcely had forty-eight hours elapsed after the finishing of the memorial, when two brothers of Boitel arrived express, and came to dine with him at the jailor's table. At the end of the repast, an order arrived, which being opened by the jailor, he cried, ' Good news, by my faith ! it is an order for the liberation of Boitel.' At these words they all arose in confusion, embraced him, examined the order, and congratulated him ; and Boitel, *who had sent away his clothes, &c. the previous evening*, immediately left the prison, without bidding adieu to any of the prisoners.

" Next day, about ten o'clock in the morning, the inspector of the prisons came to visit us ; and, on the jailor's shewing him the order for Boitel's liberation, he cast his eye over it, said it was a forgery, and that he should not allow the prisoner to depart until he had referred to the authorities. The jailor then said that Boitel had left on the previous evening. The inspector testified his astonishment that he should have been deceived by an order signed by persons whose names were unknown to him, and at last placed him under a guard. He then took the order away with him, and soon made himself certain that, independently of the forgery of the signatures, there were omissions and errors in form which must have struck any person at all familiar with such papers."

By the treachery of his companions, Vidocq is accused of having forged this order, with which he has, in fact, had nothing to do. He then determines to escape, and effects his design in the dress of a superior officer, which has been brought to him by a woman with whom he had lived. After remaining concealed some time, he is retaken. One of the stratagems by which he eluded the pursuit that was made after him is amusing :—

" Jacquard learnt one day that I was going to dine in Rue Notre-Dame. He immediately went with four assistants, whom he left on the ground-floor, and ascended the staircase to the room where I was about to sit down to table with two females. A recruiting serjeant, who was to have made the fourth, had not yet arrived. I recognised Jacquard, who never having seen me, had not the same advantage ; and besides, my disguise would have bid defiance to any description of my person. Without being at all uneasy, I approached, and with the most natural tone I begged him to pass into a closet, the glass door of which looked on the banquet-room. ' It is Vidocq whom you are looking for,' said I ; ' if you will wait for ten minutes you will see him. There is his cover, he cannot be long. When he enters, I will make you a sign ; but if you are alone, I doubt if you can seize him, as he is armed, and resolved to defend himself.'—' I have my gens d'armes on the staircase,' answered he, ' and if he escapes——' ' Take care how you place them then,' said I, with affected haste. ' If Vidocq should see them he would mistrust some plot, and then farewell to the bird.'—' But where shall I place them ?'—' Oh, why in this closet—mind, no noise—that would spoil all ; and I have more desire than yourself that he should not suspect anything.' My commissary was now shut up in four walls with his agents. The door, which was very strong, closed with a double lock. Then, certain of time for escape, I cried to my prisoners, ' You are looking for Vidocq—well, it is he who has caged you ; farewell.' And away I went like a dart, leaving the party shouting for help, and making desperate efforts to escape from the unlucky closet."

After his recapture he escaped repeatedly, but was always so unfortunate as to fall again into the hands of his enemies. The facility of his evasions proves either that English prisoners are the clumsiest persons in the world, or that English prisons are the most secure of all places. His exploits are, however, always managed with great ingenuity and daring. Being at length taken to Douai, he was brought to trial—con-

demned to eight years' imprisonment, and to be exposed in the pillory in the market-place. Soon afterwards he was transferred to the Bicêtre, and sent thence with the chain of galley-slaves to Brest.

The treatment which these poor wretches experience at the hands of the *argousins*, who have the task of guarding them, appears to be inhuman in the extreme. The description of one of the nights passed on the road is frightful:—

"We passed the night on the stones in a church, then converted into a magazine. The *argousins* made regular rounds, to assure themselves that no one was engaged in fiddling (sawing their fetters). At daybreak we were all on foot; the lists were read over, and the fetters examined. At six o'clock we were placed in long cars, back to back, the legs hanging down outside, covered with hoar frost, and motionless from cold. On reaching St. Cyr, we were entirely stripped, to undergo a scrutiny, which extended to our stockings, shoes, shirt, mouth, ears, nostrils, &c. &c. It was not only the files in cases which they sought, but also for watch springs, which enable a prisoner to cut his fetters in less than three hours. This examination lasted for upwards of an hour, and it is really a miracle that one half of us had not our noses or feet frozen off with cold. At bed-time, we were heaped together in a cattle-stall, where we laid so close that the body of one served for the pillow of the person who laid nearest to him, and if any individual got entangled in his own or any other man's chain, a heavy cudgel rained down a torrent of blows on the hapless offender. As soon as we had laid down on a few handfuls of straw, which had already been used for the litter of the stable, a whistle blew to command us to the most absolute silence, which was not allowed to be disturbed by the least complaint, even when, to relieve the guard placed at the extremity of the stable, the *argousins* actually walked over our bodies.

"The supper consisted of a pretended bean soup, and a few morsels of half mouldy bread. The distribution was made from large wooden troughs, containing thirty rations; and the cook, armed with a large pot ladle, did not fail to repeat to each prisoner, as he served him, 'One, two, three, four, hold out your porringer, you thief;' the wine was put into the same trough from which the soup and meat were served out, and then an *argousin*, taking a whistle, hanging to his button-hole, blew it thrice; saying, 'Attention, robbers, and only answer by a yes or a no. Have you had bread?'—'Yes.' 'Soup?'—'Yes.' 'Meat?'—'Yes.' 'Wine?'—'Yes.' 'Then go to sleep, or pretend to do so.'

"A table was laid out at the door, at which the captain, lieutenant, and chief *argousins*, seated themselves to take a repast superior to ours; for these men, who profitted by all occasions to extort money from the prisoners, took excellent care of themselves, and eat and drank abundantly. At this moment the stable offered one of the most hideous spectacles that can be imagined; on one side were a hundred and twenty men herded together like foul beasts, rolling about their haggard eyes, whence fatigue or misery banished sleep; on the other side, eight ill-looking fellows were eating greedily without, not for one moment losing sight of their carbines or their clubs. A few miserable candles affixed to the blackened walls of the stable, cast a murky glare over this scene of horror, the silence of which was only broken by stifled groans, or the clank of fetters. Not content with striking us indiscriminately, the *argousins* made their detestable and brutal witticisms about the prisoners; and if a man, fevered with thirst, asked for water, they said to him, 'Let him who wants water put out his hand.' The wretch obeyed, mistrusting nothing, and was immediately overwhelmed with blows. Those who had any money were necessarily careful; they were but very few, the long residence of the majority in prison having for the most part exhausted their feeble resources.

The horrors of the *Bagne* increase Vidocq's desire to escape. After several efforts, which are unsuccessful, he gets away in the dress of a fifteen stone sister of charity—makes his way to Nantes, where he narrowly escapes being engaged in a burglary—is engaged by a cattle-dealer as a drover, and thus makes his way to Paris, and thence to Arras, where, with the assistance of his friends, and in a disguise, he remains for some time in safety. Again discovered, he is taken to the prison of Douai—recognized—sent to Toulon—escapes again—is enrolled against his will, in the celebrated band of robbers, headed by Roman, and is dismissed, because is discovered to have been a galley slave. These adventures are not very interesting, nor very well told. We have every respect for M. Vidocq's veracity, but some of the stories are so improbable, that we could not have believed them even if we had seen them acted. A few, however, of the anecdotes, relating to some of the celebrated French robbers, are odd enough. Among the convicts bound for Toulon is Jossas, who was commonly known by his assumed title of the Marquis de St. Armand de Faral. Some of the points in this accomplished rascal's character, are extremely amusing; and the coolness, and well-bred self-possession, with which he effects his robberies, show that, if he was not born a gentleman, he ought to have been:—

“Jossas was one of those thieves, of whom, fortunately, but few are now in existence. He meditated and prepared an enterprize sometimes so long as a year beforehand. Operating principally by means of false keys, he began by taking first the impression of the lock of the outer door. The key made, he entered the first part; if stopped by another door, he took a second impression, had a second key made; and thus in the end attained his object. It may be judged that, only being able to get on during the absence of the tenant of the apartment, he must lose much time before the fitting opportunity would present itself. He only had recourse to this expedient when in despair, that is, when it was impossible to introduce himself to the house; for if he could contrive to procure admittance under any pretext, he soon obtained impressions of all the locks, and when the keys were ready, he used to invite the persons to dine with him, in the Rue Chanteraine, and whilst they were at table, his accomplices stripped the apartments, from whence he had also contrived to draw away the servants, either by asking their masters to bring them to help to wait at table, or by engaging the attention of the waiting-maids and cooks by lovers who were in the plot. The porters saw nothing, because they seldom took anything but jewels or money. If by chance any large parcel was to be removed, they folded it up in dirty linen, and it was thrown out of window to an accomplice in waiting with a washerwoman's wheel-barrow.

“A multitude of robberies committed by Jossas are well known, all of which bespeak that acute observation to invention which he possessed in the highest degree. In society, where he passed as a Creole of Havannah, he often met inhabitants of that place, without ever letting anything escape him which could betray him. He frequently led on families of distinction to offer him the hand of their daughters. Taking care always, during the many conversations thereon, to learn where the dowry was deposited, he invariably carried it off, and absconded at the moment appointed for signing the contract. But of all his tricks, that played off on a banker at Lyons is perhaps the most astonishing. Having acquainted himself with the ways of the house, under pretext of arranging accounts and negociations, in a short time an intimacy arose, which gave him the opportunity of getting the impression of all the locks except that of the cash chest, of which a secret ward rendered all his attempts unavailing. On the other hand, the chest being built in the wall, and cased with iron, it was impossible to think of breaking it open. The cashier, too, never parted from his key; but these obstacles did not daunt Jossas. Having formed a close intimacy with the cashier, he proposed an excursion of pleasure to Collonges; and on the day appointed, they went in a cabriolet. On approaching Saint Rambert, they saw by the river side a

woman apparently dying, and the blood spouting from her mouth and nostrils ; beside her was a man, who appeared much distressed, assisting her. Jossas, testifying considerable emotion, told him that the best method of stopping the effusion of blood was to apply a key to the back of the female. But no one had a key, except the cashier, who at first offered that of his apartment. That had no effect. The cashier, alarmed at seeing the blood flow copiously, took out the key of his cash-chest, which was applied with much success between the shoulders of the patient. It has been already guessed that a piece of modelling wax had been placed there previously, and that the whole scene had been preconcerted. Three days after, the cash-box was empty."

In the course of his adventures, he becomes acquainted with the members of several of the famous bands of *chauffeurs*, who committed the most daring burglaries in the northern parts of France, and on the Belgian frontier. They appear to have acquired the name of *chauffeurs*, from their practice of torturing the victims, in order to make them confess where their money was hid. Placing lighted candles under the arm-pits, and hot tinder between their toes, of the farmers they robbed, seem to have been the most approved methods of extorting their confessions. Cornu, the father of a large family of robbers, and at this time an old man, had been one of the most cruel, daring, and successful *chauffeurs* of his time, and his wife was the willing partner of his worst crimes. He was at length taken, tried at Rouen, and sentenced to death. The end of his life was, in every respect, worthy of him, and there is a cool humour in the manner of it, which, notwithstanding its horrid nature, almost accounts for his detestable son, Mulot's, laughing at it.—Cornu's wife,

"who was still at liberty, came every day to bring him food, and console him. 'Listen,' said she to him one morning, when he appeared more dejected than usual, 'listen, Joseph: they say that death affrights you—don't play the noodle, at all events, when they lead you to the scaffold. The lads of the game will laugh at you.'

"'Yes,' said Cornu, 'all that is very fine, if one's scrag was not in danger ; but with Jack Ketch on one side, and the black sheep (clergyman) on the other, and the traps (*gens-d'armes*) behind, it is not quite so pleasant to be turned into food for flies.'

"'Joseph, Joseph, do not talk in this way ; I am only a woman, you know ; but I could go through it as if at a wedding, and particularly with you, old lad ! Yes, I tell you again, by the word of Marguerite, I would willingly accompany you.'

"'Are you in earnest?' asked Cornu. 'Yes, quite in earnest,' sighed Marguerite. 'But what are you getting up for ? What are you going to do ?'

"'Nothing,' replied Cornu ; and then going to a turnkey who was in the passage, 'Roch,' said he to him, 'send for the jailor, I want to see the public accuser.'

"'What !' said his wife, 'the public accuser ! Are you going to split (confess) ? Ah, Joseph, consider what a reputation you will leave for our children !'

"Cornu was silent until the magistrate arrived, and he then denounced his wife ; and this unhappy woman, sentenced to death by his confessions, was executed at the same time with him. Mulot, who told me all this, never repeated the narrative without laughing till he cried."

In the midst of the distress which his own imprudence, and the falsehood of his companions, had brought upon him, Vidocq found ample time for reflection, on the painful and desperate nature of his position. An escaped criminal, he was always subject to be seized by the police ; and the ingenious and hazardous manner of his escapes had given a dangerous celebrity to his name. Almost precluded for this reason from

attempting to gain an honest livelihood by industrious pursuits, he was, on the other hand, exposed to the dangerous solicitations of thieves, by profession, with whom, from his long residence in prisons, he had become intimately acquainted; and who, if he had plainly refused to assist their enterprises, would either have denounced him, or cut his throat. For several years he endured this painful existence. He joined a privateer crew, whom he properly enough calls *corsaires*. Some of his adventures here are singular, and the characters he falls in with of the most extraordinary kind. Some of the scenes he paints are occasionally in so extravagantly ludicrous a style, that we cannot help suspecting that he, or the literary gentleman who was so good as to revise his manuscript, must have studied that prince of *farceurs*, Pigault le Brun, somewhat too closely. The character of M. Belle Rose, a gentleman employed in the recruiting service, might have figured in "*Mon Oncle Thomas*." The ideas of enlisting a dissolute clerk to be the *notary* to a marching regiment, and a discontented gardener's apprentice as *chief florist*, with the care of cultivating the marine plants on board his French Majesty's Ship, the *Invincible*, are not badly imagined, though somewhat coarse; and the speech of M. Belle Rose, in which he explains the advantages which the colonies held out to aspiring spirits, would make Serjeant Kite blush.

Tired of the constant difficulties which he encountered, in endeavouring to live honestly, by travelling about to country fairs with millinery, Vidocq at length went to Paris, to be out of the reach of pursuit, and free from the importunities of his former intimates. Here he was again baffled. St. Germain, a thorough paced and desperate robber, discovered him, drained him of his money, and made him a receiver of the produce of his thefts. At the same time he was denounced by Chevalier, whose sister he married at Arras. The police endeavoured to take him, and, although he escaped for a short time, he ultimately fell into their hands. He then made a communication to M. Henry, the principal director of the police of Paris, begging that he might be allowed to assist in the detection of criminals, and asking, as his only recompense, to be freed from the contaminating society of the persons by whom he was surrounded, and to serve out the term of his sentence in a solitary prison. M. Henry had been so often taken in by similar offers, that this was no easy matter to accomplish. Vidocq, however, convinced him, by some information he furnished, that he might be made useful, and he was put on a sort of a probation. Still in the prison, he was employed to gain the confidence of the criminals. That he did this successfully, his liberation, and the detection of many dangerous robbers, sufficiently attest. As to the manner in which it was effected, and the proof which it affords that the adage of "honour among thieves," is a mistake—these are matters which are not to be very closely inquired into; the conduct of "great men" must not be too rigorously examined. He appears, certainly, to have possessed some very rare and valuable qualifications for the office he undertook. Great knowledge of the characters he had to deal with, their habits and pursuits, considerable personal strength, a fertile brain, indefatigable energy, and a physical insensibility, which, as it made him indifferent to pain and peril, almost amounted to courage.

As it was not thought expedient openly to release him, Vidocq was permitted to escape from the guards who were conducting him to the *prefecture de police*, for an examination. As soon as he got free, he associated with the professed robbers of Paris, and obtained a great quantity of valuable information, which he communicated to the authorities. St. Germain now encountered him once more, proposed to him to join in a robbery and murder of two infirm old men, and until this

project was ripe, engaged him to assist in the robbery of a banker's house, at the corner of the Rue d'Enghien, and the Rue Hauteville. Some reports having got about that Vidocq was a *mouchard* (a police spy), St. Germain, though he did not believe them, would not let him go out of his sight. Vidocq, however, by means of Annette, the woman who lived with him, contrived to inform the police; the robbers were taken just as they were entering the house, and Vidocq, who was upon the wall, fell, as if shot, and was carried for dead into the house. There is something appalling in the details of this expedition—the coolness with which the preparations were made, and the fact of St. Germain, and Boudin, who were the principals, getting over the walls, and beginning to break into the house, with their pipes in their mouths, makes one shudder. He is minute in his description of St. Germain, who, he says, “was ardently fond of field sports, and was delighted at the sight of blood;—his other predominant passions were play, women, and good living. As he had the tone and manners of good society—expressed himself with facility, and was always elegantly dressed—he might be called an extremely well-bred robber; when it served his purpose, no one could assume more agreeable or more insinuating manners;” which seems, in all its points, to include the definition of a fine gentleman. Of Boudin, the other thief, he does not speak so favourably; he says he had bandy legs, a peculiarity which he has observed in many professed assassins; and we must admit that his opinion upon such a point is entitled to some weight. He adds, that this man's habit of using a knife, and cutting up meat, which he had acquired by keeping a cook's shop, had stamped his character with ferocity.

Vidocq's device for getting possession of the hoard of a celebrated receiver of stolen goods was very ingenious. He met him in the street, pretended to seize him by mistake for another, and having learned his residence, which the man told, believing that the mistake would then be discovered, and he should be liberated, our thief detector ran to the house in the dress of a porter, told the receiver's wife that her husband had been seized, and desired her to make off with their goods. She immediately set about packing; and having filled three hackney coaches with stolen valuables, Vidocq drove them and her to prison. By this time he was known to be a police agent; his person was familiar to some of the thieves, and his name feared by them all. He was obliged to resort to disguises; and having determined to capture Gueuvive, a famous chief of a gang, he introduced himself to him as an escaped convict. Gueuvive, whose confidence he soon gained in this character, proposed to him to way-lay Vidocq, whose person he pretended to know, and the latter went to his own house with the chief, and waited there for several hours, with some five-sous pieces, tied up in their pocket handkerchiefs, for the purpose of knocking out the brains of the dreaded *mouchard*, who, the author says, drily, of course did not come home that evening. Soon after this Gueuvive was taken, and Vidocq laughed at him. Delzéve, a notorious robber, had defied the police for a long time, and M. Henry was particularly desirous to have him captured. Vidocq waited for him a whole night in mid-winter, during which he preserved himself from freezing by getting up to his neck in a heap of dung and filth. In the morning he captured Delzéve, and took him, bound hand and foot, to M. Henry's office, where he presented him as a new year's gift.

The most daring, and the most difficult of Vidocq's exploits was the capture of Fossard, who had committed several very extensive robberies, by means of false keys. This man was always armed, and had expressed his determination of blowing out the brains of any one who should attempt to seize him—a threat which his desperate courage left no doubt

he would fulfil if he could. Besides this danger, his abode was not known ; and for a long time all Vidocq's efforts to discover it were fruitless. The manner in which he paraded, for several days, in the disguise of a well dressed old gentleman, the quarter in which he expected to find his prey, is very whimsically told. At length he ferretted him out, and found he was living in a house at the corner of the Rue Duphot, the ground floor of which was occupied as a wine shop. Here Vidocq presented himself in the dress of a charcoal porter, which effectually concealed him even from his most intimate acquaintance. His first step was to make friends with the proprietor, and then to alarm him by a suggestion that his lodger meant to rob and murder him and his wife. Having thus made sure of their assistance he began his watch, and convinced himself that Fossard never went without pistols. He then abandoned the notion of seizing him alone, and having arranged a different plan, he watched Fossard home one night, saw him put out his candle, by which he concluded he was in bed, when he immediately brought down a commissary of police, and some gens-d'armes, whom he posted on the staircase. The *dénouement* he tells thus :—

"The mistress of the wine-shop, to whom Fossard had been abundantly civil, had a little nephew living with her, a boy of about ten years old, very intelligent for his age ; and, being of Norman birth, he was naturally gifted with a precocious love of money. I promised him a reward if, under the pretext of his aunt being ill, he would knock at the door of Fossard's room, and ask Madame Fossard, as the woman living with him was called, to give him a little *Eau de Cologne*. I made the little fellow rehearse, several times over, the speech, and the tone in which it was to be given, and being quite perfect, I made all my companions take off their shoes, a precaution which I followed myself. We then ascended, and the boy began to knock at the door. At first there was no answer ; at length some one asked, 'Who's there ?' 'Its me, Madame,' replied the boy ; 'it's Louis. My aunt is taken very ill, and begs you to give her a little *Eau de Cologne*. She is very bad, indeed. I have got a candle here.'

"The door was opened, and as soon as the woman appeared, she was seized by two vigorous *gens-d'armes*, who placed a napkin round her mouth, to prevent her crying out. At the same moment, with the rapidity of a lion springing on his prey, I rushed upon Fossard, who, amazed at the suddenness of the affair, was bound and handcuffed, and my prisoner, before he could stir from his bed. He was so surprised and confounded, that an hour elapsed before he found his utterance. When the light was brought, and he saw my face blacked with charcoal, and my coal-porter's dress, he was so terrified that I believe he thought he had fallen into the hands of the devil himself. His first thought, when he recovered his senses, appeared to be for his arms ; he glanced towards the pistols and dagger, which lay on a night-table beside the bed, and made an effort to reach them ; but he soon found it was impossible, and lay passive. Between eighteen and twenty thousand francs in money, besides jewels and property to a large amount, were found in this man's rooms."

In the subsequent part of his memoirs, which are to consist of two other volumes, Vidocq promises some still more curious details relative to the execution of his important duty. He says, that he can speak out, and he will—a promise which we rely upon for several reasons. He has quarrelled with the existing police, and makes no secret of the hatred he bears them, and their agent, his successor, M. Coco Lacour ; he has been attacked in a recent publication called *Vidocq Dévoilé*, and in self-defence will be obliged to enter into the secrets of the administration ; and he has to rectify some of the mischief which, he says, his literary friend has done. The work is in every respect curious and amusing. Of its veracity we entertain some doubts ; but as lying is a vice to which "great men" have been notoriously addicted in all times, that fact will not weigh much to the author's prejudice in the mind of the liberal reader.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S LETTER ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

THE most important event of the month, or of the year, or of any year since the year of Waterloo, is the writing of the following letter, which we shall leave to speak for itself, as it does incomparably to the purpose.

Letter from the Duke of Wellington to Dr. Curtis (the individual who has the effrontery to call himself Catholic Primate of Ireland).

"MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your letter of the 4th instant, and I assure you you do me justice in believing that I am sincerely anxious to witness the *settlement* of the Roman Catholic question, which by benefiting the state, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it.

"But I confess that *I see no prospect* of such a settlement! Party has been mixed up with the consideration of the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is *impossible to expect to prevail upon men to consider it dispassionately!*

"If we could *bury it in oblivion* for a short time, and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its *difficulties on all sides* (for they are *very great*), I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy!—Believe me, my dear Sir, &c.

"London, Dec. 11, 1828."

"WELLINGTON."

Now what does this letter say, but what every true friend to the church and the constitution has said all along; he would be happy to see the question settled—of course; but settled by telling Popery that it must not hope to pollute the legislature with its presence; that the slave of a pope must not become the law maker for the free subjects of an English king—*Settled*, just as conspiracy ought always to be settled—by knocking it on the head.

The premier confesses that he sees *no prospect* of carrying the question. What is this but the regular official announcement that it *cannot* be carried, and that Government will not take a single step in its favour?

It cannot be even proposed until "men will argue dispassionately." But this the letter, to make assurance doubly sure, declares to be an impossible expectation, "argal," not to be expected. In other words, it shall be discussed in the Greek Calends. The final recommendation—another official phrase for a command—is to BURY THE QUESTION IN OBLIVION!

So much for the clumsy impostures that were perpetually brought forward with such mock solemnity in the popish parliament of representatives of nothing. So much for the "bills already under the eye of Sir Nicholas Tindal, the abolition of the securities, the pledge to the forty-shilling freeholders," &c. &c. &c. What will the ingenious find next? 'tis true this is an inventive season, *par excellence*. Punch is in his glory, and pantomime at all the theatres is flourishing prodigiously. The Irish agitator must not lie on his oars; but have a new scheme for every new speech, and a thousand of each. BUT THE CABINET IS FIXED. The measure is not merely postponed, it is crushed under the ministerial heel; and long may it moulder there. There may be popular violence still, and even the impudent presumption of the popish parliament may be suffered to exist a few weeks more. But this measure is complete. The friends of the constitution must still be vigilant, active, and combined. The Brunswick Clubs must not suffer their victory to be thrown away by their negligence. But the question for this ministry is "*settled*."

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE Russian campaign has closed—as all men wished, but none expected—in extraordinary discomfiture. So much for boasting! The pomposity of the Russian government, and its diplomatic meddling on all kinds of occasions, had actually succeeded to the extent of making grave men fear that the Scythians were again likely to disturb the world. The French journals, to do them justice, led the way in this foolery; and, as French journals then dared not say that the sun shone without the order of M. Villele to that purport, we had the high authority of the lord of the cabinet, the slave of the Jesuits, and the lucky possessor of twenty-five millions of francs, or one million sterling, per annum, gathered by hands that came to Paris with half-a-crown in them, for the fact—that Russia was the genuine arbiter of Europe, the terror that was to keep Austria in check, the scourge that was to punish the maritime ambition of England, and the magnanimous ally that was to place Joseph Villele at the head of all thriving politicians, past, present, and to come.

We had our Russian enthusiasts, too, on this side of the Channel; and those who are in the wise habit of pinning their faith on the Opposition papers, trembled at night to lay their heads on their pillows, through fear of a Russian invasion before morning. Calmucs and Bahkirs rose in clouds on their poetic fancies; and the Kentish coast was already seen waving with the flags of Our Lady of Kasan. The Russian cabinet, too, finding that the world was inclined to play the fool on the subject, was by no means reluctant to minister to the indulgence; and armies by the half-million were paraded on paper with a facility worthy of the finest gasconade of France in her days of glory and the guillotine. Every thing silly that could be done by fright, ignorance, or the love of the marvellous for its own sake, was done—except Sir Robert Wilson's writing a book; a catastrophe from which, however, we were saved only by the knight's having written on both sides of the question with equal energy before, and being also a little aware of the unproductiveness of volunteering in royal quarrels. But Colonel De Lacy Evans was a capital substitute; and the vigorous alarm that supplied his pen with projected conquests, and the Russians with capacity to compass them, was more than enough to throw Sir Robert into utter eclipse. Led by the colonel's hand, the Russian emperor had only to come, see, and conquer. The chief difficulty of this tremendous wielder of human potency was, where he should first condescend to triumph; on what fair portion of the earth he should stoop: whether he should first deluge India or Austria; settle the quarrel between the Cham of Tartary and the Chinese Emperor, by tying both their tails to his horse's, or order his guard to cross the Rhine, and tranquilly take his bottle in the Tuilleries.

Men are easily deceived in matters so near the North Pole, and, for a month, the gallant Colonel passed for a man who saw deeper into Siberia than his fellows; but Nicholas soon robbed him of the honours of his arctic sagacity. Alexander would have been more dextrous. His natural craft would have suffered the vapourers and sciolists of the earth to fight his battle for him; and while he conquered in the coffee-houses, would never have forced the cabinets to be wiser. If Alexander had lived for a century to come, he would never have soiled a Russian boot with Moldavian mire; the Pacha of Bulgaria would have been left to smoke his pipe and

lose his head, according to the national manner; an ounce of English powder would never have been paid for with copecks and rubles, to be burned against Turkish walls; and the coffee-house politicians, and newspaper generals, the Colonel de Lacy Evanses, and the whole race of wonderers, would have gone on, playing the old woman, to the ridicule of all who knew better, and the cheap benefit of the autocrat of all the Russias.

But Alexander was cunning, knew mankind, and had been soundly beaten. Nicholas had none of these advantages, the last of which, particularly, is evidently essential to the wisdom of heroic sovereigns. Accordingly, his first work was war; and the first week of that war was enough to settle the question of Russian supremacy. Luckily we may now breathe without dread of seeing the face of a Hulan; and can discover at our leisure the charlatanry that had contrived to exalt so much actual feebleness into so violent a threatener of European independence.

There never was, in the memory of man, a campaign that so speedily and completely confounded the pretensions of an arrogant government. Three months ago showed the Russian army drawn up at the foot of the Balkan, and only waiting for the Emperor's nod to storm the hills, sweep over Rumelia, and with scarcely the formality of a siege, walk into Constantinople. But then came the Turks, ragged and raw; yet not to be driven from their ground by bulletins; and the Russian battalions rapidly felt that the march to Constantinople must be postponed. The labours of a whole campaign have issued in the capture of a single fortress, whose fall is imputed to treachery, and whose maintenance in the hands of the captors is already threatened. On all other points the "Grand Russian Army," the choice of the whole force of the empire, and probably the whole disposable force of the empire, has been shamefully beaten. Their own bulletins, which of course soften the disaster as much as possible, are compelled to acknowledge tremendous losses. We have accounts of the staff of armies grouped together in Jassy and Bucharest, without a soldier of those armies. Colonels, in all directions, without regiments; brigades of artillery, without a gun; hordes of cavalry, without a horse; cannon buried, waggons burned, wounded deserted, hospitals crowded, great army-corps left behind, to fight their way back if they can, and probably long since broken up, and in the enemy's hands; that enemy pouring on in increasing force, and with the spirit of victory; and the Russians still flying, with the Imperial Guard leading the flight, and the Emperor a thousand miles from the field. It is computed that their three months' campaign has cost the Russians not less than sixty thousand men slain, dead of distemper, or disabled by wounds and hardship. But the scarcely less evident proofs of failure are to be found in the rapid changes of the imperial officers. The latest intelligence states, that after frowning down some half dozen of the highest rank, and among others, the generalissimo, the Emperor despatched an order to the General commanding in Armenia, to take the charge of the Moldavian army, and retrieve its fortunes if he can. The case must be all but hopeless, which resorts to expedients like this, and runs the risk of disgusting the chief officers of his army, for the sake of trying how far the chaser of a rabble of the loose cavalry and half naked infantry of the limits of Asia Minor, may be able to stand against the force of European Turkey fighting under the eye of the Sultan.

We regret this melancholy waste of life; no man can think of the
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horrors that must have preceded and followed the Russian retreat, without the deepest feeling for the unfortunate beings who were thus urged into ruin. But we cannot regret the punishment of presumption, the guilt of an utterly unprovoked war, nor the important discovery of the true strength of an empire, which for the last dozen years laboured to impress the belief that it was restrained from universal devouring only by the difficulty of deciding which state it should devour first.

The accounts from Bucharest are a terrible compound of the evils of war and the elements. Sudden winter—deluges of rain—intolerable cold—violent disease—famine—deadly fatigue—and perpetual exposure to the enemy, are the scourges that have driven back in shame and ruin, the invaders of Turkey. So may perish the unjust wherever their standards are unfurled; so may perish the thirsters after conquest;—such be the only honours of the lovers of war for its own sake. The Russians have now twice given the world a lesson. When Napoleon attacked them they stood on the righteous side; and they triumphed by the most signal victory over the unrighteous boaster. They have now assailed an unoffending power, and their unrighteous war has been repelled. Man and the elements have been enlisted to punish them, almost in the express form of which their own deliverance offered so memorable an example. The Russian bulletins copy involuntarily the language of the retreat from Moscow. Long may the lesson be remembered by nations whose peace is more essential, and whose hostility must be more ruinous. The pledge of European quiet would be well purchased by the deepest severity of the experience that taught the Russian sovereigns to seek the glory of their throne only in the civilization of their people.

The Leeds Radicals lately got up a meeting for the purpose of "Liberty all over the World," and peculiarly for the cause of those professors and patrons of liberty all over the world—the popish priests. That liberty should feel any very ardent interest in the concerns of men, who, since their first hour of influence, have been the instruments of tyranny where they found it created, and its creators where they did not; whose law imprisons without evidence, examines without witness, and puts to death without publicity; who acknowledge for their supreme sovereign the only practical despot in existence, and who condemn to the lowest corner of the bottomless pit every man who dares to think for himself, might seem extraordinary, but for our knowledge of the fact that radicalism sees nothing in the affair but the prospect of public disturbance, and that it would have the same sympathy of revolt for the worshippers of Juggernaut, or for the worshippers of nothing.

We fully acquit the Leeds Radicals of bigotry on this occasion; for bigotry, bad as it is, implies some feeling of religion, and radicals are atheists to a man. The fact is undeniable. The more timid of them may set up a pretence of deism. But the more honourable, because the more undisguised, scoff at the assumption of a pretence so shallow, boldly claim credit for their scorn of Divine Law, as much as of human; and pronounce as the first article of the Rights of Man in this age of intellect, "that there is no God."

That those men should unite with the priesthood of popery is not wonderful, while they see those priests leading troops of peasantry, with green flags in their pious hands. They smell rebellion across the waters

of the Irish Channel, and are cheered by the smell. That the priests of any altar should accept the alliance of such men, would be wonderful, except for the knowledge, that the extremes of the circle meet; that the rankest superstition is always nearest to the fiercest infidelity; and that the popish priesthood, in all countries, are divided into two bodies—the sots who never inquire, and are, therefore, believers still in the whole mystery of Rome; and the shrewd, who inquire, and are, by the thousand, infidels. These follow their common sense far enough to see that the whole Romish system is utter imposture: and there they stop; scepticism is their master. The Bible has been prohibited to them, until they have lost all conception of its necessity. The long habit of darkening the understandings of the people, has made their own incapable of the light; and hypocrites and infidels they live, and hypocrites and infidels they die.

Such is the notorious history of the higher orders of the priesthood in all the popish countries of the continent. In Ireland the priesthood are too busy with whiskey, sedition, and the exaction of their dues, which they wring from the wretched peasantry with as keen a gripe as ever avarice fixed on superstition, to have leisure for books; the breviary, and Mr. O'Connell's pastoral speeches, make up their literature; and they believe in the miracles of St. Patrick's crutch, and St. Senanus's slipper, with as undoubting a faith as the most foolish of their predecessors, or Lord Shrewsbury himself.

Yet even at Leeds radicalism did not carry all things in its own way. The protestant and loyal inhabitants, after unwisely suffering the factions to make their preparations at their ease, grew indignant at the insult to their town; and insisted that if there must be a meeting, there should at least be appointed tellers, to save them from the sweeping scandal of some prejudiced booby of a chairman's decision.

This was agreed to. The meeting was held in a spot provided by the radicals, furnished with all the Irish labourers and beggars to be found far and near, and with the exact species of chairman, against which the protestants had protested; a notorious pro-papist; a goose of a manufacturer in the neighbourhood: one of those individuals whom chance, for the sake of showing its power, now and then flings up into a seat in parliament.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the compact was *not* performed; that the protestant tellers were *not* suffered to count; that the deliberative wisdom of the Irish labourers was the chief ingredient of the meeting; and that the man of cotton twist, after puzzling himself for an hour to know whether he should say aye or no, at length yielded to the Irishmen, and declared for popery and liberty.

Since our last publication, death has put an end to the hopes long and anxiously entertained of Lord Liverpool's recovery. The public estimate of this noble person's powers had been formed from an early period; but increasing years added to the respect for his individual character. His character sustained him in the premiership: and it is to the honour of the English mind, that such a claim should have been so acknowledged. There was a general feeling of security in the principles of Lord Liverpool, in his straight-forward honesty, his personal disregard of influence, and his sincere zeal for Christianity, that was more than equivalent to the triumphs of parliamentary eloquence, or genius in the council. While

Lord Liverpool was capable of public business, and retained those principles, there was no rivalry for him to dread. He would have held his supremacy to the last hour of his life, and seen the most aspiring ambition, or the most vigorous faculties, baffled in every attempt to wrest the power from his hands. The loss of such a man is to be lamented as a loss to his country, and to human nature.

Yet he, perhaps, perished at the period most fortunate for his fame. The decline of his health had been visible for some years, and with this decline his intellectual activity may have shared. It is known that he gave himself up to the councils of individuals, whose policy was widely different from the English spirit of his own. He suffered himself to lose sight of the vital necessity of sustaining the religion of the state; and by allowing the singular and fatal anomaly of a divided cabinet on this most momentous of all questions, laid the foundation for that monstrous fabric of folly and tumult, which we see already raised to a height that menaces the constitution. The rumours that the firmness of Lord Liverpool's British feeling was giving way to that importunity which, in the shape of confidence and friendship, was labouring for his shame, had begun to thicken; until this excellent and highly respected nobleman was driven to the painful expedient of clearing himself by a public declaration. Again the rumours were propagated, and the friends of the country were beginning to feel renewed alarm. But before any further test could be given, Lord Liverpool was struck by that blow from which neither his mind nor body ever recovered. After nearly two years of total helplessness, he died suddenly, and, we are glad to say, without a struggle.

The little Recorder is supposed to be inclined to retire from the troubles of his Old Bailey life; and the candidates are calculating how they can spend his four thousand a-year. Mr. Denman, who, of course, now thinks that any thing can be got by booing, is booing in all quarters for the emolument. Mr. Law relies upon the resemblance of his face to the late Lord Ellenborough's, and expects to frighten the aldermen into submission. Mr. Bolland, the best humoured antiquarian that has collected buttons and autographs for the last fifty years, makes sure of winning the aldermanic favour, by sending the board a Queen Ann's sixpence a piece. And Mr. Arabin relies upon that luck, which, after making him a judge of the Sheriff's Court, may make him any thing.

The Gibraltar fever is going away, for want of more mischief to do; having done all the mischief it could. We, however, trust that those persons whose mismanagement brought it, or suffered it there, will not be allowed to escape altogether without investigation. There was a time when the plague was confined to the filth, stubborn negligence, and desperate avarice of mahometanism. Gibraltar, fifty years ago, knew no more of the plague than Pall Mall. But times are changed. By a system of negligent abuse the population has been permitted to augment to the most hazardous degree, and has become a composition of the most hazardous kind. We discharge the present governor and lieutenant-governor from all share in this abuse, which had strongly attracted the public eye long before their command. A multitude of the refuse of every population of the Mediterranean have gradually made their way into Gibraltar—Spanish smugglers, Moors, the basest description of Jews,

and the whole host of miseries, who live by contraband. The smuggler pays handsomely—rent rises, the value of every square inch of the rock is worth its weight in doubloons; the filth and negligence of the place accumulate, then comes a week of the Levant wind; the plague follows hot upon it; Moors, Jews, Spaniards, and Maltese, die by hundreds in their hovels, and the place is cleared for the season.

The true remedy for this horrid visitant is obvious and undeniable; the expulsion of every individual unconnected with the garrison. We may make something less by smuggling, but it becomes a government like ours, founded, as its strength is, on open trade, to crush at once the whole vile and vice-producing system of foreign contraband. It is just, for we have no right to assist in robbing the revenue of other nations; and it is politic, for we could not lay up a more bitter store of irritation and disgust in the proud heart of Spain, than this sufferance of the perpetual infraction of its laws.

Without blaming individuals for the grievances which make this single British settlement so often a terror even to the mother country, we look to the administration of the great soldier at the head of the State for their speedy extinction.

The action taken by Mr. Bransby Cooper against the editor of the *Lancet* has involved some very curious considerations. The verdict was certainly not within our calculation. But with the bench we have no desire to war. The figure made by Sir Astley Cooper, too, was rather curious, and we think that his absence would have done him to the full as much credit. Mr. B. Cooper, however, gained a verdict, and we are satisfied that his experience acquired on the occasion will be of service to him in future.

On the debated question, whether the editor of the *Lancet* was actuated by malice, we shall only observe that the testimony adduced by him was strong; and that it seems to have been beaten down much more by general character than particular facts. We are not at all inclined to doubt Mr. B. Cooper's general surgical skill, but the question was, as to its application in the particular instance. As to the contested value of works like the "*Lancet*" to the profession, the hospitals, and humanity, it is absurd to hesitate a moment. They must always be beneficial, as long as error is to be corrected, or negligence to be exposed. What is the true security for good conduct in the public servants of England but the public vigilance? No man who knew, ten years ago, the state of the hospitals, of the practice and the practitioners, could doubt the necessity for a thorough change. And whatever change has since taken place, to what has it been due but these publications? Operations of the most unscientific kind were constantly being performed, with no one to complain of them but the unlucky patient, whose complaints were generally soon silenced. What could the few attendant governors say, but that they were incapable judges of operations? What would the assisting surgeons and physicians say? Nothing. It was not their policy to involve themselves in feud with their brethren. But now comes in an inspector, qualified by his practice to detect the errors of practice, and independent of the parties. It is impossible but that good must arise from the consciousness in the operators and physicians, that their conduct is sure to become a subject of public attention.

The conduct of the "*Lancet*" itself is altogether another question. It injures its cause most seriously by its violent, and often vulgar, personality. It destroys the respect which might otherwise be attached to its statements, by the palpable virulence which it feels towards many professional individuals of great personal worth and professional ability. Yet its science is good, and its result is good. But the work that could best combine the avoidance of individual insult, with the due vigilance over hospital abuses, would rapidly supersede any publication stained by personal bitterness.

But one subject we strongly recommend to its pages: the gross habit of filling the hospital situations with the cousins and connexions of leading professional men. We have too much of this in every public department. But as government takes care only of our liberties, and the church only of our souls, we may spare our indignation on such trivial points. But our bodies must not be tampered with at the mercy of the nearest and dearest blockheads, that ever walked in the go-cart of patronage. The *nepotism* that we should not allow to a pope, we shall not allow to a surgeon; and we heartily wish that Sir Astley Cooper and his nephew would take the hint, and that the governors of our hospitals would, in every example, discountenance the family system. If it have loaded other professions with imbecility, why should it be less cumbrous, stupifying, and hazardous, where the blockhead stands knife in hand!

THE Directors of the Thames Tunnel, who seemed to have at length given up the idea of accomplishing that admirable and extraordinary work, have yet, by their allowing its exhibition to the public, encouraged us to believe, again, that they only wait for better days. We fully hope that they do, and that they are only pausing till the first influx of public prosperity leads our monied men to think of the completion of the Tunnel. Knowing nothing, and caring nothing, about the directors or projectors, we yet should feel the final abandonment of this work as a national misfortune. It was amongst the finest and most singular attempts ever made to shew the mastery of science and man over the brute powers of nature; its success would have established an era in engineering, and would have excited a multitude of efforts of the same kind in situations of scarcely less importance. The incumbrance of bridges to the navigation of our principal rivers, the perpetual repair, and the enormous original expense, would have probably been avoided; and from the cheapness, the facility, and the security of the Tunnel system, advantages of incalculable value to the internal (the most important) commerce of the empire would have been obtained. Let us look at the comparative expense. The Tunnel has been already driven through two-thirds of the bed of the river, at an expense of about 250,000*l.*, including all the experimental expenditure attending on a first trial of this difficult kind, and a considerable part of which, experience must render unnecessary on subsequent occasions. For 100,000*l.* more, the work would unquestionably be completed. The Waterloo Bridge cost a million. London Bridge will not cost much less, if not much more. None of the other bridges under 750,000*l.*, as well as we can recollect; and the expense of the material invariably increases with every new building of this kind, while the tunnels, from the circumstance of their being so much more the work of skill than of materials,

and being likely, at last, to be effected wholly by some boring machinery on a large scale, would promise to decrease in expense with every new trial. To all these real inducements might be added, the scarcely imaginary one, of its being an exploit that would establish our mechanical enterprize at the head of European ingenuity. No project, since the balloon, has attracted so much continental interest: the scientific and intelligent world of Europe are now perpetually inquiring relative to its process and progress; and in its completion, England would undoubtedly have added, in a remarkable degree, to the reluctant respect of foreigners for her boldness, liberality, and fortunate skill.

Of the easy possibility of this completion there now can be no doubt whatever, when money shall be supplied to meet the trivial remaining expenditure. And of the productiveness of the result there can be as little doubt, when we recollect the spot into which the Essex end of the Tunnel leads; the centre of that region of docks, East and West Indian, London, &c., from which the wealth of every part of the globe is spread out through the empire. And this, too, without reckoning the traffic and the travelling between the opulent districts on both sides of the Thames, Kent and Essex; the canals, already existing, and which a few years more will see intersecting the eastern districts, the Great Portsmouth Canal, &c. The mere sight of the Tunnel, in its present state, is one of the most curious and interesting that Europe offers. The singular perfection of the building, the neatness and accuracy of all that has depended on manual labour, and the daring dexterity of the conception, are equally calculated to excite the spectator's admiration.

The French Journals mention, among other Parisian privations at this calamitous season, that the distinguished authoress of a distinguished narrative, published by Stockdale, has declared her intention of immediately honouring with her hand the president of the Chamber of Deputies. All the *beaux garçons* of the capital are in despair; the Palais Royale is to be hung in black; Frescati to be shut for a week; and the "Salon" to restrict itself to sovereign princes and *soup maigre*, for the same period.

The *Belvoir County Intelligencer*, a remarkably well informed paper, says, that the whole female part of a noble family have for the last week put their noses in papers, to keep down, if possible, the turn up into which they have all started, on a proposition to receive a new connexion of the noble line.

The laws have been dealing desperately with the aristocracy of late. Lord Montford, that pleasant and perpetual assessor of that very eminent judicial character, Sir Richard Birnie, of whom the wits aver, that, whatever law he has, bears no relation to *civil* law, has been lately bringing himself under the frowns of Themis, for a little experiment on his wife's property. Lord M. happens to be in the predicament of many a less sonorously-named personage, and to be as little obliged as possible to nature when she was distributing estates. In consequence, he had been placed in the late king's list of pensioned nobles, to the amount of 800*l.* per annum. A large portion of this he assigned over to his lady for a sum of ready money. The king died, the patent for the pension was at an end, as a matter of course; and on the present king's

accession, was, as a matter of course, renewed. But it was no matter of course to my lady, for my lord declared the bargain at an end. On this the unlucky wife, in great consternation, brought her claims before the Ecclesiastical Court; and the judge, delivering exactly the sort of opinion that any other man of honour would deliver on the occasion, recommended her application to the source of the bounty, where, doubtless, a similar opinion will be delivered, and a lesson given that will be remembered.

In another court, a tailor has had the unparalleled impudence to insist on a noble lord's paying his bill—he not thinking thirty shillings and the honour of my lord's custom, altogether a satisfactory equivalent for thirty pounds' worth of coats and breeches. To the scandal of credit, the noble lord was compelled to pay.

Poor old Lady Gresley, too, has been used with equal cruelty by a washerwoman, who insisted on her discharging a bill of 28*l.* for the maintenance of her wardrobe in its purity during the last seven years. The sum may not seem exorbitant for the time; but those who have had an opportunity of witnessing the costume of the *very* animated lady in question, universally think that it was a monstrous overcharge. But judges are blind, like Justice; and the washerwoman gained the day.

The delay in the Recorder's late report from Windsor, which excited a good deal of wrath and some oratory among the aldermen at the time, has never been publicly accounted for. No one could believe, at the moment, that any of the apologies for this untoward delay were true—that lame post-horses, the loss of a pair of favourite spectacles, a basin of turtle-soup with Mr. Peel, or the comforts of a Windsor inn, could have kept this worthy little functionary from doing the duty that he had done with such mechanical accuracy for so many years. As no solution offers itself to us, we offer none of our own to the reader, leaving him to adopt, if he please, one, which will find an echo in the experience of so many a submissive and matrimonial bosom. Our authority is one of the weekly papers, as follows:—

“After the return of the Recorder from the Palace to the Castle Inn at Windsor, he said in haste to his lady, who was waiting for him, ‘My dear, we have only just time to swallow a bit; we must be off to town immediately. We must send up our warrant as soon as possible.’

“‘What! go up to-night?’ ejaculated the lady. ‘You sha’n’t stir a step from this place to-night. Do you think I’ll have my bones rattled to pieces. You must keep your warrant in your pocket till to-morrow.’

“‘Why, consider, my love, that they are waiting at Newgate to know what has been done: it would be cruel to delay, my dear!’—(holding up the fatal document.)

“‘Delay! what do you mean? The greatest comfort they can have is not to know that they are to be hanged, poor wretches!’

“Resistance was useless, and the warrant was put up for the night.”

Haydon, the artist, has been again appealing to the public. We are sorry to see an ingenious and able man driven to this mode of making his claims known. Yet what is to be done. Privation will make a voice of its own, and the demands of a family suffer no delicacy to stand between them and the means by which alone they are to be satisfied. Haydon has given for many years the most unquestionable proofs of industry,

talent, and variety of power. He may not have turned his art to the most dextrous advantage by his personal management; for every one knows how large a share of professional success depends on causes which have little to do with professional ability. The cultivation of patrons, the blandishments of those stirring individuals who direct the tastes of the opulent, and personal and perpetual deference to the leading members of the profession, are among those essentials, for the want of which the Barrys of the English school lived in struggle, and left nothing but a name for themselves, and a stain of ingratitude on their country.

Haydon, unluckily for his prospects, began his career with a rash avowal of being his own sole guide, of determining to bring a higher style of art among us, and of reforming the presumed blunders of the Royal Academy. Thus, at his first step, he laid the foundation for his ruin. Numbers will break down any strength; and the individual who goes to war with corporations will reap but few triumphs. However, this rashness has been for some time publicly at an end, and Haydon has become an exhibitor at Somerset House.

The more important consideration is, whether a man, capable of the vigorous and rapid productiveness which characterize his pencil, ought to be suffered to sink. We live in the richest country of Europe. We spend, and we are in the right to spend, vast sums on public decoration. We see a hundred thousand pounds expended on a mansion for a royal duke, and no one grudges it; half a million of money is laid out on a royal palace, and no one murmurs, except at the barbarous want of taste, which renders it so unworthy of a British king. The directors of our National Gallery give fifty thousand pounds to a merchant for a few old pictures; three thousand pounds are paid for a Correggio six inches long; and five thousand for a pair of Caraccis. Not that we object to this, nor join in the very general doubts of originality, and the very strong clamour about mysticism in those transactions. But, we say, that the tenth of this money employed in commissions to capable artists, would produce ten times the public advantage; that more service would be rendered to the Arts in England, by shewing that a man who distinguished himself in them was sure of public employment, than could be rendered by acres of walls covered with all that Raphael and Reubens ever painted; that the kindling of emulation is the only way to national excellence; and that the reward conferred on one able artist by this public employment, and the evidence that, by the historic pencil, a fortune could be made, would more decidedly rouse many a latent artist to a vigour of which he had been unconscious, and raise a generation of great historic painters, than all the stars and medals that ever decorated the bosoms of all the presidents of the Academy.

Let, then, the government of England do what the government of France does every year. Let commissions for subjects on the memorable scenes of national history be given to our leading artists, and our royal palaces and public halls be hung with them, as in France. The taste for this most attractive and admirable species of ornament would rapidly spread. When London had seen the records of her early honours suspended in her halls, the provinces would offer an inexhaustible succession of the finest themes for the painter. The old annals of provincial loyalty, bravery, and suffering—the heroic struggles of the civil war—the deeper, yet still more interesting, struggles of the times, when the martyrs of the Reformation fought the patient battle of the faith, and

gained that eternal victory in which no blood but the pure and generous stream of their own hearts flowed—the noble epochs of the rise and establishment of civil freedom;—all would share and reward the national patronage, which feels, and justly feels, that the most illustrious monument of a people is the memory of the deeds that have made them great, as it is the most unshaken security for the continuance of their grandeur and prosperity. We should see, living again on the canvas, the epochs when the Yorkshire Cavaliers came gallantly to the field for their king—when the fiery Rupert charged at the head of his guard of gentlemen—when, under a happier star, William came to restore England to its native character, and James fled to shew that slavery could not live on the British soil. The portrait-galleries of the nobles and gentlemen of England, abounding in the finest materials for giving reality to those pictures, would give an aid unequalled in any other country; and by the same honourable, wise, and feeling patronage which gave public employment to the man of ability, the nation would be laying up for itself a treasure of the richest remembrances that ever stirred the spirit of a mighty empire.

Haydon's present picture, "The Chaining of the Members," that mock ceremonial which took place in the King's Bench, is a most powerful performance. But few artists in England could have either conceived or executed it. We know of no artist out of England who could have approached the spirit, vividness, and close portraiture of character visible in every feature of this fine painting. The mixture of wild riot and cureless melancholy, the affected phrenzy side by side with the real, the mirth and misery, are admirably seized, and the whole grouping is in the ablest style of the pencil. It ought to be the companion to the King's purchase. But it is not by a solitary instance of patronage, however honourable to the high quarter from which it comes, that the true means of securing a great artist to his country are to be compassed. We have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing Haydon a great artist, a man of an original mind, of remarkable powers of execution, and requiring only the commands of the public to distinguish himself and it, more than he has ever done, or can ever do without them. Let the traffickers of their thousands and ten thousands for Italian pictures—often the rubbish of Italian galleries, often the fabrication of German, French, and English garrets—look to this; look to Haydon, telling him that his pencil waits only their disposal, and think of the fruitless prodigality of raising monuments over the graves of men of genius, whom the hundredth part of the expenditure would have kept in active, opulent, and nationally-honourable existence. What has Scotland gained by her statues and cenotaphs to the memory of Burns, but the scoff of all who know that she suffered that great and unfortunate genius to perish, rather than mulct herself of a farthing. But ostentation will give tons of gold, where charity, common-sense, and national honour cannot extract grains. Let our Grosvenors, Staffords, and Farnboroughs, we say, look to Haydon.

Hunton the felon's villa makes a figure among the month's sales at Garraway's. This villa was a fine affair—"a spacious family residence, with numerous offices, carriage-yard, stabling and coach-house, out-buildings, with extensive pleasure-grounds, walled gardens, orchard, lawn, plantations, vinery, &c., and fifteen acres of meadow and tillage." The whole sold for £3,400.

Of course no man can desire to exult in the fate of a miserable being, urged by vanity to extravagance, and by extravagance to fraud. But what a lesson is here in the contrast of his luxuries and his end! and how naturally the one leads to the other! Here was a gradual slave of meanness and guilt, who could not live without the honour and glory of a villa, which, if he had never dreamed of, he might have been at this hour a thriving and respectable man, and of which the very price, if he could have prevailed on himself to dispense with his vinery, orchards, &c., might have saved him from the atrocious act for which he died.

We shrink from the calculation of how many of his survivors are on the verge of the same course of guilt by the same contemptible necessity. When persons employed at the low salaries of our public offices, feel it incumbent on them to ape their superiors, and, on a couple of hundreds a year, shew off at the rate of as many thousands, flourish in tilburies, attend Epsom, lay in their own champagne, and give dinners to "a select few" at the Albion, we know where the history must end. We regularly find its development in a flight to America, with £20,000. of that public money for which, if negligence in high places be punishable, the head of the office ought to be mulcted to double the amount; or in a flight from the world, in the stockbroker-style, at the tangent of a pistol; or in a farewell to it, at the end of a rope, in the shopkeeper-style. But, in whatever style the close arrives, the catastrophe is inevitable; and if every villa in the vicinage of London, for which a speculator has been banished, shot, or hanged, were to have his effigy fixed up in the centre of its "lawn, surrounded," as Mr. Robins says, "with flowering shrubs of the most enchanting odours, brilliant Cape-heaths, and orange-trees brought from the first conservatories in the *realms* of the British isles;" the warning would be the preservative of many a neck. The seduction of the villa, even with all its silken-lined verandas, and plate-glass windows down to the ground, would be tolerably neutralized by the scarecrow in front; or if, instead of the effigy, the skeleton of the culprit could be gibbeted on the parterre, the sight would be only the more valuable, if not for its entertainment, at least for its moral. We recommend the hint to the Legislature.

Madame Vestris, in the present quiescent state of St. Stephen's, has been indulging the town with oratory. She is a clever little creature, and oppressed with as small a share of diffidence as any female alive. Her speech was totally uncalled for, and very well delivered. But the critics forget, when they speak of it as the first instance of female eloquence on the stage. We remember better, and it is but justice to record that Madame Vestris herself, half a dozen years ago, moved by the indignity of having only half a dozen wax candles burning in her dressing-room at the Opera, when Catalani, or Ronzi de Begnis, or some equally superb affair, burned seven, broke out into open war with the authorities behind the scenes; a war, the rumours of which soon, of course, reached the audience. A newspaper correspondence ensued, in which little Vestris, conceiving herself aggrieved, took the summary and spirited resolution of telling her own story to the audience; bringing forward the reluctant stage director, by the ear or the nose, we cannot exactly recollect which, to substantiate her facts against himself, which the unhappy director did in a very satisfactory and rueful manner. She

is a very good actress, not a very bad singer, wears remarkably well, and is extremely dangerous to quarrel with.

Of all monarchs, our excellent King is certainly the most unlucky in his places of residence. With five or six palaces, he has not at this moment one in which he can hide his head. St. James's, once a solid, comfortable, old mansion, in which his royal father contrived to pass many a pleasant day, and give his loving subjects many a pleasant entertainment, is one half ruin, and the other half turned into a cold suite of heavy halls, where eternal solitude and silence reign, rooms fit for nothing but laying illustrious bodies in state, or the only less dreary ceremonial of a yearly levee.

Buckingham House, once like its neighbour, a good old comfortable mansion, where the old king spent many a pleasant day, too, and lived among his lords and ladies, is down to the ground, and superseded by the very worst building of the kind on the habitable globe. But even this fine affair has not a spot in which anybody can eat, drink, or sleep; and half a generation may pass away before it will be pulled down again. As to being either handsome or healthy, the question has been perfectly settled; and we hope that, while his Majesty can have a bed at the Hummums for five shillings a night, he will not be careless enough of his rheumatism, or of his character as a man of taste, ever to take a bed in the Nash palace.

Kew Palace, at no time a great favourite of ours, but still capable of being dwelt in; and convenient for a royal residence by its vicinity to ministers (who regularly lose a whole day by a journey to Windsor), is now the palace of the "Winter wild," and we question whether a bat or an owl that has any notions of comfort, would think of roosting there. Kew is a ruin; and, though Lord Sidmouth, and others of those old gentlemen, who have been long attached to living tax free, may cast a longing eye to lodgings under its roof, we, as loyal subjects, must caution the privy council against sanctioning any royal attempt of the kind.

Windsor Castle is, up to this hour, what it has been these six years, a mass of dust, mortar, Roman cement, and Irish bricklayers. Even the appendix to Mr. Wyatt's name has not wrought the miracle of giving his Majesty one closet in which he may drink a cup of coffee in security. Upholsterers, smiths, carvers and gilders, usurp the regal tenement, and the halls of the illustrious progenitors of the Brunswicks, are still frightened from their propriety, by the dragging of carts, the pushing of wheel-barrows, the clank of hammers, and the dialect of Con-nemara. Whether we should impeach the architect of the voluminous name, or lament the severity of that fate, which for ever prohibits the richest king of the richest kingdom, from having a spot to call his own, we may pledge ourselves that there has not been a more houseless sovereign since the day when William the Conqueror slept under canvass, on the shingle of Pevensey.

They are now making the additional experiment of lighting the Castle with gas; in the lucky moment, too, when every body else is turning it out of his house as fast as he can. Let justice be done to gas as much as to the Lord Mayor. Both are excellent in their proper place, and quite the contrary in every other. Gas in our roads, where, if it blow up, it can blow up only a watchman; gas in our streets, in our shop-

windows, in our rooms, every where that it must be in perpetual contact with the open air, and can do no harm to any body, is capital. But gas in a palace, where it can take unnoted possession of half a wing full of gold candelabra, Lyons'-silk draperies, and buhl cabinets, and, upon the entrance of the first footman with a candle in his hand, can carry off the whole wing into the air, may be considered a hazardous inmate. To prove the point on a minor scale, a gazometer has already burst itself in the presence of Majesty, as if with the loyal object of giving a lesson to the unwitting introducers of this new element of royal hazards. The theatre, too, has done its duty in administering wisdom to the gas lovers; and seldom as its lessons are worth any thing, its lesson on this topic is not contemptible. Long may the King live, say we, and soon may he have a house to live in. As to palaces, he will never have a modern one, worth its first coat of paint. But Alfred lived for a year in a cottage. Peter the Great's wooden hut is still an evidence of under what humility of roof a mighty monarch may reside; and, though every capital of Europe, from Paris to Petersburg, puts our huge and haughty metropolis to shame, yet say we still, "Vive le Roi, quand même." Long live the King, in spite of the architects.

Since our writing this denunciation of Mr. Wyatville, we see that the architect, doubtless acquainted with our intention, and alarmed at its ruinous consequences, has actually contrived to sweep the Castle causeway, and plant his Majesty in Windsor. So much for righteous terror! But the work of repair and overthrow goes on still; and we warn Sir Jeffery Wyatville, that, unless he exert his energies for the utter exile of the brigades and squadrons of bricklayers and hodmen that still besiege the royal residence, we shall nullify his knighthood.

Mr. Denman, Nero-Denman, "woman-go-and-sin-no-more" Denman, has at last, after the expiration of the term of a Botany Bay repentance, seven long years of misery and mortification, got a silk gown!

The vigorous, loyal, and sagacious counsel to Queen Caroline of mob-memory; the liberal *par excellence*, the grim associate of the Woods and Wilsons, the Broughams and Bergamis, of that glorious time of love and liberty, has got a silk gown!

The dashing Solicitor General of a week, to her Majesty of a month, who, by the finest exploit in blunder, since the memory of Momus, contrived to burlesque common sense, insult both sides at once, and make his name proverbial for absurdity, has got a silk gown! How this object of seven years' supplication has been vouchsafed to him by the Duke of Wellington, no man can conceive; except that it may be in the contemptuous determination uniformly evinced by his Grace, to show the whole tribe of "popular orators" as paltry as they were ever pert, impudent, and presuming.

Advices from South America mention, that the attempt to cut a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, through the Isthmus, will be renewed. Nothing could be more important to our Indian empire. All controversy on the value of India to England, has been long since extinguished. The experience of all mankind cannot be in error; and, from the earliest connexion of Europe with the "Golden Peninsula," its possession, or its commerce, has been the ambition or the envy, of every people that aspired to European power.

In the later ages, Portugal, Holland, and France lavished their blood and treasure for this supremacy. In the older times, the states round the Mediterranean were powerful, or weak, in proportion as they possessed or lost this opulent connexion; and the declaimer against the value of India to its present great possessor, must first prove that the course of nature which, since the earliest ages, has made India the source of opulence to the west, has been superseded, when the great experiment is to be tried by England; and that the languid industry, imperfect knowledge, and tyrannical restraints, which enfeebled and impoverished the progress of commerce in all ages, are more congenial to national success, than the admirable intelligence, exhaustless industry, and matchless freedom of mind, habits, and institutions, that place England at the head of the modern world.

It is unquestionable that Great Britain has not, hitherto, been enriched by India. The possession has been too brief; scarcely more than half a century has passed since the British name was almost unknown in Asia, since our dominion was limited to a factory, and our influence to the ear of some menial of the Mahometan courts, purchased by the humiliating submissions and bribes of a few merchants, whose ventures scarcely deserved the name of trade. Since that period we have had the up-hill work of constructing an empire. In a country hostile to our name, our faith, and our rights, we have been compelled to fight, at times, for existence; and, in all instances, with an inferiority of means that made the effort as hazardous as the triumph was precarious and limited.

We still persevered, under difficulties which never were surmounted by our earlier competitors for this most magnificent prize of valour and council; and by the qualities which so nobly characterize our country, by the union of indefatigable firmness with active resolution—by blameless justice and brilliant energy, we have at length established the British name in direct, or virtual authority, over a population of sixty millions. For the clamours which charge our mastery of India with usurpation, we shall not care, until they are supported by proof. The history of our dominion is plain and honourable. Established, originally, in a small factory in Bengal, our merchants were called on by the sovereign of the province to assist him against his invader. Every man has a right to defend himself; and the British factory, in taking up arms, were only resisting plunder and massacre. Their aid gave the victory to their protector. In his gratitude he enlarged their territory. The changes of government in India, where the slave often succeeds to the throne of the master whom he murders, often exposed the British factory to the violence of those lawless and plundering usurpers. The British vigour and discipline as often turned the attack into defeat; and the territory torn from the invader consolidated the power of the settlers. The progress, thenceforth, was obvious, even to an extent of dominion which it has actually, at all times, deprecated, but to which it has been driven by the necessity for providing against the habitual violence and treachery of barbarians, whom it was always incomparably safer to meet in the field than to trust in treaty. But the expense of those struggles has been inordinate—vast armies to be supported—a multitude of functionaries to be kept in activity—a great system of law, commerce, and government, to be urged through the decayed and choked-up channels of the old Indian sovereignties, have absorbed the revenues of the country, and to this hour England is actually the poorer for her intercourse with India.

But this has been but the sowing of the field, the harvest is yet to be reaped; and, unless we choose to defeat our own purposes, and throw away the benefit of all that we have done, never nation gathered such a produce as is rising to our hand, at this hour, in the mighty extent of the British Indian Empire.

It is by our commerce that this harvest is to be gathered. The limited nature of our early trade with the peninsula, perhaps, rendered necessary by that commercial childhood of nations, which must be led, step-by-step, in the nursing of monopolies, has given way to a comparative freedom, which a few years more will probably enlarge into complete liberty. Even at present, the trade from the outports is of high importance, is hourly extending, and by those miracles of industry, which can be wrought only in a free country, England is sending back to India the produce of her own soil, manufactured by us into the finest fabrics of human skill. But neither the power of the manufacturer, nor the extent of his market, can be yet limited. While the loom in our western world is speeding its progress in dexterity and beauty, the sword and the sceptre in our eastern, are securing the peace of the land; the spirit of law is spreading through the most barbarous regions, the artisan is protected, the agriculturist is safe in the fruit of his labours, and the merchant returns with his traffic, sure of enjoying it untouched by the extortion of his ancient plundering chieftains. The invasions which every year threatened every province; the perpetual robbery which made wealth only a mark for its owner's pillage or death; the constant irritating tyranny which breaks down the strength of industry and the heart of man, are heard of no more. The native under the British dominion, is as free as his lord; under the rajahs he is almost secure from violence, by the easy power of escape to our lenient government, or by the general amelioration of manners; and the whole productive vigour of man is in progress, to be expended fearlessly upon the most productive expanse of territory ever offered to his intelligence and activity. The conquest of the Burmese border has given security to our empire on a hazardous and ill-defended quarter. The Russian exploits against the Turkish fortresses will, probably, cure that very boasting and invading government of its eagerness for marching Cossacks towards India; and the experiment of crossing the Balkan, will, we presume, be a very sufficient cure for the ambition of assaulting the Himmalch. Persia is weak, wearied with war, and taught the value of British alliance. The Mahrattas, Pindarees, and the whole race of habitual plunderers and robbers of India, are crushed, and kept in stern subordination by the British power.

For what ultimate purpose, in the councils of Providence, this unparalleled extent of dominion, supported by such unparalleled insignificance of means, has been given into the possession of a people, at the distance of half the globe, and whose whole European dominion would be but an appendage to the superb expanse of Hindostan, is a question to be answered only by the future. But it is not inconsistent with the analogy of great Providential trusts to believe, that India has been given to England for the purpose of increasing the light, the happiness, and the purity of the governed; and that every attempt to introduce the arts of peace, to civilize by literature, to ameliorate by a strict administration of law, and to purify by that most essential and humanizing of all knowledge, the knowledge of Christianity, is not less an act of national good

than of political wisdom—not less a solemn duty than a solid security against change.

To those who talk with alarm of the results of civilizing India, we almost disdain to give a reply. If the result were even to be our never setting a foot again upon its soil, it would not the less be our indispensable duty to communicate all the good in our power, physical or intellectual. For such is the command. But nations have never lost, and never will lose dominion by generous and active benevolence. Tyranny makes the timid daring, and the weak strong, for its overthrow. But gentleness, wisdom, and religion, are a pledge of empire that has never failed. We scorn, too, the outcry raised against the extinction of the habitual cruelties of India; the burnings of widows, the exposures of the aged, and the immolation of infants. We are ourselves partakers of the guilt, as long as we suffer it within our limits. It is nonsense to say that our prohibition would not be effective and final—that the Brahmins, whom we pay, or the population whom we protect, would resist an order so palpably disinterested, and dictated by such obvious humanity. The peninsula is not roused in arms by our demand of contributions—nor by our punishment of those who resist the demand, a much severer privation than the abandonment of an atrocious ceremony. We hang a Brahmin for murder, as soon as any other man; yet there is no insurrection of his order. We imprison, banish, fine, execute every form of law on every rank of offender, yet not a syllable of national murmur is heard. And yet we cannot prohibit the horrid and criminal murder of unfortunate women, whether victims, or enthusiasts, perpetrated under our eyes. This, too, will be at an end. It must wait only the additional intelligence of a few years, and the closer connexion with Europe.

The passage between Mexico and Columbia would be the greatest physical event in human amelioration since the discovery of America. The four months' voyage reduced to two; the hazards of a navigation through the most perilous seas of the world, exchanged for the safest; the uncertainty of the sailing vessel substituted by the steam-boat, would produce an interchange between Europe and Asia of the most boundless benefit to both. China, Japan, the Islands, the richest Archipelago of the world, all would be unlocked to European enterprize, and commerce then, indeed, would begin her day of glory.

THE CHAIN OF LOVE.

WIND the spell, bind the spell,
What is in it? Fond farewell,
Wreathed with drops from azure eyes,
Twilight vows, and midnight sighs.

Bind it on the maiden's soul:
Suns may set, and years may roll,
Yet, beneath that tender twine,
All the spirit shall be thine.

Oceans may between you sweep,
Yet the spell's as strong and deep;
Anguish, distance, time, are vain—
Death alone can loose the chain.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Castilian, by Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosío, 3 vols. 1829:—Don Telesforo, of Trueba and Cosío, the author of Gomez Arias, and now of the Castilian, is fairly enrolled in the army of English novelists, and must be allowed to take a very respectable rank. A tolerably easy use of the English language by a foreigner, and especially by one of the south, is a thing of unusual attainment; but the free and full command of it exhibited by the author, is quite without precedent—not another word can be pleaded in the way of extenuation—he writes like a native, and must be judged by the same standard, and he need not shrink from even challenging scrutiny. The subject of the present production is still Spanish—of course, the writer could not do better than adhere to that with which he must be most familiar—it has the charm of novelty—it is his own field of action—he need fear no rival, for the chances are a thousand to one of another Spaniard springing up with equal advantages, and no Englishman will contest the ground with him—except perhaps the Laurent, should he take to novel writing—and we wonder, by the way, he does not—though, to be sure, his histories have much of the same quality.

The historical period, and indeed the subject, is mainly Don Pedro, surnamed the Cruel. The Castilian is one, almost the only one of his friends, whose fidelity survived all outrages and insults, and adhered to him in all extremities, with a devotion more than chivalric. Pedro, though represented by legitimate histories in the blackest and most revolting colours, has yet found extenuators, especially one who takes the pious cognomen of Gratia dei—not a priest, we may be sure. Don Telesforo, too, professes, upon close consideration, to think the recorded atrocities exaggerated, and to have felt himself warranted in softening the shades a little; but the visible signs of this good will and gentle purpose, are out of the reach of our dull vision—for truly, the Don Pedro before us, is as justly entitled to the epithets of cruel, truculent, infernal, as any of the Don Pedros of history we ever read. He is the very demon of revenge—what more can he be—the vampire of blood—a Phalaris—a Nero—jealous—haughty—passionate—intemperate—with sundry other choice qualities, the direct, and, according to Mr. Godwin, the inevitable progeny of despotism—relieved, and scarcely relieved, by one single touch of humanity—acknowledgment of wrong—and that somewhat corrupted by the presence or approach of necessity. No doubt Pedro is largely indebted to his clerical friends—a priest had murdered the father of a cobbler—the cobbler, prompted by something like excuseable revenge, killed the priest; and of course the whole community of the clergy were in arms. The

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culprit was seized—he was charged rather with impiety, sacrilege, blasphemy, than murder; and Pedro, who liked any thing in any shape, that savoured of despotism, chose himself to try the cause. He called on the miserable wretch for his defence, and the man nakedly stated the motive. What was done to the priest? He was suspended from his sacred functions for a twelvemonth. Then let the cobbler be rigidly prohibited from mending shoes for the same period. The solemn mockery was never forgiven by the sacerdotes.

The Castilian is of course the model of honour and loyalty. He is betrothed to a very lovely lady, the noble and inflexible daughter of a grandee of somewhat pliable principles, disposed to be on terms with whoever was strongest. Pedro is obliged to fly before the triumphs of his bastard brother, Enrique de Trastámara, and the Castilian accompanies him. Coolly received by the Court of Portugal, Pedro and his half dozen attendants repair to the Black Prince, our own Edward of Wales, in Guienne; and the chivalrous spirit of that redoubted prince prompts him at once to aid legitimacy against illegitimacy. A considerable force of knights and adventurers is assembled, and by the decisive battle of Najara in 1367, a battle not inferior in conduct, bravery and effect, to those of Poitiers and Cressy, though less talked of, Enrique is routed, and Pedro replaced on the throne of Castile. Revenge was boiling in Pedro's bosom—the new opportunity of indulging it was dearer to him than the recovery of his throne; but when he demanded the surrender to himself of the many noble captives, Edward firmly stipulated for their forgiveness, and thus for a time rescued them from the famished jaws of the human tiger. Pedro was compelled to temporize; but impatient of restraint, and thirsting for blood, he soon broke faith with the Prince: and long before the English troops quitted Seville, he had made several quondam courtiers shorter by the head, and plunged one poor lady into the flames. Edward, after sundry fruitless remonstrances, in the true spirit of a knight, and with the humanity of a Christian, was finally disgusted, and abandoning the tyrant, returned to Guienne. This was the signal for new conspiracies among the nobles still attached to the cause of Trastámara, and more and more alienated by the tyrant's recent cruelties, and their own impending peril.

Some, however, still adhered, and among them, of course, the Castilian, but even his fidelity was for a moment shaken. He had solicited the king's permission to marry Costanza—the King hesitated—affected surprise—but eventually gave his consent for the ceremony at the end of two months. That time expired, he preemptorily forbade

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the completion of the match—he was himself fascinated by the lady's charms, and resolved to enjoy them on his own terms. The indignation of the Castilian is raised—he expostulates—in vain. The insults he was receiving were known—he was solicited by letter to join the conspiracy—he shrunk from contagion, and proceeded to the palace to denounce the conspirators; but his purpose was defeated by new insults from the King, and even a blow—but one which did not reach his person—he intercepted it with his hat. Pedro was wrought up to fury—the lady was gone, no one knew whither—he drew his sword, and was rushing on his victim, when the Castilian bared his loyal bosom for the stroke. The King was shaken by his firmness, and the Castilian withdrew, with the resolution forthwith to join Trastamara. But cooling again, his loyalism returned in full glow, and Pedro, anticipating his too probable purpose, had him instantly arrested and plunged into a dungeon, where he suffered all sorts of privations and indignities for a couple of months—when suddenly the tyrant—his foes were hemming him round—made a sort of *amende honorable*—confessed his wrongs—and consented to the marriage. This of course was ample reparation.

The enemy approaching, Pedro was driven on one occasion, to take refuge with his faithful Castilian, in the castle of Costanza's father. Intelligence of his retreat was carried to the adverse party, and Don Lara, a relative of Costanza, and one to whom she had once been betrothed, and who without doubt had been indifferently treated by all parties—heads a detachment of troops to search for the royal fugitive. Luckily he escapes, by the self-devotion of the Castilian. Lara, who though a somewhat generous fellow, is as furious as love, jealousy and revenge can make him—seizes the Castilian, and destines him for immediate execution. Costanza pleads for the life of her lover, and a scene of very considerable force follows—he is ungenerous enough to offer the alternative—her hand, or her lover's death. After a deep struggle, she consents, and the Castilian is released, and again joins Pedro—though not without first upbraiding the fond and devoted girl for her cowardly yieldings.

Soon a conflict ensues, in which Lara, after performing feats of valour, receives his death-stroke from the Castilian. They recognize each other—coming death softens the heart of Lara—he repents—solicits forgiveness—sends for his wife—writes to Enrique, and dies in peace with every body, and forgiven by every body.

The final scene now approaches. Pedro is betrayed into Duguesclin's tent—Trastamara appears—a personal struggle follows—Pedro's fury gives him the superiority—but by the attendants he is basely wounded, and finally despatched. The Castilian is condemned by Trastamara as the sole victim on

his re-accession—kings must have victims on these occasions—when Costanza, the young widow, appears, and presents to the king the last prayer of his favourite, Lara, which proved to be the pardon of the Castilian. He is accordingly released; and he and the widow, after the due period of mourning, marry; but the feelings of loyalism, which still burn brightly in the Castilian's bosom, refuse to obey an usurper; and he withdraws to England, to his friend in arms, Sir John Chandos, where he lives—till he dies.

History of the Commonwealth, by W. Godwin, vol. iv; 1828.—This fourth volume embraces the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, and appears to conclude Mr. Godwin's purpose—though he hints at the possibility of yet conducting the story to the return of Charles, under the title of a History of the Restoration. For the most part Cromwell has been shewn up by royalists—his bitterest enemies—who could no better give vent to their rage and malignity, than by depreciating the man, who had so long kept them down. Whatever was calculated to excite contempt, hatred, disgust, and indignation, has been from those days to these zealously hunted out, and where materials failed, have been invented to accomplish their purpose—or how could we find him, as we do, represented in so many incompatible disguises—rude and brutal—illiterate—fanatic—poor—a brewer—a farmer—tyrannical—arbitrary—half madman—half hypocrite—and yet triumphant? Mr. Godwin has, of course, no prejudices against him, but neither is he his unqualified admirer; he has no sympathies with aristocratic feelings, but he can mark and estimate them; he is too independent in thought not to judge for himself, too active to rest in hereditary prepossessions, and too sagacious not to question effects, which are ascribed to improbable or incompetent causes. Cromwell dissolved abruptly his parliaments of 1654 and 1656; he dismissed three judges, and sent as many eminent counsel to the tower, all, apparently, for discharging their duties; he imposed taxes, and made laws by his sole authority; he excluded, arbitrarily, a hundred members from parliament, and instituted a house of lords, it is added, from the dregs of the people. These are the acts of a madman; but Cromwell was no madman; therefore either these facts were not true, or they are assigned to wrong causes. The facts themselves are mostly true; and the object of Mr. Godwin is to give sense and consistency to the narrative of Cromwell's Protectorate. The course he takes is to shew the necessity under which Cromwell acted, and the acts complained of were, generally, the best which imperious circumstances admitted. He does not justify Cromwell through thick and thin, but suggests carefully and steadily the extenuations, which truth and the evidence of facts, and common candour demand.

Cromwell was a sincere man—he had a conscience about him, though often passing the limits of his convictions of right—he would willingly have kept within those limits, under any penalty short of losing the sovereignty he had once seized. He was, besides, an enlightened man—to a degree far beyond the common impression—he wished no man to be restricted in his religious professions, save only, perhaps, prelates and catholics. Once he was prompted to lend his sanction to an act against them, but we are left in ignorance of what immediately led to this solitary instance. Burton's Diary has been of infinite service in establishing the fact how impossible it was for Cromwell, even by excluding the hundred members, to get on with his parliaments. They were as resolute to abridge his authority, as the Long Parliament were to cut down Charles's; and Oliver as determined to keep what he had got, as ever Charles had been—with more skill, temper, and tact. Generally historians, the least prejudiced, have thought he died luckily for himself—his resources were at an end; Mr. Godwin thinks differently; but the probability—the symptoms of permanence, are not well made out—they rest solely upon Mr. G's conviction of the inexhaustibility of his mental resources. But he has undoubtedly succeeded in shewing distinctly the bright side of Cromwell—in exhibiting his better and admirable points—the facility with which he baffled his enemies—the resolution with which he faced danger—the promptitude with which he extricated himself—his attachments—his liberalities—his magnanimities. Neither has he veiled the more questionable features, though he has not hesitated to reject what creditable evidence warranted him in pronouncing royalist calumnies.

Obscure intimations, in many quarters, occur relative to an attempt on the part of Barebone's Parliament to suppress the "universities, tithes, and learning." Mr. G. has searched for this history of this affair in vain; but has collected the scattered hints. Among these is Cromwell's speech on declining the title of king, in which, speaking of that parliament (Barebone's) he says, the sober part of it had returned the power into his hands to prevent the destruction of the ministers of the gospel, and the setting up of the Judicial law of Moses, in abrogation of all our ministrations. Sydenham, in his speech to that very parliament, speaks of them as the 'enemies of all intellectual cultivation and learning.' Baxter, in his narrative of his own life, says, it had been the aim of this parliament to overturn the established ministry (clergy). Clarendon, who of course makes the worst of it, says, they proposed to sell college lands and apply the proceeds to the service of the nation. Echard talks of their proposing to suppress the universities, and all schools of learning, as heathenish and unnecessary.

Though inclined to give little weight to these singly, and disposed to think Cromwell had an interest in misrepresenting that parliament, yet, when taken together, Mr. Godwin is forced to conclude there must have been some ground for the charge—especially supported as it is by Owen's speech, as vice chancellor of Oxford, in which he says—'the Supreme Arbitrator of all so scattered all their counsels and their concerts in a moment that the conspirators hardly and with difficulty provided for their own safety who *three days* before were in the act to devour us (the university).' Three names are particularly distinguishable as enemies of the ecclesiastical function and of learning—Dell—Erberly—and Webster—all three of them had been chaplains in the army, and were eminent as men of learning themselves; Dell was master of Caius', and held the office till the restoration. Of this parliament, Clarendon boldly affirms they were generally a pack of weak, senseless fellows, fit only to bring the name of a parliament into utter contempt; and that much the greater part of them consisted of inferior persons of no name or quality, artificers of the meanest trades, known only by their gifts in praying and preaching. This account Hume, as every body knows, has literally adopted—though it should be remembered Clarendon could know nothing of the matter but by hearsay. It is only necessary to consult the list of the members to refute this calumny—*ex pede Herculis*.

The parliament of 1656 shewed manifest symptoms of religious persecution—the case of Naylor is very memorable. Many were for putting him to death, and Skippon professed to speak the Protector's sentiments—that he had always been for allowance to tender consciences, but had never intended to indulge such things. Cromwell, however, shewed great anxiety, while the subject of death was under discussion, but when that was abandoned, left them to themselves. To Biddle, the Socinian, he allowed a hundred crowns a year, during the three years he was confined in St. Mary's Castle, in the Scilly Islands; and laboured hard to give some relief to the Jews. He named a conference, but was overruled by the divines, who overwhelmed him by piling text upon text. Firmen, then an apprentice, and afterwards one of the most distinguished advocates of Socinianism, ventured, it is said, personally to solicit Cromwell, to whom the Protector replied, "You curl-pated boy you, do you think I will shew favour to a man who denies his Saviour, and disturbs the government?" Firmen was at this time, thirty-three years of age—of course the story is an invention.

Godwin quotes, at great length, from the speech addressed by Cromwell to the Committee appointed to satisfy his scruples, as to the royal title, and says of it, correctly enough, it is singularly excellent. And yet

of this very speech it is that Hume remarks, "we will produce any passage at random, for the discourse is all of a piece;" and then boldly concludes, "The great defect of Oliver consists not in his want of elocution, but in want of ideas; he was incapable of expressing himself on the occasion, but in a manner, which a peasant of the most ordinary capacity would justly be ashamed of." So, of course, every body supposes Cromwell was, what somebody, with equal justice, called Goldsmith, an inspired idiot.

Cromwell is represented, commonly, as driving the Irish population, rich and poor—all, without exception—into Connaught. "There was a large tract of land," says Clarendon—he is the chief authority—"even to the half of the province of Connaught, that was separated from the rest of the kingdom by a long and large river, and which by the plague and many massacres, remained almost desolate. Into this space and circuit of land they required all the Irish to retire by such a day under the penalty of death; and all who should after that time be found in any other part of the kingdom, man, woman, or child, should be killed by any body who saw or met them." Of this improbable representation, Godwin says, "I endeavoured to figure to myself three fourths of the territory of Ireland without an inhabitant—no soul left through its cities, its uplands, its vallies, its farm-houses, and its granges, but the English invaders, and their English families. I own the weakness of my understanding, and my imagination; I could not take it in;" and then proceeds to shew the absurdity by details that must, in every one's mind prove decisive.

The book is of the highest value.

The Disowned, by the Author of Pelham. 4 vols; 1829.—The aiming at something far above the fame of a fashionable novelist—we know not by what title the author can claim any higher classification. Pelham was a puppy, and a pedantic puppy; and very much of the writing, with a sort of dramatic propriety, bore the characteristics of one. He was a gentleman—a man of fashion merely, filling a certain small niche, or moving in one narrow orbit, and affecting to turn up his nose at all others. He reminded us of Dr. Dibdin, a consummate bibliomaniac, exhibiting the follies of bibliomania. The vivacity and smartness compensated, however, for a great deal of nonsense, conceit, pertness, and punning. *The Disowned* has all the brilliancies of Pelham, and is stripped of many of the petulancies, which more frequently revolted than piqued or tickled. It shews more reading, certainly—perhaps more reflection, and a more matured intellect altogether, though much of the former frippery still hangs about it, splendid and sparkling as stage tinsel. The tale—the mere construction of the tale, is far inferior to Pelham—it consists indeed only of some half dozen incidents, and those of the more im-

probable kind—of the mere 'novel' cast; and the whole would be nothing, but for the vein of commentary and discussion which runs through it; and unluckily those very discussions, though good—on character, for instance, and genius—and the best of the book, will be least read—perhaps not read at all. The author is a highly cultivated person, and deep in Rousseau and French sentimentalists—we are not speaking disrespectfully—and he is himself very capable of working in the depths of the same mines, and eliciting more metal of the same sterling value. We shall venture to recommend him to pursue his obvious bent, and give the results in a new shape. Essays—he must find a new title—written in the same spirit, would be read, unconnected with a tale—connected with a tale, he may take our experience—they will not. A novel is taken up ninety-nine times out of a hundred, not only by young ladies, to get to the end of it without being interrupted by impertinencies—by any thing which obliges the reader to stop and inquire. Story, story—laugh as the writer will—nothing else goes down, and luckily nobody is very particular what the story is.

A young gentleman appears upon the scene, tramping his way towards an inn—he is about eighteen—of a patrician figure—bold forehead, eyes of fire, and nose, like Lebanon. He falls in with a King Cole, who quotes Shakspeare and Chaucer—spends a merry evening—he can accommodate to any thing—with a troop of gypsies, and proceeds the next morning to the inn, where he finds a box or two with the initials C. L., and a letter containing 1000*l.*—the whole he is entitled to. The curiosity of the landlady compels him to give a name; and he suddenly pitches upon the liquid one of Clarence Linden. The youth, it appears, has been turned out of doors, the why is the kernel of the mystery. He is of a soaring cast, and with his 1000*l.*, and his own good spirits, he proposes to buffet the world, and win himself a name, since he has lost his own. To town, of course, he flies; and luckily pitches upon a sort of boarding-house, where he meets with an eccentric old beau, living in the neighbourhood—a man of family and fortune—and once conspicuously of fashion—with whom he soon forms an intimacy, and soon also has the opportunity of saving his life, by shooting a house-breaker. This, of course brings on greater intimacy, and the youth is prompted to tell his own story, to which the reader is not yet admitted. Luckily, again, the old gentleman takes a prodigious liking—adopts him, in short—hints are given of some relationship—and the youth is speedily, under the most promising auspices, attached to an embassy, with a liberal allowance from his patron. After a lapse of four years, he returns with the ambassador as his private secretary, and with him is to go out again, as secretary of legation. Through the ambassador and his

patron, we find him introduced, and quite at home, in the first circles (that is the correct phrase, we believe) chatting with the minister, and making love to the daughter of a Marquis.

The more conspicuous he becomes, the more of course he excites inquiry; and whispers soon circulate, that he is nobody knows who—perhaps old Talbot's bastard. A Lord Borodaile, the son of an Earl Ulswater, an admirer of the Marquis's daughter, resolves to settle the question, and insults him. The high spirited youth, of course, challenges; but the reader is surprised to find some struggle—a burst of tears, even—before he determines. In the encounter, he is severely wounded, and fires in the air. Before he fairly recovers, old Talbot dies, and leaves him a mansion, 5000*l.* a year, and 80,000*l.* in the funds—we love to be accurate. With these indispensables he addresses Lady Flora, and has his letter returned—the same story had reached her and her friends. Thus repulsed, he accepts the secretaryship, about which his ample windfall had before induced him to waver, and again we lose sight of him for another two or three years; and when he reappears it is of course with additional splendour—he is in Parliament—under-secretary of state, and conspicuous for activity, intriguing, and speaking.

Lady Flora, in the mean while, is not forgotten, though no longer pursued, till suddenly he gets a letter from some duke, his particular friend—who, by the way, never bows to a gentleman) who has just married an especial confidante of her's, that neither is he forgotten—and that though she is now betrothed to Lord Ulswater, his old rival and duellist, she may still be won. To the marquiss he accordingly flies on the instant—finds her in the arbour—begins to tell the softest tale—when Lord Ulswater presents himself, and a scene of violence is threatened, till Clarence catches him by the arm, and bids him beware how he incenses him to pollute his soul with the blood of a ———. “What?” exclaims in fury the other. The word is whispered in his ear,—and a word that astounds and paralyzes. “Are you prepared to prove it?” “I am.” A compact follows—they are to meet in the presence of the marchioness and her daughter in two days. On the day of appointment Clarence appears—no Lord Ulswater—Clarence begins his tale—when Lord Ulswater is brought in, on a litter, dying.—He had, with his horse, been forced down a precipice, by a man who had been stung into the act by an insult—and has but just time to request an interview with Lady Flora and resign her to his brother. And the fact was, Clarence was his half-brother, and had been disowned by the father, because the mother had intrigued with some one, to whom she had been attached before marriage; but pains are taken to assure us of his perfect legitimacy. Clarence thus succeeds to the earldom of Ulswater, and, of course marries Lady Flora. This

story—if it is worth calling one—is mixed up with the events of two or three others—particularly those of a Mr. Mordaunt—who is an ardent philosopher and a fond lover—loses for love an estate—is plunged into the most loathsome poverty—loses his wife by disease—recovers his estate, and is finally shot by a radical, who mistakes him for the prime minister. This radical, also is shewn up at full length—but the lines are much too broad—he is a perfect and frenzied fanatic in republicanism. Poor Mordaunt's tale is a thrilling one, and the tone of gentleness, softness, and tenderness towards the wife, is touching and lovely beyond any thing we remember.

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo (Savary), 4 vols. 8vo. 1823.—Savary has had hard measure; he has been made the scape-goat for the sins of many of his scoundrel contemporaries; his back seems to be thought broad enough, and strong enough, to bear any burden, and no mercy has been shewn in piling packages upon it. Insult has roused him—and, like a stag at bay, he has turned, and made some desperate lunges into the viscera of his pursuers. Though looking upon him as no very scrupulous person, we do not find him either so malicious or so formidable as others represented him, nor so cunning or so successful as he probably thought himself—nor do we see why he is not entitled to a hearing. A man cannot be always lying, nor, if he could, would it be his interest to do so. He is checked in a thousand ways, and his very lies, in a large proportion, furnish materials for their own detection—were it not so, truth would be more scarce even than it is. Placed in a peculiar position, and wielding peculiar weapons, he excited the indignation and vengeance of numbers; but it follows not that this indignation was always just. They were thwarted often by him in very unjustifiable measures, and the language of complaint and reprobation must be cautiously construed into that of justice and equity. We take Savary to have been a pretty honest man, according to his standard of morals—obedience to a superior. We do not believe he *originated* atrocious actions, though he might not hesitate to execute them. With a better master he had been a better man.

At the breaking out of the revolution, he was quite a boy, and in 1791, at fifteen, obtaining a commission in the regiment of cavalry, of which his father had been major, with a cross of St. Louis, he commenced his career in the army commanded by Bouillé. He was successively with Custine, Pichegru, Moreau, and very early employed as an aide-de-camp, first by Ferino, and afterwards by Desaix. In the expedition to Egypt, he was still attached as aide-de-camp to Desaix, attending him wherever he went, to Syria, and the Cataracts, and returning with him to Europe—was present

with him at the battle of Marengo. At this battle it was he first came into immediate contact with Buonaparte. By his activity, especially in bringing up Kellerman, he contributed to the recovery of the day, and at the close of the battle was named, along with Rapp, one of the Consul's aides-de-camp. From this period he was constantly about the person of Napoleon, and employed by him on numerous confidential occasions. He surveyed and reported on the state of the towns surrendered in Italy—inspected the troops with Brune, at Dijon—superintended the preparations of the fleets at Brest and Rochefort, and was just returned from a mission to Dieppe, connected with George's conspiracy, when, as Colonel of the gendarmes, he superintended the execution of the Duke D'Enghien.

This action, which drew upon him so much abuse and execration, he has detailed with great care and minuteness, and laboured hard to throw the odium from himself. He represents himself as knowing nothing about the previous arrangements of the business, but merely as commanding the troops, placed under the orders of the president (Hullin) of the military commission. He had been in Paris only two or three days, when, on the 20th of March (1804), the day before the execution, he was sent with a letter, by Buonaparte, to Murat, the governor of Paris, who commanded him to take certain troops forthwith to Vincennes. These troops were not all assembled, and disposed of at the Castle till three in the morning of the 21st, before which hour Hullin, and the other members of the commission, consisting of the colonels of the garrison of Paris, had arrived, had commenced, and nearly concluded their labours. At this hour Savary, along with others, went into the room, and was just in time to hear the concluding replies of the duke. The room was then cleared; and, in about two hours, the commander of the infantry came to Savary with an order for a picket, to execute the sentence just passed, which he, of course, supplied, and with the rest of the troops witnessed the execution, about six o'clock, in the spacious ditch of the Castle, and then proceeded with all speed to report to the Consul. This, he declares, is all he knows of the matter. The perusal of the particulars will not, perhaps, satisfy any one, though no one will doubt that his refutation of Hullin's incredible story is pretty complete.

In the German campaign of 1805, he accompanied the Emperor as his aide-de-camp, and was specially employed before the battle of Austerlitz, in a message to the Emperor of Russia, and after the battle, again, successively to the Emperors of Austria and Russia. His conversations with these imperial personages are minutely given in a dialogue form. In the campaigns of 1806 and 1807, he was en-

gaged more in military commands—first, as a general of division—next, on the ill-health of Lannes, at the head of the 5th division; and again, at the head of the fusiliers; and, on the taking of Konisberg, was made governor of the town. On the peace of Tilsit, he was dispatched as a sort of Ambassador, though not with the title of one, to Petersburg, where he continued six months, making himself very acceptable to the Emperor, and, by degrees, subduing a good deal of the prejudice existing against him—being finally admitted to circles from which he was at first excluded.

After this residence of six months at St. Petersburg, he returned, in January 1808, to Paris; and on the creation of the new nobility, he was made Duke of Rovigo, and in March, was commissioned to go to Spain, and report upon the state of the Royal Family. This was his sole business; but while in Spain, Ferdinand determined upon going to Bayonne to meet the Emperor, and that, at least, Savary, on his own shewing, promoted. At Vittoria, Ferdinand stopped short, and Savary proceeded by himself onward to Bayonne to the Emperor. He was immediately speeded back to Vittoria, and when finally Ferdinand was persuaded to advance, accompanied him to Bayonne. In June he replaced, in functions, if not in appointments, the Duke of Berg (Murat), at Madrid; and, during his administration, occurred the disastrous surrender of Dupont, at Baylen. Retreat from Madrid was become indispensable for the new king, and Savary preceded him to meet the Emperor, who received him more kindly than he had anticipated—though always sure the Emperor would do justice to well-meant efforts.

The meeting with the Emperor of Russia, at Erfurt, was now at hand, and Savary accompanied Napoleon thither; and, after this memorable interview, Napoleon, still taking Savary with him, hastened to Spain, and entered Madrid. The new administration of the government being arranged, he was pursuing the English army, when, at Asorga, he was surprised by intelligence of extraordinary movements on the part of Austria. Leaving Soult in command, he returned with all speed to Paris to hurry on the necessary preparations; and, again, Savary accompanied him in the perilous campaign of 1809, employed as before, sometimes in commands, and sometimes on occasional commissions.

The war over, Paris was occupied the succeeding winter and spring in the Emperor's marriage, and in the following June Savary was made Minister of Police, which terminated his military career, and introduced him to quite a new scene of business. Fouché left him completely in the lurch—would give him no manner of information, nor communicate even the names of his established agents, except those of the lowest class. But Savary's own activity, and the

interests of the old employés, soon familiarized him with the tricks of the office, which he, by degrees, remodelled according to his own conceptions of efficiency, and spreading his nets on all sides, was thus able, at any moment, to catch whom he pleased. He evidently speaks as if he had every thing under his thumb, though no man can doubt but he must have been for ever the dupe of the rascally agents, high and low, he employed. His accounts of the execution of police duties are decidedly amongst the most attractive and novel parts of his book—by far too complicated and extensive for us to analyze; but we may direct the reader's attention to them, as to portions that beyond all others deserve it.

As Minister of Police, he continued till the exile of Napoleon to Elba; and, though forbidden to take leave of him, was allowed to reside on his estate at some distance from Paris—taking no part in public affairs. The triumphant return of the exile surprised him. He went to the Tuilleries to meet him—was summoned by the Emperor as Minister of Police—executed an order given on the spot, but peremptorily refused to resume the invidious office, though he seems to have taken the command of the *gensdarmes*. He was not at the battle of Waterloo; but was one of those who faithfully proposed to accompany the Emperor, wherever his destinies led him. He was with him on board the *Bellerophon*; but both he and Lallemand were harshly refused permission to share his exile at St. Helena. After Napoleon was put on board the *Northumberland*, Savary and Lallemand were conveyed away to Malta, thrown into prison, and kept there till April of the following year, and then turned adrift. Savary went to Smyrna, and concealed himself in the family, first of an Englishman, and then of a Frenchman, till he learned by the papers his condemnation, *par contumace*, and was urged by his friends to fly. He took the first ship, and was landed at Trieste, where he was seized, and carried to Gratz, when, very unexpectedly, he found himself at liberty. Luckily the Emperor of Austria and Metternich, were passing through Gratz, and Savary obtaining an interview with Metternich, engaged him to get him permission to reside at Smyrna. To Smyrna, accordingly, he returned, when, in March 1819, he found himself again exposed to the vexatious harassings of the French Ambassador at Constantinople, and compelled to quit his asylum. He was now resolved to face his difficulties, and present himself to the authorities at Paris; and, being brought before a court-martial, was tried, and acquitted, and left at large.

Of Bernadotte, Moreau, Fouché, Talleyrand, and their treacheries, as well as of a multitude of less distinguished personages, the reader will find particulars in abundance. The whole must, however, be received with caution—but whose memoirs

ought not to be so received? Here and there, perhaps, there is *unusual* glossing.

The Protestant, by Mrs. Bray, 3 vols., 12mo.; 1828.—The author—for the feminine termination is so wholly un-English that it is not to be borne with—the author, we were going to say, has conspicuously, more than any body we could readily mention, the merit of irrepressible perseverance, and is now reaping, what every body does not, the fruits of it. She mends, and mends decisively. Though not, we confess, disposed to admire the selection of topic, and still less the spirit, in which the story is developed, we readily allow it is well told, and simply told; not complicated by circumstances, and encumbered with details; her characters are fairly and fully worked out, and her authorities, such at least as she has chosen to trust to, carefully consulted and correctly represented. The impression which the author leaves, is that persecution under Mary's reign was universal, over men, women, and children; clergy and laity; perpetual and unceasing; and burning as common as dining, though the number of the sufferers is thoroughly known. Mrs. B. will not so far misunderstand us, as to retort upon us a desire to apologise for catholic enormities.

We trust to the good sense we are sure the author possesses, to take our expostulation, or rather our lament, in good part, while, as is our wont, we sketch slightly her simple and afflicting story. The 'Protestant' is an aged clergyman, a friend of Crammer's, who had taken orders at forty, and then a married man. He had an excellent wife, a very amiable and beautiful daughter, and a son who had imprudently suffered himself to be drawn into a correspondence with Wyatt, in his attempt to raise a party in favour of Elizabeth. The scene of the story is in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, and the precise historical event connected with the family story, is the survey and visitation of the churches in Mary's reign; which was executed in the Canterbury diocese by Thornton, called the Suffragan of Dover, and Hampfield, archdeacon of Canterbury, and a Spanish priest, the confessor of a catholic family in the neighbourhood. These personages are represented as thorough-paced bigots, or knaves—Thornton, licentious and profligate—Hampfield, cruel and savage—the friar, as cunning as cruel, and all the subordinate agents, rogues. The story opens with the visit, apparently friendly, of Thornton, whose object is to entrap the aged protestant into an explicit declaration of his heretical sentiments; but manœuvres are quite superfluous; he is not ashamed of his doctrines, and disdains concealment. He resists the importunities of his wife, who urges him to be cautious; and a crafty and scoundrel attorney is at hand to take notes of the conversation between him and the suffragan. Officers are

forthwith introduced, and the old gentleman is conveyed to the castle, at Canterbury, and flung among felons; and the old lady, in like manner, is consigned to a solitary apartment in the bishop's house; to do public penance, in due time, in a white sheet, as a harlot, the law not recognising a clergyman's wife.

Just as they have gone, and the daughter, with the old servant, are on the point of abandoning the parsonage, comes the son from the continent, who upon hearing the sad details, flies to the neighbouring squire, his father's friend, who is sheriff of the county, and has jurisdiction, we suppose, in the city, to implore his assistance; and on his way, in the plantations, encounters the daughter of the said squire. Now this daughter and he were once, with the consent of her mother, half a protestant or more, affianced; but religious differences, and the bigoted obstinacy of the squire, had long broken off the connexion, though the young man was still resolved to hold her to the contract, and she was nothing loath. A conversation and a sort of explanation follows, and then he proceeds to the house, where, at the door, he meets with the confessor, and is prompted by some insolence of his, to knock him down. Disposed sufficiently before by religious feeling to injure the youth, Spanish revenge makes him ten times more malignant than ever, and stirs all his worst energies. He leagues with a cousin of the young man, who stands in his way also to a great inheritance, to ruin him. He has also, as confessor, full controul over the squire, and by misrepresenting the young man, enrages the squire against him, past all conciliation; and then proposes and urges with all the weight of his spiritual thunder, the cousin as the husband of his daughter. This cousin is a perfect and profligate villain: he charges the youth with an act of treason, of which he himself had been the chief contriver, and attempts to force the young lady's consent to a marriage, by engaging to save him. She indignantly repels him, and is finally consigned to the charge and controul of the monk, who drives her, by his severities, into a state of incipient madness.

In the meanwhile the persecutors proceed in their horrid course. Thornton has an interview with the old protestant's daughter, and attempts to seduce her to be his 'lady-love'; and in revenge for her rejection, turns her over to Hampsfield, who also, exasperated at her steadiness, threatens her with the stake, and finally, by way of specimen, holds her beautiful little hand over the candle, till the sinews snap. Then follow the trial of the old man, and the day of burning for him, his servant, an old woman, and a blind boy. The particulars are all minutely detailed—the daughter hangs bags of gunpowder about the necks of the victims—the bishop himself is putting the torch to the pile, when he is

seized with a fit, and then another and another attempt is made, till the sheriff appears in sight, riding on a foaming horse, and cries God save Queen Elizabeth—which implies the death of Mary, and ensures the pardon of the victims. Finally, the squire's daughter recovers, is converted, and marries the somewhat moody and impetuous son of the protestant; but no husband is found for Rosa, with the burned hand, which seems very unkind and quite incorrect.

Past Feelings Renovated; or, Ideas occasioned by the Perusal of Dr. Hibbert's Philosophy of Apparitions; 1828.—Few persons could have read Dr. Hibbert's book on the Philosophy of Apparitions, without a conviction that he has given a death-blow to the existence of very many ghosts. He did not set about the annihilation by asking to what purpose they came, or why they were so rare, or why they selected some in preference to others, or why they observed no rule at all, or why the reality of their visits was still questionable; but hearing of ghosts, which indubitably proved to be no ghosts, but the sheer effect of morbid impressions, he was prompted to conclude they were all alike; and subsequent inquiries ripened his conclusion to conviction. In his own estimation, he had discovered a touchstone for all sorts and sizes, and was well disposed to bring them—all-abounding as they do—in old books especially—no new stories have been added of late years we think—to his test. But the want of circumstantiality in the stories precluded a general application, chiefly from the absence of details relative to the health and previous habits of the witnesses; and Dr. Hibbert could, consequently, only start certain suggestions, the realization of which would have brought them within his theory. This inapplicability has been seized upon, and a strange sort of exultation exhibited, that his victory is not complete. Dr. Hibbert established the fact, that in certain states of diseases, old impressions re-appear, without the actual presence of the original object; these re-appearances, when the case was not understood, were mistaken for ghosts; and the possibility followed at once that all the ghosts upon record were of the same unimportant character. The case on which he relies for the basis of his theory, is the very memorable one of Nicholai, the bookseller of Berlin, who experienced these re-appearances, these day-dreams, and minutely recorded them, and accompanied them with the minutest details of his mental and bodily state. Farther inquiries brought numerous confirmations.

The writer of the book before us, is something of an alarmist; he detects infidelity and materialism, and the book must, on the common demands of duty, be answered. To question the reality of ghosts is, in his eyes, to deny revelation, and

accordingly all the ghost-stories that were ever heard of, are to be raked up, and forced down our throats, with any evidence, which he chooses to consider of the most irrefragable kind. Lord Clarendon, for instance, reports the apparition which presented itself to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and who can refuse the testimony of such a man as Clarendon? yet he, in truth, bears no testimony to the truth of it; but introduces it thus—"There were many stories scattered abroad, at that time, of several prophecies and predictions of the duke's untimely and violent death. Amongst the rest there was one, which was upon a better foundation of credit than usually such discourses are founded upon." Now what is there here to rest upon? Lord Clarendon does not give his *authority* at all; and if his evidence is to be regarded as personal, as being admitted by a man of undoubted veracity and intelligence, the utmost he says is, it was better supported than others. The author talks of judges and rules of evidence—why, there is nothing here that would not be rejected instantaneously, as mere hearsay, or wholly irrelevant, upon any two-penny matter that ever came into court.

Then comes Colonel Gardiner's story, as *narrated*, not as *attested*, though believed, by Dr. Doddridge. Dr. D., we are told, was 'eminently pious;' but what has that to do with the story? Nobody questions Dr. Doddridge's veracity—no, nor Colonel Gardiner's. The doctor reported what Gardiner told him—Gardiner told what he seemed to see and hear; but is here evidence to establish miraculous interposition? "With regard to the vision," observes Dr. H., "the appearance of our Saviour on the cross, and the awful words repeated, can be considered in no other light, than as so many recollected images of the mind, which, probably, had their origin in the language of some urgent appeal to repentance, that the colonel might have casually read, or heard delivered. Dr. H.," adds the anonymous replier, "hints also at some *possible* injury of the brain." This is true, and is founded upon the fact of Colonel Gardiner's having a short time before received a severe fall from his horse—which the replier has chosen to conceal.

But why should we doubt of ghosts, when every man has his guardian angel—

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.

This the author professes to believe no poetic vision—and on what ground? Its being allowed by some of our best divines, who have even made it the subject of discourses from the pulpit. Now, how in the name of common sense, are divines to know any thing more of the matter than the laity? The reader will see the cast of the writer, and how little qualified he must be to judge of a point of evidence; and this,

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we suppose, is a question that rests, except in the case of individual experience, solely upon testimony. Dr. Hibbert is charged with fabricating a theory, and then looking up evidence to substantiate it; whereas facts, first pointed to the theory, and then other cases were *tried* by it. But we are spending more time than the book deserves. It will do Dr. Hibbert no harm; but collecting, as it does, all the stories of any notoriety, ancient and modern, the record will be convenient for reference.

Mémoires inédits de Louis Henri De Lomenie, Comte de Brienne, Secrétaire d'état sous Louis XIV; 1828.—Three Comtes de Brienne held in succession the office of secretary of state in the 17th century. The second, Henry Augusti, left behind him memoirs, which were published in 1719, and his son and successor, Louis Henri, left also, it seems, *his* memoirs, which are now for the first time printed, by Barriere, who edited Madame Campan's book, and has prefixed a long essay, of no great value, on the "*Mœurs and Usages of the 17th Century.*" De Brienne, the well known Archbishop of Toulouse, a descendant of the family, was in possession of these papers, and only prevented from publishing them by the outbreak of the revolution giving him something else to think about. The originals are now in the hands of the Editor, and there exists, we believe, no reason for throwing a doubt upon their authenticity.

The author was born in 1636, two years before Louis XIV., and when seven years old, was introduced as a playmate to the young king, of whose early propensities and extraordinary precocity, a variety of details are given. At fifteen, obtaining, by the favour of the Queen Regent, the reversion of his father's office, he was admitted into the council, and, under Mazarin's control, executed some of its functions. But the next year, during the confusions of the Fronde, he was sent upon his travels, and, what no Frenchman had ever done before, visited the remotest regions of the earth, and after an absence of three years, was courteously welcomed by the queen, and commanded to give a relation of his adventures. The queen and her ladies, and all the favourites of the court assembled, he commenced his *viva voce* narrative in this style—"You shall see the Laplanders such as they are; I do not suppose they will please you, but I shall be but too happy, if he who is going to speak of them does not displease you. Imagine, then, Madame, a nation of pygmies, covered with the skins of reindeer, with nothing of the human about them, but their voice. The ladies are all smaller than Mademoiselle's dwarf, and more ugly—their complexion smokey—eyes very red—teeth the colour of ebony—mouth very large—lips very pale, and nose as flat as a negro's. Their hands are short and

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black, and more like a monkey's paws than a woman's hands, though they never take off their gloves, not even to eat or to sleep. These gloves, to be sure, are not of the perfumed kind, nor like Martial's; but muffles of deer skin, the fur outside, with nothing but a thumb and a sort of bag for the fingers. Their gowns are of the same material, and their head-dress like the hoods of the Canons of Notre Dame. They are only two feet and a half high, with high shoulders, chicken breasts, large splay feet, and always booted. They are all nymphs and naïads, nevertheless, if hunting and fishing, their sole occupations, entitle them to that appellation," &c.

Till Mazarin's death, he seems to have acted as a sort of private secretary, and when Louis took the government into his own hands, he enjoyed under that monarch many of the privileges of a favourite; but at the end of two years, for some reason or other—he refuses himself to give any hint of it—he was suddenly disgraced, and threw himself, apparently for refuge, into some religious institution. After a time, he escaped into Germany, but returning again to France, he was finally shut up, and confined, apparently as a madman, for twenty years, at St. Lazare, and other abbayes, where, under similar pretences, by the order or agency of government, many others appear to have been immured. To beguile the hours of solitude, these memoirs, it seems, were written. They betray no particular discontent—and consist chiefly of gossip relative to the members of the court. Richelieu and Mazarin are the chief *figurants* of the scene. Of Richelieu he himself, of course, could know nothing—he was a child when the cardinal died, but his father held office under him during the whole of his administration, and Richelieu must naturally have been the frequent topic of family conversation.

The old story is repeatedly alluded to, of Richelieu's passion for the queen; and an anecdote is very circumstantially told of his dancing before her. She was, it seems, full of frolic, and once she and her confidante, Mad. de Chevreuse, chatting about the cardinal's folly, Chevreuse suddenly said—I know I can make him do any thing to please you—will you see him dance? For the fun's sake, the queen consented—the communication was forthwith made—the cardinal fell into the trap—and presented himself to the queen in full costume, with silver bells at his garters, and castanets in his hands, to dance a sarabande. The musicians and the ladies were placed behind a screen, and laughed aloud at the ridiculous attitudes of the cardinal, "and no wonder," says De Brienne, "since, though fifty years have passed, I cannot help laughing myself." The sarabande over, the cardinal seized the favourable opportunity, and made his declarations in form; but the queen, treating the whole as a matter of

pleasantry, and turning all into ridicule, changed love to hatred—"and in the end paid," says De Brienne, "dearly for the pleasure of seeing his eminence dance a sarabande."

But the chief interest of the volumes falls upon Mazarin, of whom De Brienne, from his official connexions, had a very near view. He represents him to have been a good looking man, something above the middle height; of a fresh complexion, with eyes full of vivacity, and a prominent nose, but suiting well with the contour of his face; a fine forehead, chesnut hair, and curly, with a beard of a darker colour, and always carefully curled. He took great care of his hands, which were very good, and was fond of perfumes. Unless you were early with him, you could not perceive *qu'il sente mauvais*. He was keen, observant, and prompt. He was never seen with his breviary—and probably had a dispensation on the score of business—but attended mass every day, and communicated on the great festivals—*c'est toujours quelque chose*. For the rest, adds De Brienne, he was not very scrupulous, and kept in his own hands some thirty or forty benefices, or more. He was fond of spectacles, parties, fêtes, &c., and passionately devoted to gaming, to which he gave up full as much time as to business. He was impatient under losses, and eager for gain, and lost no opportunity of what he called taking his advantages, which seems to have meant cheating.

The interval between Richelieu's and the king's death was but four months, in which period Mazarin concurred in the appointment of a sovereign council, consisting of the Prince de Condé, himself, and two others, to control the Queen Regent, and her Lieutenant d'Orleans. This, however, by the first act of the Parliament was broken up immediately on the king's death, and the queen's absolute regency confirmed. All seemed over with Mazarin—he had already packed up for Italy, when, suddenly, and most unexpectedly, he found himself in high favour, and higher authority than before. Beauvois proved incompetent—Mazarin was sounded, and found more compliant than was expected—at the first hint he passionately declared himself the queen's devoted slave, and offered to sign the declaration, literally, with his blood; and all was forthwith put into his hands, apparently at first only as a temporary arrangement, but which his adroitness made a permanent one.

De Brienne discredits the stories that were afloat of their subsequent personal intimacy; but he judges of what he saw during the last five or six years of Mazarin's life, for he could have no acquaintance with the state of matters between them earlier of his own knowledge. In his opinion, if Mazarin was a lover, his was a sort of cupboard love—for what he could get; "this," says De Brienne, "may be called *ambition*, but not *love*." No real attachment existed, he

thinks, between them, or Mazarin never would have said, as he often did, in his presence—that she was a fool, and never could have steered the vessel of the state without him—that she was more attached to the interest of Austria than France—that the king her husband had good reason to hate and distrust her—that she was devoted solely from necessity—had no taste of any kind but for good eating and drinking, and troubled herself, indeed, with nothing else, &c. On some occasion, the queen gave La Beauvois, her *femme de chambre*, an order to take some stones destined for the building of the Louvre. She must have lost her senses, exclaimed the cardinal, to make such presents. “This,” says De Brienne, “put me in a passion; and I told the queen what he had said.” “If,” replied she, “I had given them to him, there would have been no *noise* about the matter. But, say what he will, La Beauvois shall have the stones. Very pretty for him to control my liberalities—he, to whom I have given so much, and who has taken so much more than I gave.” But all this indicates only *alienation*, not original dislike. The ground of hostility between them, apparently, was her haughty refusal to consent to the marriage of one of his seven nieces with the young king.

In the conferences with Louis de Haro, to settle the terms of peace, the cardinal seems to have exerted himself beyond his strength; and on his return to Paris, his health sensibly and rapidly declined. The queen visited him in his chamber, and inquiring how he found himself, he suddenly threw his legs naked out of bed—“See, Madame, these legs, which have lost their repose in giving it to France.” “And, indeed, in a miserable state they were,” adds De Brienne, “all withered and discoloured. The good queen,” says he, “shed tears at the sight—it was a Lazarus coming out of the tomb.” One of his medical attendants ventured to tell him of his perilous state. “How long may I live?” “Two months.” *Cela suffit!* A few days after, De Brienne surprised him looking intently at some beautiful tapestry in his gallery, and exclaiming several times—“I must leave all this.” Then turning to some other object—“and that too; what pains have I taken to get these things—I shall see them no more where I am going.” De Brienne, in sympathy, sighing very deeply, recalled the attention of the cardinal; and on some papers being presented, he said, “I am no longer able to attend to business—speak to the king—I have other things

in my head.” Then recurring to his previous thoughts—“see, my friend, that beautiful Corregio—that Titian’s Venus, too—that incomparable Deluge by Caracci—for I know you love pictures, and understand them—I must leave them all—farewell, dear pictures, which I have loved so much—and which have *cost* me so much.”

Avarice, indeed, was his ruling passion, and the compelling motive for gaming. When he could no longer hold the cards, he had the tables brought into his chamber, and betted upon the players. De Brienne tells a story, though not from actual knowledge—that a few days before his death, Tabeuf (privy purse to the queen) brought him the balance of a sum, which he had lost at Hoc Mazarin, a game of Mazarin’s invention, to which he had given his own name, as he was very fond of doing to all sorts of things.” The sum amounted to 15,000 francs. The cardinal took the money, and put it into his casket, which lay beside him—and while talking with Tabeuf, took up his rings and jewels one after another, repeating several times, and deliberating—“I give to Madame Tabeuf.” “What,” at last said Tabeuf, expecting of course some valuable brilliant. “*Bon jour*,” added the cardinal, and closed the casket.”

On the cardinal’s death, Louis, on the cardinal’s hint, it is said, took the reins into his own hands. De Brienne was present at the first council, and describes very minutely what took place, on announcing his intentions of becoming his own minister. Fouquet’s arrest and disgrace, which occurred within a year or two, is told with much detail, and attributed to his attempt at rivalling the king in the affections of Madame de Vallierie. Fouquet had made the lady an offer of 100,000 francs, which she communicated to the king. He had accumulated immense property, and, next to building, his great passion was purchasing the favours of the *distinguées* of the court. He once offered 250,000 francs to a celebrated duchess—who bravely resisted. He seems, indeed, in spite of his liberality, to have been often unlucky—Mademoiselle Meneville took his 100,000 francs, and jilted him. The money appears, however, to have been finally returned. De Brienne himself was a little enamoured of De Vallierie, and was actually closeted by the king on the subject; but he got out of the scrape on this occasion, by declaring his admiration was all platonic. The secret of Fouquet’s disgrace, however, seems rather to have been Louvois’s enmity.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—July 21, 1828.—MM. Dumeril et Cuvier delivered a report on the memoir of MM. Audouin and Milne Edwards, concerning the respiration of crustaceous animals. The details of this report, which extended to a considerable length, tended to show, in the most satisfactory manner, that the organization of the crustaceæ offers the strictest analogy to that which has been observed among certain fish; and the highest approbation of the Academy was bestowed upon these accurate and ingenious naturalists. MM. Cordier and Beudant reported favourably on a memoir by M. Bonnard, relative to the locality of the Manganese of Romaneche, in the environs of Macon, which was ordered to be printed in the *Recueil des Savans Etrangers*. M. Arago communicated a letter of M. de la Rive, in which this philosopher details several new facts, which appear to him favourable to the exclusively chemical theory of the voltaic pile. M. Dureau de la Malle read a paper on the fabrication of sugar from beet-root by M. Beaujeu, at Veaulories, near Rimalard (Orne). M. Milne Edwards communicated some observations he had made on the circulation in the *Nymphon gracilis*. M. Cauchy read a memoir on a new principle of rational mechanics. M. Virey presented the discourse which he had pronounced at the funeral of M. Bosc, and declines presenting himself as candidate for the vacant place in the section of medicine. M. Raspail communicated an experiment, which appeared to him to explain the circulation in the chara, and made some remarks on the use of Amici's microscope. MM. Arago and Mirabel express an opinion the direct contrary of that of M. Raspail.—28. A letter was read from Doctor Alibert, who, while he expresses the highest respect for the Academy, declines appearing as candi-

date for the place vacant by the death of M. Chaussier. Upon a ballot for the election of a member in the section of medicine, the numbers appeared for M. Serres thirty-eight, M. Degenettes five, and the other votes were divided among MM. Double and Segalas, the former was of course elected. M. Brongniart read an extract from a letter of M. Julius Delanoue, which states his having found in the grotto of Miremont (Dordogne) fossil bones, for the most part like those which have been discovered in the caverns of Germany, France, and England. M. Dutrochet read a note on the clearing away of the heath called *la Gatine*, in the department of Vienne.—August 4. M. Thenard gave an account of his examination of a substance, which, it was pretended, had fallen from the sky in Persia, and which turned out to be a moss.—11. M. Dominico Bocchini, advocate at Naples, transmitted to the Academy a philosophical and historical account of Sirrens, which was ordered to be presented to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. M. de Mirbel was elected for presentation to the minister, to fill the place vacant by the death of M. Bosc. M. Moreau de Jonnés read a memoir, entitled researches on the botanical geography relative to maize, the synonym of this vegetable, its original country, the extent of its cultivation, and its antiquity among the aborigines of the new world. A note by M. Adolphe Maller on the periodical oscillations of the barometer was then read. M. Cagnart Latour read an abstract of a memoir on the action of hissing, when that sound issues from the human mouth.—18. M. Moreau de Jonnés gave an account of different earthquakes, and of an epidemic disease resembling rheumatism, and the scarlatina, which afflicted the island of Martinique.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Geography.—That the grandest discoveries of one age should be melted into the elementary knowledge of the succeeding one, is what, if the bounds of the human intellect are to advance, must necessarily ensue; and though the writings of ancient philosophers must for the most part justly be neglected, yet the names of their authors live to attract the admiration of a grateful posterity. Except by the curious, the works of the old sages are rarely seen; life is too short for those really interested in the progress of the mind, to waste their time in ascertaining how little their ancestors knew; and while they feel grateful to those who first cleared the path they are labouring to pursue, they likewise experience that they

have themselves too many obstacles to surmount, to allow of their looking except to the infinitely distant goal before them. The success of an author must depend much upon the nation for whom he writes; the sound, sober sense, and profound researches of a sombre German, would scarcely be noticed in France; the mercurial, superficial flippancy of a Frenchman, would be scouted in Germany; in either country, if any fortuitous circumstance rendered current what was suited for the other, the force of habit or feeling would soon overcome the power of fashion, and the author and his works, however valuable, when their ephemeral popularity was gone, be consigned to the "tomb of the Capulets." This has been

particularly the case with D'Anville—possessing much critical acumen, profound learning and great industry, united in a degree which we believe was never before nor since found among his countrymen; his works are for the most part unknown at present, and ancient and modern comparative geography has scarcely advanced one step since his death. D'Anville's maps have been reduced and re-published *usque ad nauseam*. Even where that great man had fallen into error, his servile copyists have blindly followed; and this country, though professedly classical in its pursuits, could not boast any decent atlas of the ancient world. This state of things which had been of such shameful continuance, at last attracted the attention of the first school in the kingdom, and Eton has been the cause of giving to the world, by far the best system of ancient geography which Europe can boast. We give Mr. Arrowsmith, whose name this Comparative Atlas bears, full credit for the undertaking, which we recommend to the public as equally suited for the instruction of youth, and for a companion to the scholar's library. The ancient and the modern map of each country being arranged opposite to each other, affords an unusual facility of reference, of which we availed ourselves with much pleasure, when we found that the number of ancient towns and cities ascertained by D'Anville had been nearly doubled, and numerous corrections in the positions of others, which only more extensive research into ancient authors, combined with the results obtained by recent travellers, could have enabled him to effect. To render the work more generally useful, a map of the western hemisphere has been introduced; we could have wished that one of North, and another of South America had also been given—the trifling addition to the cost of a very cheap work, would scarcely have been grudged by those who think it as requisite to have an universal knowledge of geography, as an acquaintance with those parts of the world which fell within the limited knowledge of the ancients.

Substitute for Tea or Coffee.—At one of the last meetings of that very useful institution, the Medico-Botanical Society of London, a communication was read from Sir H. Willock, K.L.S., Charge d'Affaires at the court of Persia, on the cichorium intybus of Linnaeus. The author states, that the root of this plant, which is well known in England under the name of indive, or succory, is employed, when roasted and reduced to powder, by the inhabitants of Moscow, and indeed the greater part of Russia, as a substitute for tea or coffee; and that he himself had derived so much benefit from its use as a beverage, that he had provided a considerable quantity to take with him to Persia. We trust that this hint will not be thrown away.

Velocity of Sound.—An account has been

recently published of some experiments made between Untersberg and Moenchstein, near Saltzbourg, by Major Myrbach and M. Stampfer, on the velocity of sound; the distance between the stations was 30,601 Parisian feet, and the difference of level 4,198. The mean of 88 observations gave 1025.9 Parisian feet for the velocity of sound per second, at the temperature of melting ice.

Hindu Sculpture.—A writer in the *Madras Gazette* states, that the proportions of the human form, as exhibited in all Indian sculptures, are derived from an ingenious rule laid down in the *Silpi Sastra*, or *Principles of the Fine Arts*, which is an ancient Sanscrit work—by comparing these proportions with those of some celebrated ancient statues, as given in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the rule will be found surprisingly parallel. Let the height of the figure be measured, including the crest, as AB; then bisect AB at C, BC at D, AD at E, BE at F, make EG=EF; bisect AG at H, GC at K, CK at L, GK at M, AK at N, make BP=AH. Now if we assume a line of 24 inches, and divide into 480 parts, being twentieths of an inch, the proportions are as follow:—15 parts AH, the crest; 53 HN, the face (GM is also 53); 15 NM, the neck; 53 MK, the breast; 53 KL, the waist (or 52? the umbilicus); 53 LC, the middle (pubis); 90 CF, the upper leg; 30 FD, the knee; 102 DP, the lower leg (or 104?); 16 PB, the foot; G and E are merely measuring points. The proportions correspond very nearly to those of the Apollo Belvedere, the Grecian Shepherdess, the Antinous, and some other standard works of Greek sculpture; but all the old statues are not on the same proportions. A curious circumstance connected with these Indian measures is, that they are always made with a straw, a strip of cocoa-nut or plantain leaf. The sculptor who explained the result, used a piece of paper, the folds in which may all be made in a few moments. The cross measurements are derived from these thus: the Indian artist requires the face to be nearly round; the width of the breast to equal two faces, and also that of the loins, the waist one face, and so forth. The same proportions are used in statues of either sex; but the arms are always (according to European ideas) made disproportionately long. The formula of this measurement has been altered in a few points, for the sake of perspicuity, from the native method, but the results are precisely those given in the Sanscrit rule for *folding the leaf*.

Height of the Aurora Borealis.—The ability displayed by M. Dalton in the various researches in which he has been engaged, and the cautious diffidence with which his various discoveries have been announced to the world, imparts to his opinions a weight which those of more hazardous philosophers do not enjoy. From a

paper by this gentleman on the height of the aurora borealis above the surface of the earth, which appears in the last part of the Philosophical Transactions, we extract the following results, *viz.* that the luminous arches of the aurora which occasionally appear stretching from east to west, are all of the same height, and that height about one hundred miles. What length the upright beams, or, to speak more properly, those parallel to the dipping needle, may be, which are the ordinary forms of the aurora, we have not observations to determine. Whether those beams arise above the arches as from a base, or whether they descend below, as if appended to the arches, we cannot absolutely determine. If the parallel bands be usually about twenty degrees asunder, their distance from each other will be about thirty-six miles. It is remarkable that the arches and beams should rarely, if ever, be seen cognate or in juxta position, but always in parts of the heavens at a considerable distance from each other.

Rowing by Steam.—The employment of steam vessels for the purpose of *tracking* on canals, has hitherto been found impossible, the wave created by the action of the paddles being such as would entirely destroy the banks, unless they were faced with brick-work or masonry. Some attempts to obviate this by diminishing the velocity of the wheels have recently been made on the Forth and Clyde canal with tolerable success; and at the beginning of the month of December, some experiments were made in the Thames with paddle-wheels constructed according to the plan of Lieutenant Skeene, in which the floats, having a motion on an axis, offer but little resistance, when being raised from the water, when, in addition to the speed of the vessel being considerably increased by this contrivance, it was found that the wave thrown off laterally was comparatively so trifling as to afford a reasonable prospect of steam boats being introduced on canals, without any mischief resulting to the banks.

New Fulminating Powder.—A German chemist has discovered, that by mixing two parts of nitrate of potash, two parts of neutral carbonate of potash, one part of sulphur, and six of sea salt, all finely pulverised, a fulminating powder of the greatest strength is obtained; and what is very remarkable, the force of the explosion is constantly directed below.

Roses.—M. Desportes, an experienced French botanist, has recently published an account, professedly of the roses indigenous in France; but as it appears from his preface that those of England as well as of France are the subject of his labours, we think that the following abstract of his researches will be interesting to our readers. He divides into eleven tribes the seventy-nine species of the rose, which are actually known, omitting eleven doubtful species, together with their varieties. The number of

varieties which may be considered as ascertained amounts to 2,533, divided very unequally among the species, as may be seen in the following table, in which the most interesting species are enumerated.

Species.	Varieties.
Rosier mousseux	18
— des chiens	20
— des Alpes	21
— de Francfort	30
— thé	45
— rubigineux	57
— noisette	89
— de damas	117
— cent feuilles	121
— pimprenelle	123
— blanc	125
— de Bengale	254
— de Provins	1215

Electricity.—An interesting discovery, made by M. Becquerel, was communicated to the Institute of France in November last. It is known that when the two poles of a voltaic pile are connected by a short wire, and a proper charge is passed through it, the middle of the wire becomes red hot. This phenomenon has generally been explained by supposing the temperature of the wire to be the same throughout its whole extent, but that the extremities being first cooled in consequence of their contact with the pile, the middle alone should display a more elevated temperature. M. Becquerel, who has been engaged for a long time in investigating the nature of the electric principle, proposed to determine the temperature of the different points of a metallic wire, of such a length as that the effect of the cooling of the extremities need not be apprehended, when this wire is traversed by an electric current. The result of this experiment showed that the temperature continues to increase from each extremity to the middle, and that consequently the cause which creates an electric current, of which the intensity is constant in each point of the wire, acts as an accelerating force for developing heat.

Steam Packets to India.—A Mr. Thomas Waghorn, of the Pilot Service in the Ganges, has proposed to bring out the mails to Calcutta from England (making Falmouth his port of departure) in seventy days. The vessel for the intended experiment is to be of about 280 tons; the masts of the vessel are to be after the fashion of the row boats of the river, to be made short, and to strike at pleasure. She is to have very square yards, of the lightest possible dimensions, as lightly fitted as can be, and to spread by means of studding sail booms, &c. a press of sail, the canvass being of the lightest qualities which will stand a breeze; masts and yards to be so rigged, that in four hours they may be got up or down. The vessel will be schooner rigged if on a wind, having lower top and top-gallant gaffs, and square rigged when before it. In order to have the whole space of the vessel under

deck available for fuel, of which the vessel will be capable of carrying enough for full thirty-five days' consumption, there will be one small cabin on deck, in which the commander, officers, and crew, are to mess and sleep, until the expenditure of coals may make room for them below. The crew will consist of one commander, one mate, two engineers, one boatswain, one carpenter, six seamen, and six stokers. Forty tons of the coals will be filled in tanks, and, as they are consumed; the tanks will be filled with water, which will by a peculiar contrivance run into the vessel, and be thrown off by the engine; and by these means she can be lightened and deepened at pleasure. It is proposed to have three or four depôts for coals on the passage, so that whenever steam is used, the full power may be employed. In the S.W. monsoon, the packet will touch at Madras, as the wind and current favour her on the western side of the bay at that season. In the other monsoon, she will not touch on the coast. The packet will carry nothing but the mails and small parcels; letters four shillings each the single letter, parcels four shillings per ounce.

Russian Coinage of Platina.—A report which has been for some time in circulation is now confirmed, that the Russian government has resolved to coin a large sum in Siberian platina. It appears that Count Denidoff, the proprietor of the locality where the platina was discovered, has disposed of the quantity of that metal which had been collected, to the government. He has sent four young Russians, destined for official situations in Siberia, to be educated at the Mining Academy of Freyberg.

Straw Paper.—A manufactory for the fabrication of paper from straw was established some years since in the neighbourhood of London, but was shortly abandoned. Mr. Cobbett has recently been calling the attention of the public to the same subject, only proposing to substitute the stem of the Indian corn for that of wheat; while an American gentleman has taken out a transatlantic patent for the same object. The last process is this: take any quantity of straw, hay, or other vegetable substances, and boil it in a solution of salts of ley pot or pearlash, or other alkali or lime, in the proportion of one hundred and fifteen pounds of the former to from fifteen to twenty pounds of the latter; boil them about thirty minutes, or steep the materials in the solution a few days, or until saturated; then draw off the water, and put them into a common engine, to be manufactured like rags into paper.

Organic Remains.—The jaw of an enormous unknown fossil animal was dug up a short time since at Eppenheim, canton of Avirrey, on the left bank of the Rhine. Many teeth, similar to those contained in this, had been previously found. These teeth square, and with two transvers protuberances, very like those of the tapir,

had given rise to the belief of the antediluvian existence of a gigantic species of these animals; this, however, appears not to have been the case. The animal to which these valuable remains belonged, is a new genus, of which the dimensions were truly extraordinary. For supposing that the head bore as small a proportion to the body as in the case of the hippopotamus, the quadruped of which the proportion between the length of the head and that of the body is the least, the total length of this animal must have been nineteen feet. The most bulky quadruped hitherto known is the megalonix, a gigantic sloth, of which the length was only twelve feet.

Artificial Diamonds.—An American professor, bearing the unlucky name of Silliman, announced some two or three years since, that he had succeeded in the chemical production of diamonds; a repetition of his experiments in Europe proved their fallacy, and in that quarter at least the subject has not been further heard of; while in France a distinguished chemist, M. Cagnart Delatour, who, as appears from a sealed packet left with the Institute of that nation in 1824, and which has recently been opened, has been engaged for several years in the attempt, has at length succeeded in crystallizing carbon, and has submitted to the inspection of the Academy some tubes filled with diamond dust (crystallized carbon), and one tube containing a perfectly diaphanous crystal, of which the pyramidal form is evident, and the weight four centigrammes. These, however, are only to be regarded as the result of his first attempts, and he hopes in a short time to be able to submit to the Academy some specimens of from three to four lines in diameter. This eminent experimentalist has further succeeded in crystallizing silice by one of his processes. At the time that the communications on this head were made to the Academy, M. Arago stated, that an acquaintance of his had endeavoured to obtain the same result, by decomposing carbonat of sulphur with the voltaic pile. Hitherto, the want of conductibility in the carbonat of sulphur had presented an insurmountable obstacle to success, but still hopes were entertained of ultimately obtaining a different result. It is but right to state, that the process employed by M. Cagnart Delatour, is totally different from one which has recently been tried and published by M. Gannal.

Winds in Northern Europe.—From the numerous observations and researches of Professor Schonen on the direction of the winds in Northern Europe, it appears that westerly are more frequent than easterly winds; this rule is without exception. But the westerly winds diminish more and more in proportion as we approach the centre of the continent; they are more frequent in England, in Holland, and in France, than in Denmark and the greatest part of Ger-

many; they are more often observed in these countries than in Sweden and Russia. At London the easterly winds (N.E., E., S.E.) are to the western (N.W., W., S.W.), as 1 : 1·7; at Amsterdam, as 1 : 1·6; at Soendmoer, as 1 : 1·6; at Copenhagen, as 1 : 1·5; at Stockholm, as 1 : 1·4; at St. Petersburg, as 1 : 1·3. The western winds approach nearer the direction of those of the south as we get nearer to the Atlantic ocean; toward the interior of the continent they approach more to the W. or N.W. direction. The north winds appear to increase toward the east. Among the winds which come from the W., the S.W. predominates in England, Holland, and France; that of the W. in Denmark, and the greatest part of Germany; at Moscow, the N.W.; at St. Petersburg and at Stockholm, the north wind is much more frequent than in the most western parts of Europe. In the western and middle parts of the north of Europe, as England, France, Denmark, Germany, and Norway, the westerly winds are much more frequent during summer than during winter and spring. This appears not to be the case in Sweden and Russia. During the winter the western winds incline more to the south; they are more direct, or more northern, during the summer. Yet this rule does not appear to extend to Eastern Europe.

Scientific Expedition to the Morea.—The French, who have at all times availed themselves of the protection of their armies to extend their scientific researches, have

resolved that the opportunity afforded by the occupation of the Morea by their troops, shall not be neglected, and, on the 21st of last November, the minister of the interior requested the three academies to consult on the immediate appointment of an antiquarian, a naturalist, and an architect, and to draw up instructions for their proceedings, by which every thing that fell within their respective departments in Greece, might receive the illustration to which the celebrity of that country entitled it.

Fashionable Novels.—The example set by Lord Byron, in *Childe Harold*, was much too flattering to individual vanity, or afforded too much facility of execution to be neglected in these novel-manufacturing days; and the whole troop of successful authors have contrived to represent their personal histories in the form of works of fiction. Of this sort are the *Adventures of a King's Page*, a book we are tempted to notice, for the sake of inquiring whether or not this system of making even the information obtained in official situations afford materials for a novel is such a breach of confidence as ought to be allowed. That such a knowledge of remarkable persons, and the events connected with them, as can only be obtained by their more favoured attendants, will always be, as in the present case, most interesting to the public, is assuredly true; but we much doubt if it can be communicated to them without loosening the strongest bonds of society.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

THE novelties of Art, during the past month, have been confined to that very limited but delightful portion of it, the Panoramas: for who shall deny that, now-a-days, these objects are not to be classed among the products of fine art?—or who will attempt to promulgate a set of principles which shall exclude them?

There are few things more pleasant to be met with in London, on a raw, dark, drizzling day in December, than to pass from the miry, misty streets, and after winding your way through long, narrow passages of almost utter darkness, and encountering two or three miserable specimens of humanity (called money-takers and check-takers) doing penance for their sins in the solitary confinement of little dim dens, ascending a flight of steps, and suddenly emerging upon a scene, glowing with sunshine, beaming with every kind of natural beauty that the vegetable kingdom can produce, bright with blue winding waters, picturesque with human dwellings scattered gracefully among all these, and alive with human forms and faces under every aspect and attitude to which the scenes about them can give rise. And such is one of the new Panoramas which we have now to notice—that of Sydney, New

South Wales, as exhibited at the upper circle at Leicester Square. There are portions of this delicious scene, which are, in their way, the perfection of romantic beauty. Such is nearly the whole of the right-hand department as you enter, including the Governor's house and grounds, the botanic garden, the innumerable coves and creeks, rich with stately vessels, and studded with little jewel-like islands, and the whole of the rising woodlands beyond, and the blue hills that bound the view. There is also an air of novelty given to the scene, especially in the foreground, by the character of the buildings, the nature of the animal tribe that are common to the island, and the mixture of the "natives" with the European portion of the inhabitants. On the lawn of the Governor's grounds, for instance, you see ostriches pacing along with stately steps instead of swans, and kangaroos sporting in the place of sheep or deer. At another point, you behold a splendid rainbow-tinted bird, pierced in mid-air, and falling to the earth, by a long spear, flung from the unerring hand of a native black. In one spot you see a group of European females and children, attired in all the fantastic elegance of a London or Paris costume, pacing

flower-crowned lawns that would grace the front of an Italian villa; and, in another direction, you see a herd of half-naked negroes, practising their uncouth and barbarous dances and distortions. In fact, this scene is extremely well chosen, no less on account of the adventitious interest that is attached to it as the most flourishing and delightful of our youthful colonies, than by reason of the intrinsic beauties and attractions of the scenery itself, and the artificial contrasts which the nature of its present circumstances offer to the artist's pencil. The only fault of the scene for a purpose of this kind, we take to be the altogether poor, and unpicturesque character of the buildings—with one exception only—that of the Governor's stables. And the only error we would hint at in the execution of the painting is, the brilliant Arcadian-looking—or rather let us say, English-looking *green* of the ground, the foliage, &c. The climate of Sydney is too delightful to admit of this redeeming effect of an uncertain one like our own. The grass in New South Wales never looks as it does in this picture, at the period of the year when the trees look as *they* do: one or the other must be incorrectly given. In all other respects the painting is executed with great skill and taste, and with a real feeling for the beauties which are here depicted. The figures are also given with great spirit and effect. As an instance of this, we may notice the group of the Governor and his friend on horseback, saluted as they pass by a group of the natives on foot.

The other new Panorama which has been opened during the last month is at the lower circle, in the Strand; and it represents Paris, as seen from the centre of the Place de Louis Quinze. The chief objects and points included by this view will at once occur to the reader; and when it is recollected that, among them, are the Palais Bourbon—the Pont de Louis Seize and the superb view beyond it—the Garde Meuble and the Admiralty—the Gardens of the Tuilleries—the Champs Elysées—and the whole line of the Seine in this direction—it will readily be supposed that a proper extent and gran-

deur of effect cannot possibly have been produced in a circle, the extremities of which you can nearly touch with your hand. This smallness of scale, is, in fact, the crying defect of the picture, and one which nothing else can compensate for; because the distinguishing character of the view chosen to be depicted, results from its vast extent. The feelings excited in the spectator when standing on the actual spot, spring from the consciousness of being placed in the midst of a vast city, yet with scope about him for the eye and the mind to expatiate freely in any direction, as if he were on a vast open plain. The view is a noble one, chiefly on this account: for the public edifices which it takes in are not of such surpassing beauty or grandeur, as to produce such an effect if they were huddled together into half the compass they now occupy. That this is true, may be seen by the picture before us. Every individual object in the actual view is of course introduced; and they are all depicted with infinite skill. But the effect of the whole is any thing but that produced by the real view. And it must not be said by the artist (or for him) that this is the necessary defect of his art—or of this particular department of it: for the truth is, that in the space which some of our Panoramas have occupied, the fault here complained of need not have existed. If painted on a reasonable scale, and no better painted than it is here, an adequate notion of the scene might have been conveyed to those who had not witnessed it, and an agreeable recollection of it furnished to those who had. But we cannot say, that either of these is achieved in the present case. Nevertheless, the picture is beautifully painted, and some of the single effects are admirable—that, for instance, produced by the Chambres des Deputés—or the long receding line of the Champs Elysées—or the charming Watteau-like scene between the trees of the same. The long group of revellers who are bearing the eleemosynary wine to be distributed (the day being the fête of St. Louis) is also executed with great spirit and effect.

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Mr. John Hinds, Author of the *Veterinary Surgeon*, has a new work in the press, entitled "The Groom's Oracle and Pocket Stable Directory."

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MR. BONINGTON.

Richard Parkes Bonington, a young and rising artist, removed in the very dawn of his fame, was born on the 25th of October, 1801, at the village of Arnold, near Nottingham. His father was a drawing master, and had some skill in portrait and landscape painting. This may, in some measure, account for the very early love and devotion which the child, Richard, evinced for the fine arts. It is said that, when only three years old, he was in the habit of sketching almost every object that struck his fancy; and that, occasionally, he even ventured upon designs in pen and ink. It is said, too—but we always receive such statements *cum grano salis*—that some of these designs, yet remaining in the possession of his parents, were illustrative of history, and surprising for their accuracy. To marine subjects—a department of the art, in which his talents first became known to the public—he was particularly attached.

Receiving every attention from his father, with the view of his adopting the art as a profession, Richard Bonington, at the age of seven or eight years, made some drawings from old buildings, at Nottingham, which surpassed all his former efforts. About the same time, his partiality for marine subjects, coast scenery, &c., became more decided. At the age of fifteen, his father took him to Paris, where he obtained

permission to draw in the Louvre. There, by his attention to the Italian and Flemish schools, he acquired great improvement, and attracted much favourable notice. Soon afterwards, he became a student at the Institute, and, also, under the immediate eye of M. Le Baron Gros. Rather as relaxations, than as studies, he, about this time, produced several fine drawings of coast scenery, fish markets, &c., with groups of figures. For these he, at all times, found a ready sale. It was at the British gallery, in the spring exhibition of 1826, that he first became known in England, by two subjects of this description: one of them, French coast scenery, the other, the French coast, with fishermen. These productions were amongst the chief ornaments of their class, in the gallery. They evinced a knowledge in grouping, in colouring, in perspective, and, especially, in the effects of sunlight, that would have reflected honour on a veteran of the art.

Mr. Bonington's study from the human figure, and, also, from architectural subjects, was good; but, certainly, his great strength and excellence lay in the delineation of marine scenery. When he first exhibited in Paris, his drawing was sold the moment the exhibition opened. The next time that he came forward, he received the gold medal, when Sir Thomas Lawrence was decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour.

Mr. Bonington visited Italy, where he studied closely and profitably, and brought home with him some beautiful results. One of these—the Ducal Palace, at Venice—was exhibited last spring in the gallery of the British Institution. Altogether, it possessed great merit: every object in the piece was remarkable for its distinctness; but the almost total absence of air-tint, struck us as a defect. Perhaps, too, it was somewhat deficient in imaginative power. Yet it was impossible to look upon the picture without being reminded of Canaletti. It is understood to have been Mr. Bonington's intention to paint a series of pictures, similar in style to the Ducal Palace. As far as we are aware, however, he completed only one—the Grand Canal, with the church La Virgine del Salute, Venice, which was exhibited last summer at the Royal Academy. In the same exhibition were two other pictures; one, Henry III. of France; the other, a coast scene. Though all different in character, they were all highly meritorious.

Several of Mr. Bonington's productions are in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Countess De Grey, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Vernon, &c. His latest picture, we believe, was painted in May last. It consists of two female figures, and one male, in a picturesque landscape. An engraving from it appears in "The Anniversary," one of the new annuals for the forthcoming year.

The mind of this amiable man, and highly-gifted artist, is said to have been overpowered by the numerous commissions which poured in upon him, in consequence of his rising reputation. His nerves were shattered—rapid consumption ensued—and, in about four months, he was consigned to an early grave. His latest exertion was to travel from Paris to London, for the purpose of consulting a Mr. St. John Long, an unprofessional man, who pretends to have discovered a new mode of treatment for the relief and cure of pulmonary complaints.

Mr. Bonington expired on Tuesday, the 23d of September; and, on the Monday following, his remains were deposited in a vault, at St. James's Chapel, Pentonville. Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Howard, Mr. Robson, Mr. Pugin, and other artists, paid their last tribute of respect to his memory, by following him to the grave. The funeral was attended, also, by private friends of the deceased, to the number of about thirty.

THE HON. SIR GEORGE GREY, BART.

The family of Grey, or de Croy, has long been settled in the north of England, and manors have appertained to it, in the county of Northumberland, from the period of the Conquest to the present day. The head of this family was created Baron Grey, of Werke, by James II. Sir Charles Grey K. B., the father of Sir George, to whom

this notice is devoted, was, in 1801, created Baron Grey de Howick; and, in 1806, he was further advanced to the dignities of Viscount Howick, and Earl Grey. George, the fourth son of his lordship, and brother to the present Earl Grey, was born on the 10th of October, 1767. He was bred in the royal navy; was a lieutenant of the *Resolution*, in Rodney's action, in the year 1782; and, at the commencement of the war in France, in 1793, he served as a lieutenant on board the *Quebec* frigate. From the *Quebec*, he was promoted to the command of the *Vesuvius* Bomb; and, on the 1st of November, in the same year (1793), he obtained post rank in the *Boyne*, bearing the flag of Admiral Sir John Jervis, with whom he served during the memorable West India campaign. He commanded the *Boyne*, at the time when that ship was accidentally burnt at Spithead.

At the siege of Guadaloupe, Captain Grey commanded a detachment of 500 seamen and marines, landed to co-operate with the army. He subsequently commanded the *Glory*, of 98 guns, forming part of the channel fleet. His next ship was the *Victory*, bearing the flag of Sir John Jervis, with whom he continued during the whole period that that officer held the command on the Mediterranean station. He consequently assisted at the defeat of the Spanish fleet, off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February, 1797.

In 1800, when Earl St. Vincent hoisted his flag in the *Ville de Paris*, as commander-in-chief of the Spanish fleet, Captain Grey assumed the command of that ship, which he held till the 12th of March, 1801. He was soon afterwards appointed to the *Royal Charlotte* yacht, in attendance on the royal family at Weymouth, in the room of Sir H. B. Neale. In that service he continued till 1804, when he succeeded Sir Isaac Coffin, as commissioner of Sheerness dock-yard. From Sheerness, he was removed as commissioner to Portsmouth; an appointment which he held until the time of his decease.

In the month of June 1814, his present majesty, then on a visit to the fleet at Spithead, in company with the allied sovereigns, presented Captain Grey with the patent of a Baronetcy; and, on the 20th of May, 1820, he was graciously pleased to confer upon him the order of K.C.B.

Sir George Grey married, in the year 1795, Mary, sister of the late Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M.P. for Bedford, by whom he had a numerous family. He died on the 3d of October, at his residence in Portsmouth dock-yard, after a long and painful illness. In title and estates he is succeeded by his eldest son.

Commissioner Charles Ross, C. B., succeeds Sir C. Grey at Portsmouth dock-yard.

THE EARL OF ERNE.

John Creighton, Earl of Erne, Viscount

and Baron Erne, of Crum Castle, Governor of Fermanagh, and a Trustee of the Linen Manufacture of Dublin, was descended from a branch of the Viscounts Frendraught, in Scotland. One of his ancestors, Abraham Creighton, Colonel of a regiment of Foot, distinguished himself at the battle of Aughrim, in 1692; another, David, distinguished himself in 1689, at the age of eighteen, by his gallant defence of the family seat of Crum Castle, against an army of 6,000 chosen men of James II.

Abraham, the first lord, was created Baron Erne, of Crum Castle, in the county of Fermanagh, in the year 1768. He married Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of John Rogerson, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, by Elizabeth, daughter of Stephen Ludlow, Esq., ancestor of the Earl of Ludlow. The second son, by this marriage (the first having died young) was John, the nobleman to whom this brief notice refers.

His lordship succeeded his father in 1773. He was created Viscount Erne in 1781, and advanced to the dignity of Earl of Erne, in 1789. His lordship married, first, Catherine, daughter of Robert Howard, Bishop of Elphin, and sister of Ralph, Viscount Wicklow. That lady having died in 1765, his lordship married, secondly, in 1776, the Lady Mary, eldest daughter of Frederick Hervey, fourth Earl of Bristol, and Bishop of Derry.

The Earl of Erne was one of the representative Peers of Ireland. He was uniformly a supporter of the Constitution, as established in 1688; and, in illustration of his principles, it is proper to remark, that the last political act of his life was to enrol himself as a member of the Brunswick Club.

His lordship died, full of years and full of honours, on the 15th of September. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son by his first marriage—Abraham, now second Earl of Erne.

SIR ANDREW SNAPE HAMOND, BART.

Sir Andrew Snape Hamond, Bart., was born at Blackheath, about the year 1738. His father was a merchant and considerable ship owner in London; his mother, Susanna, said to have been a woman of unusual strength of mind, was the sole heiress of Robert Snape, Esq., of Lime-kilns, near Blackheath, brother of Dr. Andrew Snape, one of the Queen's Chaplains, and Provost of Queen's College, Cambridge. After receiving the education of a gentleman—a character which, throughout life, he maintained in all its lustre—he entered the naval service of his country. He was lieutenant on board his majesty's ship *Magnanime*, in the action of Hawke and Confians, on the 20th of November, 1759; was promoted to the rank of post-captain on the 7th of December, 1770; and, during the greater part of the American war, he commanded

the *Roebuck* frigate, of 44 guns, in which he was constantly employed in the most arduous service. For his able, brave, and spirited conduct, his Majesty, in 1778, conferred upon him the honour of knighthood.

In 1780, Sir Andrew brought home the despatches from Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot, announcing the capture of Charlestown, with the shipping and stores in that harbour. "The conduct of Sir Andrew Hamond, of the *Roebuck*," remarked the admiral, in his official letter, "deserves particular mention: whether in the great line of service, or in the detail of duty, he has been ever ready, forward, and animated."

Captain Hamond was soon afterwards appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Nova Scotia, and a Commissioner of the Navy at Halifax; situations which afforded him ample opportunity for the display of judgment and integrity, benevolence and humanity.

After the peace, in 1783, this distinguished officer was raised to the dignity of a Baronet, designated of Holly-Grove, in the county of Berks, with a limitation in favour of his nephew, Sir Andrew Snape Douglas, Knt.

From 1785 to 1788, Sir Andrew Hamond held the appointments of Commodore and Commander-in-Chief in the river Medway; in 1793, he became Deputy-Comptroller of the Navy; and, in 1794, on the death of Sir Henry Martin, he succeeded to the responsibilities of that office as principal, and presided over it with equal honour to himself and benefit to his country, for twelve years; one of the most anxious and extraordinary periods in the political and naval history of Britain—a period which terminated with the death of Nelson, the victory of Trafalgar, the extinction of the naval force of continental Europe.

Twice, during the time that he held the office of Comptroller of the Navy, Sir Andrew Hamond was returned to parliament by the loyal interest, as one of the representatives of the Borough of Ipswich; a town in which, to the latest moment of his existence, he was loved, honoured, and revered.

On the death of Mr. Pitt, Sir Andrew Hamond resigned the Comptrollership of the Navy; and, in 1809, he purchased an estate at Torrington, near Lynn, in the county of Norfolk. There, not less venerable for his virtue than his age, he continued to reside until the time of his decease, which occurred on the 12th of September.

Sir Andrew Snape Hamond was a Fellow of the Royal Society, an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, &c.

DR. PEARSON.

George Pearson, M. D., F. R. S., &c. was a man of great eminence as a physician,

and much celebrated, also, as a chemist. He was senior physician to St. George's Hospital; some years since, Lecturer on Chemistry, and the Practice of Physic, and physician to the Duke of York's household, and the Vaccine Institution. Dr. Pearson was a man of indefatigably studious habits; and it was his custom to sit up later at night than any other person of his family. On the night of Saturday, the 24th of October, he is supposed to have been proceeding towards his bed, and to have fallen backward on reaching the top of the first flight of stairs. In the morning, he was found at the bottom of the stairs, alive, but with a large wound on his head, breathing heavily, and senseless. He was placed in bed, and, through professional aid, he, in the course of the day, recovered his consciousness, but

expired towards the evening. His death took place in his own house, in Hanover Square. He is understood to have been between seventy and eighty years of age.

Besides many articles contributed to the Philosophical Transactions, Dr. Pearson was author of the following works, all of them more or less distinguished by originality of thought:—Observations and Experiments on the Buxton Waters, 2 vols., 1784;—A Translation of the Table of Chemical Nomenclature, 4to. 1794;—Experiments on the Potato Root, 1795;—An Enquiry concerning the History of Cow-Pox, 8vo. 1798;—Lecture on the Innoculation of Cow-Pox, 1798;—Examination of the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, on the Claims of Remuneration for the Vaccine Innoculation, &c.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

To wind up our agricultural and economical reports of this variable and chequered year, 1828, the autumn just concluded will dwell on the memory of our country friends, as most memorable for its superiority over the preceding summer; and with few interruptions for its most propitious forwarding, not of this or that, or a part, but of every required or possible operation of husbandry. No living man has witnessed, no Chronicle has recorded, a more practicable and bountiful autumnal season. Nature, however, has decreed that the best of things must have some alloy. The balance is our object.

The April-December now fast flitting away, has even exceeded the two preceding months in mildness. Two days and nights of frost, at least in the south, have proved the sum total of frost or cold, during the season. At the commencement, the heavy and repeated falls of rain forced up such a sudden growth of latter grass or *fog*, as was apprehended would be little beneficial, if not prejudicial to the cattle grazing upon it, and during some weeks, little improvement appeared in their condition; but subsequently, in consequence of the brisk winds and general warmth of the atmosphere, evaporation took place so speedily and constantly, that the quality of the grass became gradually improved, and a simultaneous improvement followed in the condition of the grazing stock. The arable soils also were equally benefited, and generally have been in the finest state imaginable, whether for the seed process or for fallowing. In the mean time, we have to lament some serious calamities from storms of wind and from floods. Wheat sowing, which had been impeded by the state of the land, in certain districts, has since commenced, and has been finished in as husband-like a state as the disgraceful accumulation of weeds, of every known family and description, could possibly admit. This process, renewed in December, has touched nearly upon Christmas; an uncommon practice, since it seems to have been heretofore the rule, to defer latter wheat sowing until the commencement of the New Year. The favourable season and the shortness of the last crop, have certainly proved a stimulus to increase the breadth sown; and our letters reiterate the opinion given in our last report, that never before were so many acres sown with wheat in Britain. As to the deficiency of the last crop, it has been reported in Mark Lane, where information may be expected most universal and correct, to be on the average one third *minus* on the most productive soils; on the waste, from one third to a half. From the genial warmth of December, the latter sown wheat was above ground sooner by two or three days than the early. A great drawback upon the benefits of the season, is the general devastation of the slugs, unless we may calculate on the benefit of thick sowing. Did our slovenly farmers merit such a piece of good fortune, how it were to be wished that these slugs, alas, too well qualified by nature, both in smell and taste, would take or mistake the weeds for the corn. The trading of sheep has somewhat abated this evil, for which frost is the best specific. The winter tares have suffered full as much as the wheat, from vermin; both crops, however, generally, are in a beautiful state of health and luxuriance, the wheat is now said not to be *winter-proud* to that degree which might have been expected from so prolific an autumn. The winter or Swiss beans, of which Messrs. Gibbs have a fine sample, has been cultivated to a considerable extent.

Notwithstanding the obvious benefit to the public at large, from the late bill, by the greater facility and encouragement it afforded to importation, wheat must necessarily maintain a high price in the spring, vacillating, however, from the effects of speculation. The deficiency of the late harvest having been general in foreign countries, the supply, by

import, cannot be overwhelming, and the capitalists will doubtless be cautious in that respect; but should they hold back too long, and the new crop prove abundant, a re-action will certainly ensue, not at all to their advantage. The old English wheats have, as we always supposed they would, held out in ample quantity; and even now the stock is not entirely exhausted. The best of the barley does not seem to have a good character for malting.

The straw yard, at present, is a mere nominal convenience in the country, cattle and sheep remaining still abroad, with abundant herbage springing under their feet; and should the winter, in defiance of many prognostics, prove mild, the accumulated resources of straw, hay, and roots, will be at a discount exactly comparable with the premiums of less fortunate seasons. But the wary and provident husbandman will not be beguiled and led astray by casual occurrences; yet we have heard not a few farmers complain of the trouble of storing *mangold*, an improvement of expression lately taught us by the "Farmer's Journal," the literal translation from the German, of *mangold wurtzel*, being beetroot. The charge for keep of sheep has been from 8d. down to 4d. a head; and where this, in some seasons so precious an article, has been superabundant, flocks have been kept gratis for the sake of their manure. Turnips run too much to foliage to increase in bulb. We have before remarked on the vast quantity of latter made and ill got hay, and would remind the unlucky possessors of such, of that excellent improver of it, SALT, without which, in sufficient quantity, it may be highly injurious to sheep; with it, the fodder will be eaten greedily by all stock. Store cattle, sheep, and pigs, continue to bear high prices: so high indeed, from the quantity of food to be consumed, that the graziers express great apprehensions on the score of repayment, complaining of the present prices for fat stock, and bemoaning themselves as the "victims" of the butchers, who are said to be accumulating immense profits. Turn the tables, and we should expect to hear precisely similar complaints from the butchers. *Hodie mihi, cras tibi*. Turn and turn, all fair, no restriction on either side. But for the numbers of cattle from Ireland, the supply could not have been obtained. The rot in sheep has made an alarming progress, chiefly in the west; and none can be safely trusted on any but high and thoroughly dry grounds. The salted hay will be of great use to the stock, with pea or bean haulm; in fact, any but the shortest and driest grass is dangerous in the case. Cows, before sufficiently dear, have been enhanced in price, from the demand for them as consumers of that grass which would be poison to sheep. The scarcity of draught horses, notwithstanding the extensive imports through a number of years, seems not to have abated, and prices continue nearly as great as ever. Good coach and saddle horses are in similar request throughout the country, although in the metropolis, many of apparent qualification are daily offered at moderate prices. Many common sense sales of English carding-wool have at length been made, the stock of moths, by especial contract, being thrown into the bargain. A qualified observer of the South Down sheep at the late Smithfield Cattle Show, could have no possible hesitation on the wool question. This exhibition in days of yore, so attractive of the great, of late has to boast of few titled visitors; of the inferior, however, and middling ranks, the squeeze is delightful.

In some parts of the country which we have lately visited, chiefly eastward, we heard no complaints from the farmers, of either want of labour, or of distress among the labourers. The report was of an opposite tendency. But our correspondence in the west, and indeed general report, tell a very different and very alarming story. Wages are from 8s. to 12s. per week, and it is acknowledged by employers that men with families cannot possibly be fed and clothed upon such pay, and that already they begin to make serious complaints, and to express great alarm at the probability of an advance in the price of necessities. Moreover, a vast body of *roundsmen* still subsists in various parts of the country, at a weekly allowance of 4s. or 5s. The case of our agricultural labourers is a most fearful one; and fully impressed with that sentiment, the present writer directed his reflections to a plan, which might possibly afford some general and fundamental relief in the case; the very character, in all probability, which would have ensured its ill success, had a public communication been made. The general prosperity of the country in respect to national opulence, the arts and sciences, and all the conveniences and elegancies of life, is unquestionably beyond all precedent, in any age or nation. But there is a cankerworm in the state, which corrodes its bowels, and which remaining unscathed, will ultimately sap the foundation of its prosperity. There is an almost general dissolution of morals, among the inferior classes. It has gradually arisen from various causes. With respect to the labourers in husbandry, the chief or immediate cause is most prominent. Too many of them, must either poach, steal, or STARVE; or at least, support life in so deplorable a way, and under such circumstances of dereliction and contempt, whilst in the daily view of so much ease and comfort and happiness above them, that they must have the souls of negroes or Indians, not to be agitated by the most determined and furious desperation. The conduct of incendiaries and the maimers and houghers of cattle—Englishmen too!—is an appalling illustration. Neither the gallows nor Botany Bay, yet both of acknowledged necessity, can ever prove specific in this dreadful moral epidemic. Is it too much to say that our system is any thing rather than curative in the case?—or, that the general disposition

of the public, is not at all favourable to measures of that extent and consequence, which could be alone, in any sufficient degree available? Some kind of settlement with distracted Ireland, is no doubt at hand, which will have the effect of improving that country, and of enabling us to draw from thence still greater and increasing supplies of produce, to the constant convenience and emolument of both countries, and the perpetuation of their fraternal connection.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 2d.—Veal, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 5s. 6d. to 6s.—Rough fat, 2s. 8d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 52s. to 94s.—Barley, 30s. to 44s.—Oats, 21s. to 34s.—Bread, London 4 lb. fine loaf, 1s.—Hay 50s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 60s. to 105s.—Straw 28s. to 36s.

Coals in the Pool, 30s. to 37s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, December 22d.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugars.—The demand for Muscovadoes has considerably increased during the present week, occasioned no doubt by the general opinion, that no sugars would be offered for sale next week on account of the holidays; this day the certainty of the Colonial market being closed all the next week, brought forward all the buyers, and the total sales are estimated at 2,200 hogsheads and tierces. The refined market is little varied: there are more buyers of refined goods, particularly from prices 32s. and 38s., and for crushing, bastards are also in some request for export; there has been some demand for bright yellow Mauritius sugars; all other descriptions have been neglected.

Coffee.—The public sales lately brought forward are quite inconsiderable, and this week the only transactions are small parcels of Jamaica and Berbice; for the home consumption the prices have been fully maintained: no sales of foreign coffee are reported.

Rum.—The transactions in rum have not been extensive this week: the sale of Lewards we alluded to last was 2 over at 2s. 5d., since which, a large parcel of 6 over is reported at 2s. 6d.; the other purchases are quite inconsiderable.

Brandy.—In brandy or Geneva there is little alteration.

Hemp, Flax and Tallow.—The tallow market was very firm all the week till yesterday, when the price rather gave way. In hemp and flax there is little variation.

Stock of Tallow

	1827.	1828.
In London	41,539	41,844
Delivery weekly	2,774	2,105
Price Mondays	38s. 3d.	39s. 9d.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 2.—Hamburg 13. 13½.—Paris, 25. 45.—Bordeaux, 25. 75.—Frankfort, 151.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 3.—Madrid, 37.—Cadiz, 37.—Bilboa, 37.—Barcelona, 36½.—Seville, 36½.—Gibraltar, 46.—Venice, 47½.—Naples, 39¾.—Palermo, 120½.—Lisbon, 45½.—Oporto, 46½.—Rio Janeiro, 31.—Bahia, 35½.—Dublin 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 4s. 11¾d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 295½.—Coven-try, 1,080½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 110½.—Grand Junction, 302½.—Kennet and Avon, 27¾.—Leeds and Liverpool, 460½.—Oxford, 700½.—Regent's, 25½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 810½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 255½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 88½.—West India (Stock), 220½.—East London WATER WORKS, 118½.—Grand Junction, —½.—West Middlesex, 69½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½.—Globe, 156½.—Guardian, 22½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 106½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Char-tered Company, 52½.—City, 185½.—British, 12 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of November to the 23d of December 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Grey, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship-broker
J. Swan, Alsop's-buildings, coal-merchant
G. Buck, Regent-street, tailor
J. Baird, Manchester, brass-founder
R. Rodel, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, wine-merchant
John Slater, Francis Slater, and G. J. Skilbeck, King-street, Cheap-side, fustian-finishers
J. Bissell, Tipton, Staffordshire, baker
T. Clark, Union Tavern, Union-street, Blackfriars, victualler

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 127.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Andrews, D. Cranbourne-street, straw hat manufacturer. (Webber, Hatton-garden)
Audsley, W. Well-Hole-Gill, worsted-spinner. (Taylor, New Inn; Riley, Bradford)
Arthur, J. H. Garlick-hill, stationer. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle)
Alexander H. Salford, common brewer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Heslop, Manchester)
Appleton, T. White Horse-court, High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant. (Piercey and Oakley, Southwark)
Bedford, T. Goswell-street, carpenter. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court, Threadneedle-street)
Blackburn, J. Coleman-street, auctioneer. (Rixon, Jewry-street)
Brown, J. Greenwich, currier. (Carter and Co., Lord Mayor's Court-office)
Barber, W. Gray's-Inn-lane, grocer. (Fairthorne and Lofly, King-street, Cheap-side and St. Albans)
Beaumont, J. and A. Kirkheaton, manufacturers of fancy goods. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields, and Whitehead and Robinson, Huddersfield)
Brown, J. B. Bulley, Gloucester, trader. (King, Serjeant's-Inn; Abel and Co., Gloucester)
Brunker, J. Westbury, clothier. (Parker, Farnival's-Inn)
Brown, J. Manchester, cotton-dealer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Seddon, Manchester)
Banks, W. Wood-street, lace manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham)
Bulcock, J. Strand, printseller. (Spurr, Warrford-court)
Broughon, F. Great Russell-street, chymist. (Hensen, Bouverie-street)
Becket, J. and T. jun. Bilston, grocers. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields; Mason, Bilston)
Bolton, G. and J. and J. Wigan, brass-founders. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Pendlebury, Bolton)
Blackburn, R. Cleckheaton, printer. (Highmoor, Walbrook; Rowland, Dewsbury)
Clarkson, A. Arbor-terrace, Commercial-road, ship-owner. (Nind and Co., Throgmorton-street)
Christian, T. Crown-street, Finsbury-square, woollen-dra-per. (Gale, Basinghall-street)
Cohen, A. Lloyd's Coffee-house, merchant. (Evitt and Co., Haydon-square)
Cooper, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Vallop, Suffolk-street; Parsons, Nottingham)
Clark, A. St. Mary-at-Hill, coal-factor. (Lowrey and Co., Nicholas-lane)
Cafe, D. S. Beaumont-street, grocer. (Johnson, Quality-court)
Crompton, J. Rushcroft, fustain-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Booth, Manchester)
Clark, J. Kensington Gravel Pits, victualler. (Branch, Union-court, Old Broad-street)
Corser, G. G. Naylor, and J. Hassall, Whitechurch, bankers. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court, Brookes and Lee, Whitechurch)
Cockin, G. Sheepridge, fancy-manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)
Dedson, H. Red-lion-street, Southwark, hop-factor. (Ast-on, Old Broad-street)
Dunnett, J. Cheap-side, toyman. (Shepherd and Co., Cloak-lane)
Dodgson, W. F. Leeds, victualler. (Smithson and Co., New-Inn; Dunning, Leeds)
Davis, D. Friday-street, cotton factor. (Clarke and Co., Old Jewry)
D'Oyley, J. Oxford-street, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)
Dodgson, R. Preston, inn-keeper. (Ellis and Co., Chan-cery-lane; Bray, Preston)

Dickenson, J. Almondbury, fancy cloth-manufacturer. (Fenton, Austin-friars; Fenton, Huddersfield)
Embleton, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, tanner. (Dunn, Gray's-Inn; Kell, Gatehead)
Elliott, Mary, Bawtry, too-seller. (Bell, Gray's-Inn)
Ellis, T. Sidney-street, Commercial-road, victualler. (Dover, Great Winchester-street)
Fry, W. and J. and J. Chapman, St. Mildred's-court, bankers. (Pearce and Co., St. Swithin's-lane)
Farrar, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Curr and Co., Blackburn)
Fisher, J. H. Exeter, carver and gilder. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Erutton, Exeter)
Fulwood, W. Birmingham, victualler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-Inn; Hawkins and Richards, Birmingham)
Fozard, J. Conduit street, mercer. (Guren and Co., Orchard-street)
Golding, W. Lyncombe, Somerset, dealer. (Highmoor, Walbrook; Hodgson, Edith)
Goodhugh, R. Glasshouse-street, fishmonger. (Pain, Golden-square)
Gee, J. A. Salisbury-street, money-scrivener. (Walker, Gloucester-street, Queen-square)
Graham W. Leeds, draper. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-Inn; Lewtass, Manchester)
Gibbs, F. Theobald's-road, corn-chandler. (Hall, Great James-street)
Hirst, H. sen. Northallerton. (Hall and Bishop, Serjeant's-Inn; Panson, Bedale)
Horneyman, H. A. Threadneedle-street, tobaccoconist. (Birket and Co., Cloak-lane)
Hudson, R. Norwich, stationer. (Austin, Gray's-Inn; Staff, Norwich)
Hargreaves, G. Liverpool, tailor. (Chester, Staple-Inn; Hinde, Liverpool)
Hirschfeld, F. Z. Billiter-square, merchant. (Jones and Howard, Mincing-lane)
Head, J. Egrement, paper-manufacturer. (Dobinson, Carlisle; Helder, Clement's-Inn)
Hebron, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Forsters, Newcastle)
Hiatt, D. Camberwell, scrivener. (Fox, Finsbury-square)
Harice, J. Buckingham-street, wine-broker. (Smith and Co., Middlesex-street)
Howell, H. Bengal, merchant. (Child and Mann, Upper Thames-street)
Hatchett, G. Hampstead, coal-merchant. (Willoughby, Clifford's-Inn)
Harper, J. Reading, draper. (Jones, Size-lane)
Jones, E. O. Gloucester, timber-merchant. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)
Jones, J. jun. Aston-juxta, Birmingham, gun-maker. (Austin and Hobson, Gray's-Inn; Palmer, Birmingham)
Jacob, J. Travethin, victualler. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-Inn; Croft, Pontypool)
James, D. Minories, woollen-dra-per. (Thomas, Fencourt)
Kennington, J. Sheffield, mason. (Tattershall, Temple; Tattershall and Co., Sheffield)
Kirby, W. Francis-street, music-dealer. (Cocks, Finsbury Circus)
Knight, C. Worthing, victualler. (Hicks and Dean, Gray's-Inn; Whitter and Co., Worthing)
Kaye, W. Almondbury, fancy-cloth-manufacturer. (Fenton, Austin-friars; Fenton, Huddersfield)
Kirkman, H. R. St. Paul's Church-yard, silk warehouse-man. (Turner, Basing-lane)
Lavers, J. Buckfastleigh, worsted spinner. (Blake, Essex-street; Taunton, Tutness)
Lowick, W. Moulton, butcher. (Vincent, Temple; Cooke, Northampton)
Luntley, P. J. and T. Mlines, Broad-street-hill, druggists. (Russell and Son, Southwark)
Linsdell, W. Tower Royal, umbrella-manufacturer. (Webster, Queen-street, Cheap-side)
Mason, G. Cheeldie, horse-dealer. (Bodenham, Farnival's-Inn; Woolward, Pershore)
Morris, T. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. (Milne and Farry, Temple; Whitehead and Barlow, Oldham)
Manning, T. B. Lamb's Conduit-street, money-scrivener. (Coombes, Token-house-yard)
Munton, T. Staines, linen-dra-per. (Hardwicke and Guest, Lawrence-lane)
Marsden, J. Halifax, coach proprietor. (Edwards, Basing-hall-street; Stocks, Halifax)
Mason, G. Pershore, horse-dealer. (Preston, Token-house-yard; Rogers, Pershore)

Mellor, E. Linthwaite, clothier. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephenson, Holmfirth)
 Mealing, W. High Wycombe, upholsterer. (Goddard, Thaives Inn)
 Moore, J. Camden Town, builder. (Ewington and Co., Walbrook)
 Nightingale, H. Queen's-row, Piccadilly; bookseller. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)
 Norton, G. Radcliffe-Highway, cheesemonger. (Baker, Nicholas-lane)
 Norton, W. and F. Jackson, Cateaton-street, warehouseman. (Rodgers, Devonshire-square; Rodgers, Sheffield)
 Norton, W. Clayton, fancy-woollen-manufacturer. (Lever, Gray's-Inn; Laycock, Huddersfield)
 Newsome, S. Batley, woollen-manufacturer. Lake, Cateaton-street; Barker, Wakefield
 Nichols, W. H. Birmingham, victualler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-Inn; Hawkins and Co., Birmingham)
 Oakes, J. and R. Thomas, Carnarvon, grocers. (Chester, Staples-Inn)
 Oldershaw, H. Union-place, wine-merchant. (Gunning, St. George's Hospital)
 Pake, H. S. Rosemary-lane, victualler. (Norton, Jewin-street)
 Paten, R. Paddington, slate-merchant. (Carlton, High-street, Marylebone)
 Pillin, J. Talbot-Inn-yard, High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant. (Piercy and Oakley, Three Crown-square, Southwark)
 Tagett, F. West Smithfield, publican. (Conway, Castle-street, Holborn)
 Fringle, E. North Shields, wine-merchant. (Francis, Gracechurch-street, Fenwick and Co., North Shields)
 Pocock, J. W. Huntingdon, builder. (Clemmel, Staples-Inn; Wells and Barrat, Huntingdon)
 Rowe, R. Whitebury-street, builder. (Burt, Carmarthen-street)
 Robinson, C. Stone, wine-merchant. (Barbor, Fetter-lane)
 Rider, T. Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton-spinner. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Gibbon, Ashton-under-Lyne)
 Robinson, J. and J. Kitching, Sheffield, Britannia metal-manufacturers. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Dixon, Sheffield)
 Smith, J. Brighton, maker of sweets. (Sowton, Great James-street; Attree, Brighton)
 Sandeman, A. M. Fleet-street, wine-merchant. (Smiths, Dorset-street)
 Smith, N. Withington, miller. (Woodward and Co., New Broad-street; Devereux, Bromyard)

Smith, T. R. Wigmore-street, linen-draper. (Davidson, Broad-street)
 Smith, J. Cheltenham, tailor. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Workman, Evesham; Bulth, Cheltenham)
 Shelley, J. Hanley, sponge-dealer. (Dax and Son, Gray's-Inn; Jones, Hanley)
 Stobbs, H. J. Newgate street, warehouseman. (Lawrence, Doctors' Commons)
 Seymour, E. Gerrard-street, dial-maker. (Norton, Walbrook)
 Stevens, M. H. James's Place, Lambeth. (Heathcote, Coleman-street)
 Stevens, J. Kennington Common, bricklayer. (Cook and Hunter, New Inn)
 Smith, W. E. Rotherhithe, boat-builder. (Dashwood, Three Crown-square, Southwark)
 Serbutt, J. Battersea, victualler. (Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate)
 Turfey J. and J. Osborne, Hackney-road, cabinet-makers. (Hill, Rood-lane)
 Thomas, S. Leeds, victualler. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Foden, Leeds)
 Turner, W. Great George-street, Bermondsey, builder. (Sutcliffe and Birch, New Bridge-street)
 Tucker, T. Sheldon, ship-builder. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Marshall, Plymouth)
 Tombs, J. Kempford, cattle-dealer. (Sharpe and Co., Broad-street; Wilkins and Kendall, Burton-on-the-Water)
 Vinton, R. Union-street, Old Artillery Ground, tailor. (Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate)
 Williams, L. Grove Cottage, Holloway, merchant. (Ogle, Great Winchester-street)
 Williams, E. Liverpool, builder. (Jones, Temple; Jones, Liverpool)
 Wanklin, J. and B. Cheltenham, plasterers. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields; Walter and Billings, Cheltenham)
 Willis, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder. (Bell and Broderick, Bow Church-yard; Dawson, Newcastle)
 Wainwright, J. Sheffield, button-mould-manufacturer. (Biggs, Southampton-buildings; Haywood and Branson, Sheffield)
 Wood, T. Shepton Mallet, victualler. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Reeves, Glastonbury)
 Wyatt, T. St. Paul's Church-yard, warehouseman. (Burfoot, Temple)
 White, J. Wakefield, carpenter. (Evans and Co., Gray's-Inn-square; Robinson, Wakefield)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Hon. and Rev. G. Pellew, to the deanery of Norwich.—Rev. J. Peel, to a stall in Canterbury cathedral.—Rev. G. W. Scott, to the rectory of Kentisbeare, Devon.—Rev. H. J. Lewis, to a minor canonry in Worcester cathedral.—Rev. J. Topham, to the rectory of St. Andrew cum St. Mary, Witten, Droitwich, Worcester.—Rev. F. Blick, to the prebend of Pipa Parva, Lichfield cathedral.—Rev. C. Eddy, to the rectory of Fuglestone St. Peter, with Bemerton, Wilts.—Rev. W. Thomas, to the rectory of Orlestone, Kent.—Rev. W. Whiter, to the rectory of Little Bittering, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Custance, to the rectory of Brompton, Norfolk.—Rev. S. Byers, to the episcopal chapel of St. James, Isle of Wight; and Rev. M. Hughes, to the curacy of Binstead, adjoining.—Rev. G. Hodson, to the vicarage of Colwich, Stafford.—Rev. J. F. S. F. St. John, to the mastership of St. Oswald's hospital, Worcester.—Rev. W. Harbin, to the rectory of Esher, Surrey.—Rev. W. W. Mutlow, to the rectory of Rudford, Gloucester.—Rev. H. H. Tripp, to the perpetual curacy of St. Sidwell, Exeter.—Rev. G. M. Drummond, to the pastoral charge of the congregation of St. Mark's episcopal chapel, Portobello.—Hon. and Rev. R. F. King, to be chaplain to the Duke of Clarence.—Rev. J. Atkinson, to the vicarage of Owersby, with Kirkby and Osgarby annexed, Lincoln.—Rev. E. Pelling, to the vicarage of Norton Cockney, Notts.—Rev. W. W. Smyth, to the vicarage of Manton, Rutland.—Rev. R. B. Byam, to the vicarage of Kew and Peter-

sham, Surrey.—Rev. J. T. Price, to the rectory of Loys Weedon, Northampton.—Rev. Dr. Richardson, to the rectory of Brancepeth, Durham.—Rev. R. Harrison, to the vicarage of Lasingham, York.—Rev. J. Bishop, to the vicarage of St. Mary de Lode, with Holy Trinity annexed, Gloucester.—Rev. R. Jones to the vicarage of Brookthorp, Gloucester.—Rev. J. D. Hurst, to the rectory of Clapton, with the vicarage of Croydon, Bedford.—Rev. E. Trelawney, to the rectory of Northill, Cornwall.—Rev. T. Roberts, to the rectory of St. Mary's, Stamford.—Rev. G. Shiffner, to a stall in Chichester cathedral.—Rev. J. A. Park, to the rectory of Elwick, Durham.—Rev. W. G. Broughton, to the archdeaconry of New South Wales.—Rev. C. Tomblin, to the vicarage of Walcot, Lincoln.—Rev. J. Conner, to the rectory of Sudbourn with Orford, Worcester.—Rev. W. J. Hutchinson, chaplain to the Duchess Dowager of Roxburghe.—Rev. R. T. Tyler, to the rectories of Merthydevan and Winvhe, Glamorgan.—Rev. J. E. N. Molesworth, to the living of Winksworth, Derby.—Rev. J. Davison, to the vicarage of Old Sodbury, Gloucester.—Rev. T. Bourdillon, to the mastership of the free grammar school of Macclesfield.—Rev. J. D. Hustler, to the rectory of Great Fakenham, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Collyer, to the vicarage of Dersingham, Norfolk.—Rev. C. Echersall, to be chaplain to the Earl of Southampton.—Rev. C. W. Cleve, to the chaplaincy of Livery Dole.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of November to the 23d of December 1828 ; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Grey, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship-broker
J. Swan, Alsop's-buildings, coal-merchant
G. Buck, Regent-street, tailor
J. Baird, Manchester, brass-founder
R. Rodel, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, wine-merchant
John Slater, Francis Slater, and G. J. Skilbeck, King-street, Cheapside, fustian-finishers
J. Bissell, Tipton, Staffordshire, baker
T. Clark, Union Tavern, Union-street, Blackfriars, victualler

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 127.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Andrews, D. Cranbourne-street, straw hat manufacturer. (Webber, Hatton-garden)
Audsley, W. Hell-Hole-Gill, worsted-spinner. (Taylor, New Inn; Riley, Bradford)
Arthur, J. H. Garlick-hill, stationer. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle)
Alexander H. Salford, common brewer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Heslop, Manchester)
Appleton, T. White Horse-court, High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant. (Piercy and Oakley, Southwark)
Bedford, T. Goswell-street, carpenter. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court, Threadneedle-street)
Blackburn, J. Coleman-street, auctioneer. (Rixon, Jewry-street)
Brown, J. Greenwich, currier. (Carter and Co., Lord Mayor's Court-office)
Barber, W. Gray's-Inn-lane, grocer. (Fairthorne and Lofty, King-street, Cheapside and St. Albans)
Beaumont, J. and A. Kirkheaton, manufacturers of fancy goods. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields, and Whitehead and Robinson, Huddersfield)
Brown, J. B. Bulley, Gloucester, trader. (King, Serjeant's-Inn; Abel and Co., Gloucester)
Brunker, J. Westbury, clothier. (Parker, Furnival's-Inn)
Brown, J. Manchester, cotton-dealer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Seddon, Manchester)
Banks, W. Wood-street, lace manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham)
Bulcock, J. Strand, printseller. (Spurr, Warrford-court)
Broughton, F. Great Russell-street, chymist. (Hensen, Bouverie-street)
Becket, J. and I. jun. Bilston, grocers. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields; Mason, Bilston)
Bolton, G. and J. and J. Wigan, brass-founders. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Pendicubury, Bolton)
Blackburn, R. Cleekeheaton, printer. (Highmoor, Walbrook; Rowland, Dewsbury)
Clarkson, A. Arbor-terrace, Commercial-road, ship-owner. (Nind and Co., Throgmorton-street)
Christian, T. Crown-street, Finsbury-square, woollen-drapeer. (Gale, Basinghall-street)
Cohen, A. Lloyd's Coffee-house, merchant. (Evitt and Co., Haydon-square)
Cooper, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Vallop, Suffolk-street; Parsons, Nottingham)
Clark, A. St. Mary-at-Hill, coal-factor. (Lowrey and Co., Nicholas-lane)
Cafe, D. S. Beaumont-street, grocer. (Johnson, Quality-court)
Crompton, J. Ruthcroft, fustian-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Booth, Manchester)
Clark, J. Kensington Gravel Pits, victualler. (Branch, Union-court, Old Broad-street)
Corser, G., G. Naylor, and J. Hassall, Whitechurch, bankers. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court, Brookes and Lee, Whitechurch)
Cockin, G. Sheepridge, fancy-manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)
Dodson, H. Red-lion-street, Southwark, hop-factor. (Aston, Old Broad-street)
Dunnett, J. Cheapside, toyman. (Shepherd and Co., Cloak-lane)
Dodgson, W. F. Leeds, victualler. (Smithson and Co., New-Inn; Dunning, Leeds)
Davis, D. Friday-street, cotton factor. (Clarke and Co., Old Jewry)
D'Oyey, J. Oxford-street, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)
Dodgson, R. Preston, inn-keeper. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Bray, Preston)

Dickenson, J. Almondbury, fancy cloth-manufacturer. (Fenton, Austin-friars; Fenton, Huddersfield)
Embleton, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, tanner. (Dunn, Gray's-Inn; Kell, Gatehead)
Elliott, Mary, Bawtry, too-seller. (Bell, Gray's-Inn)
Ellis, T. Sidney-street, Commercial-road, victualler. (Dover, Great Winchester-street)
Fry, W. and J. and J. Chapman, St. Mildred's-court, bankers. (Pearce and Co., St. Swithin's-lane)
Farrar, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Carr and Co., Blackburn)
Fisher, J. H. Exeter, carver and gilder. (Bruton and Co., New Broad-street; Bruton, Exeter)
Fulwood, W. Birmingham, victualler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-Inn; Hawkins and Richards, Birmingham)
Fozard, J. Conduit-street, mercer. (Guren and Co., Orchard-street)
Golding, W. Lyncombe, Somerset, dealer. (Highmoor, Walbrook; Hodgson, Bath)
Goodhugh, R. Glasshouse-street, fishmonger. (Pain, Golden-square)
Gee, J. A. Salisbury-street, money-scrivener. (Walker, Gloucester-street, Queen-square)
Graham W. Leeds, draper. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-Inn; Lewtas, Manchester)
Gibbs, F. Theobald's-road, corn-chandler. (Hall, Great James-street)
Hirst, H. sen. Northallerton. (Hall and Bishop, Serjeant's-Inn; Panson, Bedale)
Horneyman, H. A. Threadneedle-street, tobacconist. (Birket and Co., Cloak-lane)
Hudson, R. Norwich, stationer. (Austin, Gray's-Inn; Staff, Norwich)
Hargreaves, G. Liverpool, tailor. (Chester, Staple-Inn; Hinde, Liverpool)
Hirschfeld, F. Z. Billiter-square, merchant. (Jones and Howard, Mincing-lane)
Head, J. Egremont, paper-manufacturer. (Dobinson, Carlisle; Heider, Clement's-Inn)
Hebron, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Forsters, Newcastle)
Hiatt, D. Camberwell, scrivener. (Fox, Finsbury-square)
Harice, J. Buckingham-street, wine-broker. (Smith and Co., Middlesex-street)
Howell, H. Bengal, merchant. (Child and Mann, Upper Thames-street)
Hatchett, G. Hampstead, coal-merchant. (Willoughby, Clifford's-Inn)
Harper, J. Reading, draper. (Jones, Size-lane)
Jones, E. O. Gloucester, timber-merchant. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)
Jones, J. jun. Aston-juxta, Birmingham, gun-maker. (Austin and Hobson, Gray's-Inn; Palmer, Birmingham)
Jacob, J. Trevelthick, victualler. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-Inn; Croft, Pontypool)
James, D. Minorities, woollen-drapeer. (Thomas, Fencourt)
Kennington, J. Sheffield, mason. (Tattershall, Temple; Tattershall and Co., Sheffield)
Kirby, W. Francis-street, music-dealer. (Cocks, Finsbury Circus)
Knight, C. Worthing, victualler. (Hicks and Dean, Gray's-Inn; Whitter and Co., Worthing)
Kaye, W. Almondbury, fancy-cloth-manufacturer. (Fenton, Austin-friars; Fenton, Huddersfield)
Kirkman, H. R. St. Paul's Church-yard, silk warehouseman. (Turner, Basing-lane)
Lavers, J. Buckfastleigh, worsted spinner. (Blake, Essex-street; Taunton, Tutness)
Lowick, W. Moulton, butcher. (Vincent, Temple; Cooke, Northampton)
Luntley, P. J. and T. Milnes, Broad-street-hill, druggists. (Russell and Son, Southwark)
Linsell, W. Tower Royal, umbrella-manufacturer. (Webster, Queen-street, Cheapside)
Mason, G. Cheeld, horse-dealer. (Bodenham, Furnival's-Inn; Woodward, Pershore)
Morris, T. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. (Milne and Farry, Temple; Whitehead and Barlow, Oldham)
Manning, T. B. Lamb's Conduit-street, money-scrivener. (Coomes, Token-house-yard)
Munton, T. Staines, linen-drapeer. (Hardwicke and Guest, Lawrence-lane)
Marsden, J. Halifax, coach proprietor. (Edwards, Basinghall-street; Stocks, Halifax)
Mason, G. Pershore, horse-dealer. (Preston, Token-house-yard; Rogers, Pershore)

Mellor, E. Linthwaite, clothier. (Bartys and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephenson, Holmfirth)
 Mealing, W. High Wycombe, upholsterer. (Goddard, Thavies Inn)
 Moore, J. Camden Town, builder. (Ewington and Co., Walbrook)
 Nightingale, H. Queen's-row, Pimlico, bookseller. (Athurst, Newgate-street)
 Norton, G. Radcliffe-Highway, cheesemonger. (Baker, Nicholas-lane)
 Norton, W. and F. Jackson, Cateaton-street, warehouseman. (Rodgers, Devonshire-square; Rodgers, Sheffield)
 Norton, W. Clayton, fancy-woollen-manufacturer. (Lever, Gray's-Inn; Laycock, Huddersfield)
 Newsome, S. Batley, woollen-manufacturer. Lake, Cateaton-street; Barker, Wakefield
 Nichols, W. H. Birmingham, victualler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-Inn; Hawkins and Co., Birmingham)
 Oaves, J. and R. Thomas, Carnarvon, grocers. (Chester, Staples-Inn)
 Oldershaw, H. Union-place, wine-merchant. (Gunning, St. George's Hospital)
 Pake, H. S. Rosemary-lane, victualler. (Norton, Jewin-street)
 Paten, R. Paddington, slate-merchant. (Carlton, High-street, Marylebone)
 Pillin, J. Talbot-Inn-yard, High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant. (Piercy and Oakley, Three Crown-square, Southwark)
 Pagett, F. West Smithfield, publican. (Conway, Castle-street, Holborn)
 Pringle, E. North Shields, wine-merchant. (Francis, Gracechurch-street, Fenwick and Co., North Shields)
 Pocock, J. W. Huntingdon, builder. (Clennel, Staples-Inn; Wells and Barrat, Huntingdon)
 Rowe, R. Whitebury-street, builder. (Burt, Carmarthen-street)
 Robinson, C. Stone, wine-merchant. (Barbor, Fetter-lane)
 Rider, T. Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton-spinner. (Bartys and Co., Chancery-lane; Gibbon, Ashton-under-Lyne)
 Robinson, J. and J. Kitching, Sheffield, Britannia metal-manufacturers. (Bartys and Co., Chancery-lane; Dixon, Sheffield)
 Smith, J. Brighton, maker of sweets. (Sowton, Great James-street; Attree, Brighton)
 Sandeman, A. M. Fleet-street, wine-merchant. (Smiths, Dorset-street)
 Smith, N. Worthington, miller. (Woodward and Co., New Broad-street; Devereux, Bromyard)

Smith, T. R. Wigmore-street, linen-draper. (Davidson, Broad-street)
 Smith, J. Cheltenham, tailor. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Workman, Evesham; Bubh, Cheltenham)
 Shelley, J. Hanley, sponge-dealer. (Dax and Son, Gray's-Inn; Jones, Hanley)
 Stobbs, H. J. Newgate street, warehouseman. (Lawrence, Doctors' Commons)
 Seymour, E. Gerrard-street, dial-maker. (Norton, Walbrook)
 Stevens, M. H. James's Place, Lambeth. (Heathcote, Coleman-street)
 Stevens, J. Kennington Common, bricklayer. (Cook and Hunter, New Inn)
 Smith, W. E. Rotherhite, boat-builder. (Dashwood, Three Crown-square, Southwark)
 Serbutt, J. Battersea, victualler. (Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate)
 Turfrey J. and J. Osborne, Hackney-road, cabinet-makers. (Hill, Rood-lane)
 Thomas, S. Leeds, victualler. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Foden, Leeds)
 Turner, W. Great George-street, Bermondsey, builder. (Sutcliffe and Birch, New Bridge-street)
 Tucker, T. Sheldon, ship-builder. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Marshall, Plymouth)
 Tombs, J. Kempford, cattle-dealer. (Sharpe and Co., Broad-street; Wilkins and Kendall, Burton-on-the-Water)
 Vinton, R. Union-street, Old Artillery Ground, tailor. (Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate)
 Williams, L. Grove Cottage, Holloway, merchant. (Ogle, Great Winchester-street)
 Williams, E. Liverpool, builder. (Jones, Temple; Jones, Liverpool)
 Waukin, J. and B. Cheltenham, plasterers. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields; Walter and Billings, Cheltenham)
 Willis, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder. (Bell and Broderick, Bow Church-yard; Dawson, Newcastle)
 Wainwright, J. Sheffield, button-mould-manufacturer. (Biggs, Southampton-buildings; Haywood and Branson, Sheffield)
 Wood, T. Shepton Mallet, victualler. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Reeves, Glastonbury)
 Wyatt, T. St. Paul's Church-yard, warehouseman. (Burfoot, Temple)
 White, J. Wakefield, carpenter. (Evans and Co., Gray's-Inn-square; Robinson, Wakefield)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Hon. and Rev. G. Pellew, to the deanery of Norwich.—Rev. J. Peel, to a stall in Canterbury cathedral.—Rev. G. W. Scott, to the rectory of Kentisbeare, Devon.—Rev. H. J. Lewis, to a minor canonry in Worcester cathedral.—Rev. J. Topham, to the rectory of St. Andrew cum St. Mary, Witten, Droitwich, Worcester.—Rev. F. Blick, to the prebend of Pipa Parva, Lichfield cathedral.—Rev. C. Eddy, to the rectory of Fuglestone St. Peter, with Bemerton, Wilts.—Rev. W. Thomas, to the rectory of Orlestone, Kent.—Rev. W. Whiter, to the rectory of Little Bittering, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Custance, to the rectory of Brompton, Norfolk.—Rev. S. Byers, to the episcopal chapel of St. James, Isle of Wight; and Rev. M. Hughes, to the curacy of Binstead, adjoining.—Rev. G. Hodson, to the vicarage of Colwich, Stafford.—Rev. J. F. S. F. St. John, to the mastership of St. Oswald's hospital, Worcester.—Rev. W. Harbin, to the rectory of Esher, Surrey.—Rev. W. W. Mullet, to the rectory of Rudford, Gloucester.—Rev. H. H. Tripp, to the perpetual curacy of St. Sidwell, Exeter.—Rev. G. M. Drummond, to the pastoral charge of the congregation of St. Mark's episcopal chapel, Portobello.—Hon. and Rev. R. F. King, to be chaplain to the Duke of Clarence.—Rev. J. Atkinson, to the vicarage of Owersby, with Kirkby and Osgarby annexed, Lincoln.—Rev. E. Pelling, to the vicarage of Norton Cockney, Notts.—Rev. W. W. Smyth, to the vicarage of Manton, Rutland.—Rev. R. B. Byam, to the vicarage of Kew and Peter-

sham, Surrey.—Rev. J. T. Price, to the rectory of Loys Weedon, Northampton.—Rev. Dr. Richardson, to the rectory of Brancepeth, Durham.—Rev. R. Harrison, to the vicarage of Lastingham, York.—Rev. J. Bishop, to the vicarage of St. Mary de Lode, with Holy Trinity annexed, Gloucester.—Rev. R. Jones to the vicarage of Brookthorp, Gloucester.—Rev. J. D. Hurst, to the rectory of Clapton, with the vicarage of Croydon, Bedford.—Rev. E. Trelawney, to the rectory of Northill, Cornwall.—Rev. T. Roberts, to the rectory of St. Mary's, Stamford.—Rev. G. Shiffner, to a stall in Chichester cathedral.—Rev. J. A. Park, to the rectory of Elwick, Durham.—Rev. W. G. Broughton, to the archdeaconry of New South Wales.—Rev. C. Tomblin, to the vicarage of Walcot, Lincoln.—Rev. J. Conner, to the rectory of Sudbourn with Orford, Worcester.—Rev. W. J. Hutchinson, chaplain to the Duchess Dowager of Roxburghe.—Rev. R. T. Tyler, to the rectories of Merthydevan and Winvhe, Glamorgan.—Rev. J. E. N. Molesworth, to the living of Winksworth, Derby.—Rev. J. Davison, to the vicarage of Old Sodbury, Gloucester.—Rev. T. Bourdillon, to the mastership of the free grammar school of Macclesfield.—Rev. J. D. Hustler, to the rectory of Great Fakenham, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Collyer, to the vicarage of Dersingham, Norfolk.—Rev. C. Echersall, to be chaplain to the Earl of Southampton.—Rev. C. W. Cleeve, to the chaplaincy of Livery Dole.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

T. Cartwright, esq., now Secretary to the Legation at Munich, to be Secretary to the Embassy at the Netherlands.—G. Tierney, esq., attached to the Embassy at the Netherlands, to be Secretary

to the Legation at Munich.—His Majesty has conferred the honour of Knighthood upon Jeffery Wyatville, esq.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

November 25.—A meeting of bankers, merchants, and others, held at the London Tavern, presided by the Lord Mayor, for taking into consideration the destitute condition of the Spanish and Italian refugees, who were driven, for self-preservation, to seek an asylum in England, when a further liberal subscription of upwards of £2,000 was entered into.

December 1.—The Recorder made his report of the convicts capitally convicted at the Old Bailey October sessions, to Privy Council, when four of them were ordered for execution December 8.

— Two convicts executed at the Old Bailey.

2.—A Deputation of gentlemen connected with the Silk Trade waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the Treasury, and held a long conference with him.

4.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

—At a meeting of the Waterloo Bridge Company, it appeared that the expenditure for the last half-year, including the 23d of August, amounted to £7,825. 9s. 2d.; received for tolls £7,243. 6s. 2d., and for rents of vaults £382. 7s. 6d.

5.—Right Hon. R. Peel, Secretary of State, wrote to the Lord Mayor, complaining of the state of the gaol of Newgate, respecting the classification and treatment of the prisoners, and calling his Lordship's immediate attention to the subject.

— Orders for the Court going into mourning during three weeks, for the Dowager Empress of Russia.

6.—News arrived at the Foreign Office from Lord Cowley, at Vienna, with the intelligence of the Russians having been obliged to raise the siege of Silistria.

— The Lord Mayor ordered a circular to be transmitted to the Mayor, and other principal officers of corporations throughout England, in behalf of subscriptions for the Spanish refugees.

8.—Four convicts executed at the Old Bailey.

9.—His Majesty took up his residence at Windsor Castle.

13.—Right Hon. R. Peel, Secretary of State, informed by letter, the several Lords-Lieutenant, "that his Majesty's government have determined to submit to Parliament a Bill for effecting some reduction in the Militia Staff."

14.—Court mourning commenced for the Queen Dowager of Saxony, for three weeks.

15.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 24 convicts received sentence of death; a very considerable number were ordered for transportation for 14 and 7 years (4 for life), and others to imprisonment from two years down to seven days.

16.—Parliament prorogued to Feb. 5., then to meet for dispatch of business.

MARRIAGES.

At Leeds, Mr. J. H. Wiffen (the Quaker poet, and translator and biographer of Tasso), to Miss Whitehead.—At Durham, T. B. Fyler, esq., M.P. for Coventry, to Miss Dorothea Lucretia Light.—At North Aston, J. H. Slater, esq., to Lady Louisa Augusta Scott, second daughter of Earl Clonmell.—Henry Maxwell, esq., M.P. for Cavan, to the Hon. Anna Frances Hester Stapleton, youngest daughter of Lord Le Despencer.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton, Speaker of the House of Commons, to Mrs. Home Purves, widow of the late J. H. Purves, esq., of Purves, N. B.—Lieut. Col. Sir W. I. Herries, brother to the Right Hon. C. Herries, to Mary Frances, third daughter of J. Crompton, esq., of Esholt-hall, Yorkshire.—Rev. P. Hewett, son of General Sir G. Hewett, bart., to Anne, daughter of General Sir J. Duff.—At Otley, D. C. Wrangham, esq., son of Archdeacon Wrangham, and private secretary to the Earl of Aberdeen, to Amelia, second daughter of the late W. R. Fawkes, esq.—At Edinburgh, J. Hope, junr., esq., writer to the signet, and son of the Lord President of the Court of Session, to Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Justice Clark.—John Forbes, esq., M.P., eldest son of Sir Charles Forbes, M.P., to Jane, eldest daughter of H. L. Hunter, esq.

DEATHS.

In Canonbury-square, Mrs. M. Rivington, 74.—Rev. Charles Este, who, in conjunction with Major Topham and Mr. J. Bell, established the *World* newspaper.—At Portsea, Rev. D. Cruikshank, 90.—At Beckenham, R. Lea, esq., many years Alderman of London.—At Parkerswell House, near Exeter, Mrs. Gifford, mother of the late Lord Gifford.—At Brighton, S. Rolleston, esq., many years assistant under secretary of state at the Foreign Office.—At Kingston, Hon. Mrs. Lisle, sister of the late Marquess Cholmondeley.—Miss Julia Burgess, daughter of the late Sir J. Lamb, bart.—At Scrivelby-court, the Hon. and Rev. J. Dymoke, the King's Champion; by his deputation, his son, H. Dymoke, esq., (now the champion) executed that office at the last coronation.—At Taunton, Mrs. Dundas, relict of the late Rear-Admiral Dundas, and sister to Lady Harria.—Captain Sir W. Hoste, bart., a distinguished officer, who commenced his naval career under the immortal Nelson.—At Bath, General Ambrose, 75, formerly chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria.—At Coombe Wood, the Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool.—Near Truro, Admiral Thomas Spry, 76.—At Pull-court, General W. Dowdeswell, formerly M.P. for Tewkesbury.—At Bath, Mrs. Priscilla Gurney, 74; minister of

the Society of Friends.—At Skirbeck, Mrs. Sarah Gunniss, 102.—At Brynkinalt, North Wales, the Lady Viscountess Dungannon, daughter of Lord Southampton, and niece to the late Duke of Grafton.—Lady Catherine Waller, 78, mother of Sir C. Waller, bart., Writhlington House, Somerset.—Samuel Marryatt, esq., 67, one of his Majesty's counsel.—In the greatest possible penury and wretchedness, within the walls of White Cross-street prison, Mrs. Frances Simpson Law, niece of Dr. Philip Yonge, formerly Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards translated to the see of Norwich.—At Bellevue, Wicklow, Peter La Touche, esq., 96.—At Inverness, Mrs. Macfarlane, 77, relict of Bishop Macfarlane.—At Woolwich Common, Major R. H. Ord.—At Maidenhead, Sir G. East, bart., 65.—At Hampton court, Sir J. Thomas, bart., 83.—Hans Francis, Earl of Huntingdon.—J. C. Curwen, esq., M.P. for Cumberland.—In Harley-street, Lady Harriet Anne Barbara, 69, wife of the Right Hon. J. Sullivan.—At Boxford, A. Hogg, esq., Purser, R.N.; he had been with Capt. Cook in his voyage of discovery in 1777.—At Guildhall, Mrs. Woodthorpe, wife of the Town Clerk.—Colonel Bernard, M.P. for King's County.—In Somerset-street, Mrs. Fellowes, 93.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, R. T. Evanson, esq., to Henrietta Catherine, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Chester Fortescue.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Gibraltar, Rev. W. Barber, after reading the burial service over 18 persons, buried in one trench, he was seized with the fever, and died.—At Paris, the Dowager Duchess of Rohan.—At Paris, Donna Marie Therese de Bourbon, Countess of Chinchong, daughter of Don Louis, of Spain, and sister to the Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop of Toledo. She was compelled to marry Emmanuel Godoy, Prince of Peace, the favourite of Charles IV., from whom she had lived separate since 1818. She resided with her brother, the Duke de San Fernando, who, as well as the Cardinal de Bourbon, had been forced to leave Spain in consequence of their political opinions. Her cousin, Ferdinand VII., had allowed her, since last year, the means of living at Paris in a manner becoming her rank.—At Vevay, W. Farquharson, esq.—In the Isle of Cyprus, the infant daughter of Rev. Mr. and Lady Georgiana Wolf.—At Vienna, Thomas Jackson, esq., 69, third son of W. Jackson, esq., of Exeter, and for many years Minister Plenipotentiary to the late King of Sardinia.—At Nantes, Colonel George Gledstanes.—At Trinidad, Philip Reinagle, esq.—The King of Madagascar, Radama; his loss will be much felt from his active co-operation with our Government for the abolition of slavery.—At Nice, Aurora, wife of the Rev. J. Voules, of Stowey.—At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Sir Walter Roberts, bart.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—We understand that the following plans of public improvements have been lodged in the office of the clerk of the peace for Northumberland, as a preliminary step to obtaining acts of parliament for carrying the objects into effect. A plan and section of an intended railway or tram-road from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to Carlisle, with a branch therefrom. A plan and section of a proposed bridge over the river Tyne, at or near Scotswood, and of the proposed roads, avenues, or approaches thereto, with certain branches therefrom. A plan of part of Morpeth, shewing the proposed site for a new bridge, and approaches. A plan of an intended ferry by steam or other boats, between North and South Shields, and of the roads, avenues, ways, and passages thereto. A plan of that part of a proposed road between Edinburgh and Newcastle, which lies in the county of Northumberland. A plan of roads, under the Wooler Turnpike Act with proposed alterations.

On the 1st of December, a beautiful specimen of that uncommonly rare British bird, the fork-tailed petrel, was shot near Benwell boat-house, on the river Tyne. It is the smallest of all web-footed birds, the stormy petrel excepted.

There were heavy floods in the first week in December, in the counties of Durham and Northumberland. Part of the battlements of the bridge half way between Newcastle and Shields, near to Willington, were swept away.

A dispute has arisen between the Corporation of Newcastle, and the stewards of the incorporated companies of that town, as to the right of the former, on their leave, to break the ground for the

purpose of coming at the minerals beneath the Town Moor, the property of the freemen.

DURHAM.—Nov. 23, the foundation stone for the new harbour at Seaham was laid by the Marquess of Londonderry, amidst an immense concourse of people. The same day Lord Seaham laid also the foundation of the first house of the new town of Seaham. The expense of the harbour will considerably exceed the original estimation of £80,000; it is to consist of an inner and outer harbour. The business part of the new town is to form a crescent, with inclined planes at each extremity, down to the harbour, forming a beautiful object from the sea.

A new spire to Durham cathedral, which has been for some time in the course of erection, is now finished, and adds much to the beauty of that edifice.

A petition from the clergy of the county of Durham is circulating for signature, against the Roman Catholic claims.

YORKSHIRE.—On the 5th of December, the Leeds' Liberals called a meeting to address the King in favour of the Roman Catholic claims. There were about 20,000 persons present: and an amendment to the address was moved by Mr. Alderman Hall. On a division, the majority was certainly in favour of the amendment, but the Chairman declared that the address had it. A protest against this determination has been forwarded to the Secretary of State, signed by upwards of 13,000 persons.

The cuckoo was heard on the 2d of December,

on the grounds of G. B. Drewry, esq., at Shelton, near York.

In the first week of December, the tides on the Yorkshire coast, owing to the unsettled state of the weather, were as unsettled as were ever remembered. At the Humber dock, Hull, on the 3d, the difference between the height of the water, morning and evening, on the top of high water, was *five feet five inches*; on the following day it was only *four inches*; and the day after that, but *two inches*.

Three weeks back, a coal-pit at Denholme, near Keighley, was filled up, in the course of one night, by a number of persons engaged in rival collieries.

The project for establishing a rail-way between Hull and Leeds, is revived under favourable auspices.

An extraordinary fine cod-fish, weighing, when dressed and cleaned, 26lbs. was caught in the Humber, opposite Hevlewood House, on the 14th of December.

The Leeds' radicals, after several refusals, have at length consented to a rate for repairing the new churches in that town.

The weather, throughout Yorkshire, during the month of December, has been remarkably mild. Spring flowers are in bloom almost universally in the gardens.

The clergy of the archdeaconries of Richmond have agreed to a petition against any further concessions to the Roman Catholics.

NORFOLK.—More herrings have been caught off Yarmouth this year than have been known in any season during the last 20 years. One boat has caught 61 lash, several upwards of 40, and the Victory, Captain Balls, caught 14 lash (or 140,000 herrings) in one night.

LANCASHIRE.—The committee for conducting the late musical festival at Manchester, have advertised, for the information of the public, the manner in which the surplus money, applicable to the purposes of charity, has been distributed, viz. Infirmary, £2,500; House of Recovery, £350; Lying-in-Hospital, £300; Ladies' Auxiliary to ditto, £50; Eye Institution, £150; Deaf and Dumb School, £300; Salford Dispensary, £500; Charlton Row ditto, £400; Ardwick and Ancoats ditto, £300; Lock Hospital £100; Humane Society, £50.—Total £5,000!!!

DERBYSHIRE.—The frame-work knitters of Derby, Duffield, and Belper, and the broad silk weavers, tailors, and shoemakers of Derby, have joined the general trades' union of the kingdom. The object of the union is, the adoption of measures tending to check the progressive reduction of wages; and the means by which it is intended to accomplish this object, are—affording advice and mutual pecuniary assistance in cases of oppression—collecting and diffusing knowledge on the circumstances which affect the wages of labour—and endeavouring to obtain Parliamentary regulations, tending to improve the condition of the artisans.

DORSETSHIRE.—At the annual meeting of the trustees and managers of the Dorchester Bank for Savings, held at the Guildhall, a general statement of the accounts of the Institution to the 20th of November last was produced. By this state-

ment it appears that there are vested in government debentures, and in the Treasurer's hands, a total of £41,941. 17s. 4d., of which the sum of £41,058. 13s. 1d. belongs to the depositors, and the remaining sum of £883. 4s. 3d. is the amount of the surplus interest, the half of which being £441. 12s. 1½d. was, according to the directions of the late and former Acts of Parliament, ordered to be divided amongst the depositors.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Bridport Savings' Bank Trustees, &c., a report was presented up to Nov. 20, when it appeared that the amount of payments was £50,094. 15s. 1d. £6,939. 18s. 1d. of which had been received during the present year 1828.

Many of the Portland Islanders, as well as others, will be enabled to enjoy the Christmas holidays most merrily, from the effects of the late high tide and heavy gale of wind; which have been the means of throwing up on the beach bars of gold and silver. Guineas, crowns, and dollars, are picked up in abundance, which have been buried in the sea for many years from the various shipwrecks; the old adage "it is a bad wind that blows no one good," is thus amply verified.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The inhabitants of Taunton have held a meeting at the Guildhall to consider the present state, and severe distress of the silk weavers of that town, and the adjoining parishes, and have "resolved that, without entering into the question of the policy of the present free importation of foreign wrought silks, it is expedient to afford a temporary relief to the distressed silk weavers during the accumulated pressure of the severer winter months, and that subscriptions for that purpose be immediately received at the several banks in the town."

The new market-house at Minehead was opened for business, Dec. 10, under salvoes of cannon, and other rejoicings. It is a beautiful little structure of the Ionic order, built at the sole expense of W. Luttrell, esq., M.P. of Dunster Castle, who has made it a free gift for the benefit and accommodation of the town and neighbourhood.

WARWICKSHIRE.—The commissioners for carrying into effect the Act for better paving, &c., and otherwise improving the town of Birmingham, have published their laws, rules, and orders, for licensing and authorising a sufficient number of hackney coaches, chariots, cabriolets, cars, and other public carriages, to ply for hire within, and for four miles round that town, together with their rates and fares, which were put into effect Dec. 5, 1828, and upwards of 40 stands nominated for that purpose.

A meeting of the weavers to petition against Free Trade, has been held at Coventry, when a memorial to the Board of Trade was read and adopted, and several resolutions entered into for that purpose.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—The twist trade of Nottingham continues on the decline, and a reduction of a halfpenny per rack is submitted to by the workmen employed in that branch. This has extended itself to females in warehouses, whose hours of labour are consequently restricted, and lower wages accepted. This is severely felt when connected with the present high price of bread.

CHESHIRE.—At a highly respectable meeting lately held at Stockport, it was resolved unanimously, "That it is highly desirable to form a railway for the purpose of connecting the Liverpool and Manchester with the Cromford and High Park Railway, and for the purpose of giving the town of Stockport a direct communication with each of those railways. Subscriptions were entered into for application to Parliament in the approaching session for the purpose. It is calculated the expense will not exceed £166,000, to be raised by shares of £100 each; £13,000 were subscribed in the room. Upwards of £70,000 have been subscribed in Liverpool alone.

In the memorial lately presented to the Board of Trade, by the broad silk and ribbon weavers of Congleton, and vicinity, it is stated that, "Prior to the introduction of foreign wrought silks your memorialists could, by industry and economy, maintain their families in comparative comfort and happiness, as the average of an expert workman would, under the prohibitory laws, amount to twenty-four shillings weekly; but under the present system they have sustained a continual reduction, both in the price and quality of the material, and in the regularity of employment, so that the same average wages of the same workmen, at the present time, will not exceed ten shillings weekly, in both instances subject to a deduction of three shillings per week, for the unavoidable expenses in performing the work, leaving an average of clear wages at the present time, of seven shillings weekly."

We have for some time past forbore to comment on the state of trade in this town, but cannot, under the impression made by the daily cases of distress which present themselves to our view, refrain any longer from publicly condoling with our manufacturers, throwsters, and artizans, upon the distress now felt in this town and district. What few goods the masters are getting up are for an already overstocked market, at prices which are by no means remunerative to them: and the workmen are weekly reduced in the time of labour, so that their earnings are inadequate to their support. The workhouse is besieged with applicants, who have increased in a four-fold degree within the last six weeks, and the rates are on the increase, with diminished means of payment.

SUSSEX.—On Sunday night, Dec. 7, there, was a very heavy storm of hail, rain, thunder and lightning, at Brighton; the wind blew a hurricane, and the sea ran mountains high. The tide was also very high; and the waves dashed with the utmost fury against the Chain Pier and Esplanade, which sustained little injury; and the Pier itself stood firm against the wind and tide. Part of the new sea wall was washed down near Lamprell's baths. The storm was the most violent that we have had since the memorable one in November, 1824; and the spray dashed, as it did then, although not to a similar extent, upon the marine-parade, being carried over the saloon, and up the new steine, to the imminent drenching of the numerous spectators who fell in its way.

DEVONSHIRE.—Notice has been given in the London Gazette, of the intention of constructing a jetty in the harbour of Ilfracombe.

A numerous meeting of the inhabitants of Plymouth was held at the Guildhall, pursuant to a notice issued by the mayor, in compliance with a most respectably signed requisition, to consider the propriety of expressing their sentiments to Government, with respect to the contemplated measure of dispersing the Portuguese refugees resident there. Resolutions were passed, and a petition to the Secretary for the Home Department, praying that the refugees may not be dispersed or removed, was adopted.

The foundation stone of the Episcopal Chapel, to be built for the Rev. J. Hawker, in Plymouth, to be called "Eldad Chapel," was laid, Dec. 3, by the Mayor, attended by the Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and other members of the Corporation, in the presence of several thousand persons. The interior of the chapel (which is to be Gothic) will be 102 feet long, by 56 feet wide, and sufficiently large to comfortably seat 1,500 persons, besides some free sittings.

Dec. 5. the first annual meeting of "The Tiverton Institution for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge," was held at the Guildhall, Tiverton, the Mayor in the chair. The report of the Committee was read, which detailed the operations of the Institution for the last year. Several of the most respectable ladies and gentlemen of the town were present, and appeared to take much interest in the welfare of the Institution.

The Exeter canal was opened Dec. 12, by which vessels of 200 tons will now be enabled to come up to the quay at the lowest tides. This is the first time the sea has flowed up so near the city of Exeter for many centuries.

A meeting has been held at Crediton, for the purpose of considering the propriety of cutting a new line of road through that town, when several resolutions were passed, and subscriptions entered into for that purpose.

OXFORDSHIRE.—At a late general meeting of the governors and subscribers to the Oxford Lunatic Asylum, it was resolved, still farther to add to the honour and advantage of this charity, and to mark the sense entertained by this society of the munificent donations of the Radcliffe trustees (amounting altogether to £2,700), the Committee recommended "That the Asylum be called 'The Radcliffe Asylum'; and that the style and title of the charity be 'The President and Governors of the Radcliffe Asylum, on Headington Hill, near Oxford, for the Relief and Cure of the Insane, from whatever County recommended.'" After acknowledging Dr. Warneford's late munificence, of £550, the Report stated, "That in two years and a half, 76 patients had been admitted—that of these, 25 continued in the house—and that 4 had died—that 20 had been removed by their friends, either from motives of economy, or as convalescents; that of those 20, 10 had recovered—that 27 had been discharged, cured—and that the result of these facts would be, that if to the 27 discharged, cured, there were added the 10 just mentioned, the total number of cures, upon 47 discharges, would be 37, or about 3 out of 4."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Cirencester is at length likely to be much improved. A considerable number of old and ill-fashioned houses, most inconveniently situated in the very centre of the town, are about to be removed, and some handsome

buildings to be erected in their stead, which will be so arranged as not only to be more convenient to the occupiers, and more pleasing to the eye, but will also render the streets more commodious and safe to the traveller.

A report has been presented to the Chamber of Commerce, at Bristol, by a committee appointed to investigate the capabilities of that city and its neighbourhood for the establishment of such manufactures as have not yet been introduced, and the improvement and extension of those already established there. It dwells with much force on the advantages likely to result from the establishment of cotton manufactures in the district; a cloth and wool hall are also suggested as peculiarly desirable, from the situation of the city with reference to the districts in which the woollen manufacture is already so extensively carried on.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—It appears by the Treasurer's Abstract Account of Receipts and Expenditure, that from Michaelmas 1827, to Michaelmas 1828, the sum of £7611. 15s. 11d. was paid on account of this county; upwards of £6,000 of which was expended in criminal jurisprudence, vagrants, &c. Although in the Sessions' prosecutions the expense has increased about £200, yet there has been a decrease of upwards of £700 in Assize prosecutions from the preceding year.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—At the winter goal delivery for this county, 6 prisoners received sentence of death, 8 of transportation, and several imprisoned for various periods.

ESSEX.—At the winter assizes for this county 11 prisoners were recorded for death, and 12 transported.

HUNTINGDON.—At the 12th annual meeting of the Hunts' Savings' Bank, the report of the Managing Committee, upon the present state of the Institution, was presented and approved. It appears that the number of existing depositors, including 25 Friendly Societies, and 21 Charitable Institutions, is 758, and the sums deposited, on the 20th of November last, with the interest thereon, amount to £26,053. 2s. 9½d. A bonus of 2d in the pound (from the Surplus Fund) was ordered to be added to the amount of deposits and interest due on the 20th of November last; but no calculation to be made on the fractional parts of a pound. The interest, in future, will be £3. 6s. 8d. per cent.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—We perceive by the annual statement published by order of Act of Parliament, that the funds of Sir William Harpur's charity, which originally produced a rental of only £180 per year, have now increased to the enormous sum of very nearly £12,000. Under the head of expenditure, among other items, we remark the following:—For the use of the grammar and other schools, £1,791. 5s.; for exhibitions, £210; marriage portions for maidens, £210; hospital for the maintenance and education of boys and girls, £744; apprentice fees, £835. 10s.; donations and benefactions to apprentices after service, £263; for the support of almshouses, £1,670. 11s.; distribution to the poor in same, £489. 10s. Too much credit cannot be given to the trustees for the admirable manner in which these funds are applied. We reckon this charity second to none in England.—*Herts' Mercury*.

CORNWALL.—The poor Germans who have been so long at Falmouth, and on whose behalf subscriptions have lately been entered into at Truro, and other parts of the county, have embarked for Brazil. They have been amply provided with every necessary for the voyage, and leave our shores in much better condition than it appears they left their own originally.

WALES.—A large fish of the whale species, measuring 19 feet in length, 10 in girth, and weighing two tons, was lately destroyed at Penarth, Glamorganshire, by R. Forman and D. Meyrick, Esqrs., who were staying there. The monster was discovered early in the morning, floundering on the mud opposite the house; and those gentlemen immediately loaded their guns, and approaching within a moderate distance, dispatched it, by firing several ball cartridges at its most vulnerable parts. It was then given to some labouring men, belonging to the village, and has been by them exhibited at Cardiff and Merthyr.

La Jeune Emma, of Cherbourg, from Martiniqne to Havre-de-Grace, with sugars rum, &c. was wrecked off Cefn Sidan Sands, Carmarthen Bay, the night of Friday se'nnight. The Captain had mistaken the Lundy lights for those on the French coast off Ushant, an error which led to the melancholy catastrophe, and the hazy state of the weather for several days previous rendered it impossible for the Captain to take a single observation. The passengers were Col. Colquelin, of the French Marines, and his daughter, an interesting young lady, niece to Josephine, *ci-devant* Empress of France, and their two servants, and we regret to add, that all perished. Four of the crew, by clinging to spars and fragments of the wreck, succeeded in reaching the shore alive, and two more were rescued from destruction by the noble exertions of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Griffiths, making only six survivors out of 19. On Sunday the vessel went to pieces, and only 300 gallons of rum were saved out of the cargo. The staff of the Carmarthen militia, under Captain Harding, hastened to the scene of disaster. Too much praise cannot be given to all the resident gentlemen in the neighbourhood, for the humanity and attention they showed to the unfortunate survivors of this calamitous wreck; but with equal grief and indignation we state, that some diabolical wretches, a disgrace alike to their country and to human nature, the very outcasts of all that is vile and infamous, attempted to rob the unfortunates whom the storm had spared, and desolation and misery had thrown on their hospitality, strangers in a foreign land!!!—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*, December 5.

SCOTLAND.—**EDINBURGH** IN 1828.—Population (including Leith) 170,000, a royal palace, a college, 31 professors, a riding-school, a military academy, 700 teachers of all branches of education, a royal exchange, 70 churches, 2 theatres, 13 courts of justice, 400 advocates, 800 writers to the signet and solicitors, &c.; 86 accountants, 40 physicians, 70 surgeons, 160 apothecaries, 7 libraries, 11 newspapers, 42 insurance companies and agencies (34 of these are English), 11 public hospitals, 60 charitable institutions, 25 literary societies, 80 royal mail and stage coaches, 86 hackney-coaches, 400 carriers, 80 public offices, 850 streets, squares, lanes, &c., and 5 bridges.—*Scotsman*.